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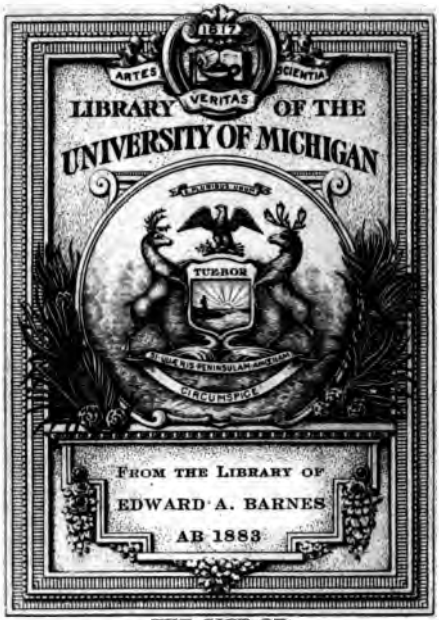

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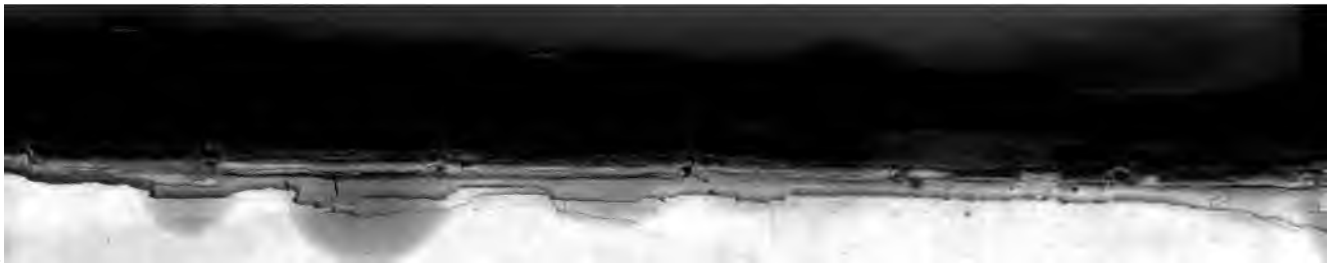

T*ASHW

Caroline Norton
Xmas 1830

THE WORKS OF Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING

A Midsummer-Night's DREAM.
Merchant of VENICE.
As you LIKE it.
Taming of the SHREW.
All's WELL that en WELL.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; What you will.
The WINTER's TA

LONDON:
Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Gray Gate. MDCCIX.

822.8
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1709
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Midſummer-Night's

DREAM.

A

COMEDY

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lyſander, *in Love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in Love with* Hermia.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

ATTENDANTS.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſeblooſſom,
Cobweb,
Moth,
Muſtardſeed, } *Fairies.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

A Midſummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theſeus *and* Hippolita, *with Attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our Nuptial Hour
Draws on apace; four happy Days bring in
Another Moon: But oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old Moon wanes! She lingers my Deſires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young Man's Revenue.

Hip. Four Days will quickly ſteep themſelves in Nights,
Four Nights will quickly dream away the Time:
And then the Moon, like to a Silver Bow,
New bent in Heaven, ſhall behold the Night
Of our Solemnities.

The. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up the *Athenian* Youth to Merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble Spirit of Mirth,
Turn Melancholly forth to Funerals:

The pale Companion is not for our Pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my Sword,
And won thy Love, doing thee Injuries:
But I will wed thee in another Key,
With Pomp, with Triumph, and with Revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the News with thee?
Ege. Full of Vexation, come I, with Complaint
Againſt my Child, my Daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius. My Noble Lord,
This Man hath my Conſent to marry her.
Stand forth Lyſander. And, my gracious Duke
This hath bewitch'd the Boſom of my Child:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her Rhimes,
And interchang'd Love-tokens with my Child:
Thou haſt, by Moon-light, at her Window ſung,
With feigning Voice, Verſes of feigning Love,
And ſtoll'n the Impreſſion of her Fantaſie,
With Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Gawds, Conceits,
Knacks, Trifles, Noſegays, Sweet-meats, Meſſengers
Of ſtrong Prevailment in unharden'd Youth;
With Cunning haſt thou filch'd my Daughter's Heart,
Turn'd her Obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn Harſhneſs. And, my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the antient Privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her Death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that Caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair Maid.
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your Beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a Form in Wax
By him imprinted; and within his Power,
To leave the Figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her.

Her. So is *Lyſander.*
The. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your Father's Voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.
The. Rather your Eyes muſt with his Judgment look.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what Power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my Modeſty
In ſuch a Preſence here to plead my Thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this Caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to die the Death, or to abjure
For ever the Society of Men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your Deſires,
Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your Father's Choice,
You can endure the Livery of a Nun,
For Aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren Siſter all your Life,
Chanting faint Hymns to the cold fruitleſs Moon.
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their Blood,
To undergo ſuch Maiden Pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy is the Roſe diſtill'd,
Than that which withering on the Virgin Thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle Bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
E'er I will yield my Virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd Yoak
My Soul conſents not to give Sovereignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next New Moon,
The ſealing Day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlaſting Bond of Fellowſhip,
Upon that Day either prepare to die,
For Diſobedience to your Father's Will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Diana's* Altar to proteſt,
For aye, Auſterity and ſingle Life.
Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed Title to my certain Right.

Lyſ. You have her Father's Love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful *Lyſander*! true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my Love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my Right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: My Love is more than his;
My Fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*'s
And, which is more than all theſe Boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my Right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made Love to *Nedar*'s Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her Soul; and ſhe, ſweet Lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant Man.
The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have ſpoke thereof;
But being over-full of Self-affairs,
My Mind did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm your ſelf,
To fit your Fancies to your Father's Will;
Or elſe the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no Means we may extenuate)
To Death, or to a Vow of ſingle Life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what Cheer, my Love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along,
I muſt employ you in ſome Buſineſs
Againſt our Nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns your ſelves.
Ege. With Duty and Deſire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lyſander and *Hermia*.

Lyſ. How now, my Love? Why is your Cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of Rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the Tempeſt of mine Eyes.
Lyſ. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,

Could

Could ever hear by Tale or Hiſtory,
The Courſe of true Love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in Blood——
Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to Love.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of Years——
Her. O Spight! too old to be engag'd too young.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of Merit——
Her. O Hell! to chuſe Love by another's Eye.
Lyſ. Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice,
War, Death, or Sickneſs, did lay Siege to it;
Making it momentary as a Sound,
Swift as a Shadow, ſhort as any Dream,
Brief as the Lightning in the collied Night,
That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth;
And e'er a Man hath Power to ſay, Behold,
The Jaws of Darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright Things come to Confuſion,
Her. If then true Lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an Edict in Deſtiny:
Then let us teach our Trial Patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary Croſs,
As due to Love, as Thoughts, and Dreams, and Sighs,
Wiſhes and Tears, poor Fancy's Followers,
Lyſ. A good Perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*,
I have a Widow-Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great Revenue, and ſhe hath no Child;
From *Athens* is her Houſe remov'd ſeven Leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only Son:
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that Place, the ſharp *Athenian* Law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me, then
Steal forth thy Father's Houſe to Morrow Night;
And in the Wood, a League without the Town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do Obſervance for a Morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee, by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt Bow,
By his Beſt Arrow with the Golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus* Doves,
By that which knitteth Souls, and proſpers Love,

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Straveling.

Quin. Is all our Company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, Man by Man, according to the Scrip.

Quin. Here is the Scrowl of every Man's Name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his Wedding-day at Night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors; and ſo grow on to a Point.

Quin. Marry, our Play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of Work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the Scrowl. Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

Quin. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will ask ſome Tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the Audience look to their Eyes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chief Humour is for a Tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all ſplit to raging Rocks, and ſhivering Shocks ſhall break the Locks of Priſon-Gates, and *Phibbus*'s Carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the Foolifh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* Vein, a Tyrant's Vein; a Lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a Beard coming.

Quin.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Mask, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my Face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little Voice, *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my Lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute* your *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Straveling*, you muſt play *Thisby*'s Mother.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You *Pyramus*'s Father; my ſelf, *Thisby*'s Father; *Snug*, the Joiner, you the Lion's part; and I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's Part written? Pray you if it be give it me, for I am ſlow of Study.

Quin. You may do it Extempore, for it is nothing but Roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any Man's Heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the Ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every Mother's Son.

Bot. I grant you Friend, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more Diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my Voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking Dove; I will roar and 'twere any Nightingal.

Quin. You can play no Part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd Man, a proper Man as one ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day; a moſt lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your Straw-colour Beard, your Orange-tawny Beard, your Purple-in-grain Beard, or your *French*-crown-colour'd Beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French*-Crowns have no Hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But Maſters here are your Parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to Morrow Night; and meet me in the Palace-Wood, a Mile without the Town, by Moon-light, there we will Rehearſe; for if we meet in the City, we ſhall be dog'd with Company, and our Devices known. In the mean time I will draw a Bill of Properties, ſuch as our Play wants. I pray you fail not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut Bow-ſtrings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck *or* Robin-goodfellow *at another.*

Puck. HOW now Spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over Hill, over Dale, through Buſh, through Briar,
Over Park, over Pale, through Flood, through Fire,
I do wander every where, ſwifter than the Moon's Sphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen, to dew her Orbs upon the Green.
The Cowſlips tall her Penſioners be,
In their gold Coats Spots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairy favours,
In thoſe Freckles live their Savours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome Dew-Drops here,
And hang a Pearl in every Cowſlip's Ear.
Farewel thou Lob of Spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his Revels here to Night,

Take

Take heed the Queen come not within his Sight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her Attendant, hath
A lovely Boy ſtol'n from an *Indian* King,
She never had ſo ſweet a Changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the Child
Knight of his Train, to trace the Foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved Boy,
Crowns him with Flowers, and makes him all her Joy:
And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,
By Fountain clear, or ſpangled Star-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorn Cups, and hide them there.
Fai. Either I miſtake your Shape and Making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knaviſh Sprite
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the Maidens of the Villageree,
Skim Milk, and ſometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs Huſwife chern,
And ſometime make the Drink to bear no Barme,
Miſs-lead Night-wanderers, laughing at their Harm,
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their Work, and they ſhall have good Luck.
Are not you he?
Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry Wanderer of the Night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed Horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs like a ſilly Foal:
And ſometimes lurk I in a Goſſip's Bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted Crab,
And when ſhe drinks, again her Lips I bob,
And on her withered Dewlop pour the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt Tale,
Sometime for three-foot Stool miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her Bum, down topples ſhe,
And Tailor cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their Mirth, and neeze and ſwear,
A merrier Hour was never waſted there.
But room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon.*

Fai. And here my Miſtreſs:
Would that we were gone.
Enter Oberon *King of* Fairies *at one Door with his Train, and the Queen at another with hers.*
Ob. I'll met by Moon-light,
Proud *Titania.*
Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy, skip hence,
I have forſworn his Bed and Company.
Ob. Tarry raſh Wanton, am not I thy Lord?
Queen. Then I muſt be thy Lady; but I know
When thou waſt ſtoll'n away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſate all Day,
Playing on Pipes of Corn, and verſing Love
To amorous *Phillida.* Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon,*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſs, and your Warrior Love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded, and you come,
To give their Bed Joy and Proſperity.
Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania,*
Glance at my Credit with *Hippolita,*
Knowing I know thy Love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering Night
From *Peregenia,* whom he raviſhed,
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne,* and *Antiopa*?
Queen. Theſe are the Forgeries of Jealouſie,
And never ſince the middle Summer's Spring,
Met we on Hill, in Dale, Foreſt, or Mead,
By paved Fountain, or by ruſhy Brook,
Or in the beached Margent of the Sea,
To dance our Ringlets to the whiſtling Wind,
But with thy Brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our Sport.
Therefore the Winds piping to us in vain,
As in Revenge have ſuck'd up from the Sea,
Contagious Fogs; which falling in the Land,
Hath every petty River made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his Yoak in vain,
The Ploughman loſt his Sweat, and the green Corn
Hath rotted, e'er his Youth attain'd a Beard:

The Fold ſtands empty in the drowned Field,
And Crows are fatted with the Murrion Flock,
The Nine-mens-morris is fill'd up with Mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton Green,
For lack of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human Mortals want their Winter here,
No Night is now with Hymn or Carol bleſt;
Therefore the Moon, the Governeſs of Floods,
Pale in her Anger, waſhes all the Air;
That Rheumatick Diſeaſes do abound.
And through this Diſtemperature, we ſee
The Seaſons alter; hoary-headed Froſts
Fall in the freſh Lap of the Crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyem*'s Chin and Icy Crown,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Summer Buds
Is as in Mockery ſet. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed World,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which:
And this ſame Progeny of Evil comes
From our Debate, from our Diſſention,
We are their Parents and Original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling Boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queen. Set your Heart at reſt,
The Fairy-land buys not the Child of me.
His Mother was a Votreſs of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* Air by Night
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſate with me on *Neptune*'s yellow Sands,
Marking th'embarked Traders of the Flood,
When we have laught to ſee the Sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton Wind:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming Gate,
Following (her Womb then rich with my young Squire)
Would imitate, and ſail upon the Land,
To fetch me Trifles, and return again,
As from a Voyage rich with Merchandize.
But ſhe being mortal of that Boy did dye,

And for her ſake I do rear up her Boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this Wood intend you ſtay?
Queen. Perchance 'till after *Theſeus*'s Wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moon-light Revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your Haunts.
Ob. Give me that Boy, and I will go with thee.
Queen. Not for thy fairy Kingdom. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downright, if I longer ſtay. [*Exeunt.*
Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this Grove,
'Till I torment thee for this Injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since that I ſate upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,
Uttering ſuch Dulcet and Harmonious Breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song,
And certain Stars ſhot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-maid's Muſick.
Puck. I remember.
Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain Aim he took
At a fair Veſtal, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his Love-ſhaft ſmartly from his Bow,
As it would pierce a hundred thouſand Hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery Shaft
Quench'd in the chaſte Beams of the wat'ry Moon,
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In Maiden-Meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern Flower;
Before, milk-white, now purple with Love's Wound,
And Maidens call it, Love in Idleneſs.
Fetch me that Flower; the Herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The Juice of it, on ſleeping Eye-lids laid,
Will make a Man or Woman madly doat
Upon the next live Creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this Herb, and be thou here again
E'er the *Leviathan* can ſwim a League.

Ob.

Puck. I'll put a Girdle about the Earth in forty Minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this Juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the Liquor of it in her Eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
Or medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the Soul of Love;
And e'er I take this Charm off from her Sight,
(As I can take it with another Herb)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible,
And I will over-hear their Conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'll ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me they were ſtol'n into this Wood;
And here am I, and Wood within this Wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron; for my Heart
Is true as Steel. Leave you your Power to draw,
And I ſhall have no Power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt Truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your Spaniel, and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your Spaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me Leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer Place can I beg in your Love,
(And yet a Place of high Reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed as you do your Dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the Hatred of my Spirit,
For I am ſick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your Modeſty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To truſt the Opportunity of Night,
And the ill Counſel of a deſart Place,
With the rich Worth of your Virginity.
Hel. Your Virtue is my Privilege; for that
It is not Night when I do ſee your Face;
Therefore I think I am not in the Night.
Nor doth this Wood lack Worlds of Company,
For you, in my reſpect, are all the World.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the World is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the Brakes,
And leave thee to the Mercy of wild Beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a Heart as you;
Run when you will, the Story ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the Chace;
The Dove purſues the Griffin, the mild Hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed
When Cowardize purſues, and Valour flies.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy Queſtions, let me go;
Or if you follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee Miſchief in the Wood.
Hel. Ay, in the Temple, in the Town and Field
You do me Miſchief. Fye, *Demetrius*,
Your Wrongs do ſet a Scandal on my Sex:
We cannot fight for Love, as Men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell,
To dye upon the Hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt*
Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph, e'er he do leave this Grov
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy Love.
Haſt thou the Flower there? Welcome Wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee give it me;
I know a Bank where the wild Time blows,
Where the Oxſlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over cannopy'd with luſcious Woodbine,
With ſweet Musk Roſes, and with Eglatine,

Ther

There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the Night,
Lull'd in theſe Flowers, with Dances and Delight;
And there the Snake throws her enammel'd Skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:
And with the Juice of this I'll ſtreak her Eyes,
And make her full of hateful Fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this Grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a diſdainful Youth; anoint his Eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome Care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her Love;
And look you meet me e'er the firſt Cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my Lord, your Servant ſhall do ſo. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her Train.

Queen. Come, now a Roundel, and a *Fairy* Song:
Then for the third Part of a Minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the Muſk-Roſe Buds,
Some war with Reremiſe for their leathern Wings,
To make my ſmall Elves Coats, and ſome keep back
The clamorous Owl that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint Spirits. Sing me now aſleep,
Then to your Offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double Tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not ſeen,
Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel *with Melody,*
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy.

Weaving Spiders come not here;
Hence you long-leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor Snail do no Offence.
Philomel *with Melody*, &c.

1. Fairy.

Hence away; now all is well:
One aloof, ſtand Centinel. [Exeunt Fairies.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true Love take,
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar, with briſtled Hair,
In thy Eye that ſhall appear;
Wh. n thou wak'ſt, it is thy Dear;
Wake when ſome vile Thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair Love, you faint with wandring in the Woods;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our Way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the Comfort of the Day.

Her. Be it ſo, *Lyſander*; find you out a Bed,
For I upon this Bank will reſt my Head.

Lyſ. One Turf ſhall ſerve as Pillow for us both,
One Heart, one Bed, two Boſoms, and one Troth.

Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my Sake, my Dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.

Lyſ. O take the Senſe ſweet of my Innocence,
Love takes the Meaning in Love's Conference;
I mean that my Heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one Heart can you make of it:
Two Boſoms interchanged with an Oath,
So then two Boſoms, and a ſingle Troth:
Then by your Side no Bed-room me deny
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my Manners, and my Pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd.

But

But gentle Friend, for Love and Curteſie
Lye further off in human Modeſty;
Such Separation as may well be ſaid
Becomes a virtuous Batchelor, and a Maid;
So far be diſtant, and good night ſweet Friend,
Thy Love ne'er alter 'till thy ſweet Life end.
Lyſ. Amen, Amen, to that fair Prayer ſay I,
And then end Life when I end Loyalty:
Here is thy Bed, Sleep give thee all his Reſt.
Her. With half that Wiſh, the Wiſhers Eyes be preſt.
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the Foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whoſe Eyes I might approve
This Flower's Force in ſtirring Love:
Night and Silence; who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my Maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* Maid;
And here the Maiden ſleeping ſound
On the dank and dirty Ground
Pretty Soul, ſhe durſt not lye
Near this Lack-love, this kill Curteſie.
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw
All the Power this Charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let Love forbid
Sleep his Seat on thy Eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I muſt now to *Oberon*, [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius.*
Dem. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou Darling leave me? Do not ſo.
Dem. Stay on thy Peril, I alone will go. [*Exit* Demetrius.
Hel. O I am out of Breath in this fond Chace,
The more my Prayer, the leſſer is my Grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lyes;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive Eyes.
How came her Eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt Tears;
If ſo, my Eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers:

Sword to kill himſelf, which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous Fear.

Star. I believe we muſt leave the Killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a Device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeem to ſay, We will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Piramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for the more better Aſſurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in Eight and Six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in Eight and Eight.

Snowt. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves; to bring in, God ſhield us, a Lion among Ladies, is a moſt dreadful Thing; for there is not a more fearful wild Fowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his Name, and half his Face muſt be ſeen through the Lion's Neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours; if you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my Life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a Man as other Men are; and there indeed let him name his Name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard Things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a Chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moon ſhine that Night we play our Play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out Moon-ſhine, find out Moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that Night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a Caſement of the great

Chamber

Chamber Window, where we play, open, and the Moon may ſhine in at the Caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a Buſh of Thorns and a Lanthorn, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the Perſon of Moonſhine; then there is another thing, we muſt have a Wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, ſays the Story, did talk through the Chink of a Wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some Man or other muſt preſent Wall, and let him have ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome Rough-caſt about him, to ſignify Wall, or let him hold his Fingers thus; and through the Cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every Mother's Son, and rehearſe your Parts. *Pyramus* you begin; when you have ſpoken your Speech enter into that Brake, and ſo every one according to his Cue.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen Home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here
So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a Play toward? I'll be an Auditor;
An Actor too perhaps, if I ſee Cauſe.

Quin. Speak *Pyramus*; *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the Flowers of odious Savour's ſweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours.

Pyr. Odours ſavors ſweet,
So that thy Breath, my deareſt *Thisby* dear.
But hark, a Voice; ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A Stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay marry muſt you; for you muſt underſtand he goes but to ſee a Noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly white of Hue,
Of Colour like the red Roſe on triumphant Bryer,
Moſt brisky *Juvenal*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt Horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s Tomb.

Quin. *Ninus* Tomb, Man; why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your Part at once

1 *Fair.* Hail Mortal, Hail.

2 *Fair.* Hail.

3 *Fair.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your Worſhip's Mercy heartily, I beſeech your Worſhip's Name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more Acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my Finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your Name, honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſebloſſom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Miſtreſs *Squaſh* your Mother, and to Maſter *Peaſecod* your Father. Good Maſter *Peaſebloſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more Acquaintance too. Your Name, I beſeech you, Sir?

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good Maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your Patience well: That ſame cowardly Giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a Gentleman of your Houſe. I promiſe you, your Kindred hath made my Eyes water e'er now. I deſire more of your Acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtardſeed.*

Queen. Come wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, methinks, looks with a watry Eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep every little Flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced Chaſtity.
Tye up my Lover's Tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King of Fairies ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her Eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in Extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my Meſſenger: How now mad Spirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Miſtreſs with a Monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated Bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping Hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for Bread upon *Athenian* Stalls,
Were met together to Rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* Nuptial Day.
The ſhalloweſt thick Skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their Sport

Forſook

Forſook his Scene, and entred in a Brake,
When I did him at this Advantage take,
An Aſs's Nole I fixed on his Head;
Anon his *Thisby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimick comes; When they him ſpy,
As wild Geeſe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated Choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and Kawing at the Gun's report,
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the Sky;
So at his ſight, away his Fellows fly,
And at our ſtamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He Murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their Senſe thus weak, loſt with their Fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For Briars and Thorns at their Apparel ſnatch,
Some Sleeves, ſome Hats, from Yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an Aſs.

Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the *Athenian* Eyes
With the Love Juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* Woman by his ſide,
That when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*

Puck. This is the Woman, but not this the Man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay Breath ſo bitter on your bitter Foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to Curſe,
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep.
Being o'er Shoes in Blood, plunge in the deep, and kill me too.
The Sun was not ſo true unto the Day
As he to me. Would he have ſtollen away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon
This whole Earth may be bor'd, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her Brother's Noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes.*

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O *Helen*, Goddeſs, Nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my Love, ſhall I compare thine Eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy Lips, theſe kiſſing Cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congeal'd white, high *Taurus* Snow,
Fann'd with the Eaſtern Wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This Princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of Bliſs.
Hel. O Spight, O Hell, I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your Merriment:
If you were civil, and knew Courteſie,
You would not do me thus much Injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in Souls to mock me too?
If you are Men, as Men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle Lady ſo:
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my Parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your Hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprize,
To conjure Tears up in a poor Maid's Eyes,
With your Deriſion: None of Nobler ſort
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor Soul's Patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s Love I yield you up my part;
And your's of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my Death.
Hel. Never did Mockers waſte more idle Breath.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that Love is gone.
My Heart to her, but as Gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the Faith thou doſt not know,

Leſt

Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy Dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark Night, that from the Eye his Function takes,
The Ear more quick of Apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing Senſe,
It pays the Hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine Eye, *Lyſander*, found,
Mine Ear, I thank it, brought me to that Sound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom Love doth preſs to go?

Her. What Love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?

Lyſ. *Lyſander*'s Love, that would not let him bide;
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the Night,
Than all yon fiery O's and Eyes of Light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know
The Hate I bear thee, made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think: It cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this Confederacy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe Sport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful Maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me, with this foul Deriſion?
Is all the Counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The Siſters Vows, the Hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty footed Time,
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All School-days Friendſhip, Childhoods Innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two Artificial gods,
Have with our Needles, created both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, ſitting on one Cuſhion;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an Union in partition;
Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem,
So with two ſeeming Bodies, but one Heart,
Two of the firſt Life, Coats of Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one Creſt.

And will you rend our ancient Love aſunder,
To join with Men in ſcorning your poor Friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our Sex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the Injury.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.
Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my Eyes and Face?
And made your other Love, *Demetrius*,
Who even but now did ſpurn me with his Foot,
To call me Goddeſs, Nymph, Divine, and Rare,
Precious, Celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your Love, ſo rich within his Soul,
And tender me, forſooth, Affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your Conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with Love, ſo fortunate?
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd,
This you ſhould pity rather than deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, perſevere, counterfeit ſad Looks,
Make Mouths upon me when I turn my Back,
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet Jeſt up:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any Pity, Grace, or Manners,
You would not make me ſuch an Argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which Death or Abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my Excuſe;
My Love, my Soul, fair *Helena*.
Hel. O Excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat.
Thy Threats have no more ſtrength than her weak Praiſe.
Helen, I love thee, by my Life I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope.*
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeem to break looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame Man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou Cat, thou Burre; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a Serpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude?
What change is this, ſweet Love?
Lyſ. Thy Love? Out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed Medicine; O hated Poiſon, hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my Word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your Bond; for I perceive
A weak Bond holds you; I'll not truſt your Word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what News, my Love?
Am not I *Hermia?* Are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since Night you lov'd me; yet ſince Night you left me:
Why then you left me, O the gods forbid!
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my Life,
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena.*
Her. O me, you Jugler, you Canker-bloſſom,
You Thief of Love; what have you come by Night,
And ſtollen my Love's Heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no Modeſty, no maiden Shame,
No touch of Baſhfulneſs? What will you tear
Impatient Anſwers from my gentle Tongue?
Fie, fie, you Counterfeit, you Puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that ways go the Game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our Statures; ſhe hath urg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his Eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted Maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my Nails can reach unto thine Eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, Gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curſt:
I have no gift at all in Shrewiſhneſs;
I am a right Maid for my Cowardize:
Let her not ſtrike me. You perhaps may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than my ſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! Hark again.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your Counſels, never wrong'd you,
Save that in Love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth into this Wood:
He follow'd you, for Love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my Folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone; who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh Heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What with *Lyſander?*
Hel. With *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe will not harm thee, *Helena.*
Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd,
She was a Vixen when ſhe went to School;
And though ſhe be but little ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you Dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hindring Knot-graſs made,
You Bead, you Acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that ſcorns your Services.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: For if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of Love to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe Right
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee Cheek by Jowl.
[*Exit* Lyſander *and* Demetrius.
Her. You Miſtreſs, all this Coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt Company.
Your Hands than mine are quicker for a Fray,
My Legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy Negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy Knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of Shadows, I miſtook:
Did not you tell me I ſhould know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my Enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s Eyes;
And ſo far am I glad, it did ſo ſort,
As this their Jangling I eſteem a Sport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Lovers ſeek a Place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the Night,
The Starry Welkin cover thou anon
With drooping Fog, as black as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſty Rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander* ſometime frame thy Tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter Wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,

'Till o'er their Brows, Death-counterfeiting Sleep
With leaden Legs and batty Wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this Herb into *Lyſander*'s Eye,
Whoſe Liquor hath this virtuous Property,
To take from thence all Error, with its Might,
And make his Eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this Deriſion
Shall ſeem a Dream, and fruitleſs Viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the Lovers wend
With League, whoſe date 'till Death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this Affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed Eye releaſe
From Monſters view, and all things ſhall be Peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For Night's ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s Harbinger;
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; Damned Spirits all,
That in Croſs-ways and Floods have Burial,
Already to their wormy Beds are gone,
For fear leſt Day ſhould look their Shames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from Light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd Night.

Ob. But we are Spirits of another ſort;
I with the Morning-Love have oft made ſport,
And like a Foreſter the Groves may tread,
Even 'till the Eaſtern Gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair bleſſed Beams,
Turns into yellow Gold his ſalt-green Streams.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay;
We may effect this Buſineſs yet e'er Day. [*Exit* Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down: I am fear'd in Field and Town, *Goblin*, lead them up and down. Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, Villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer Ground.

Enter

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou Run-away, thou Coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome Buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy Head?

Puck. Thou Coward, art thou begging to the Stars,
Telling the Buſhes that thou look'ſt for Wars,
And wilt not come? Come Recreant, come thou Child,
I'll whip thee with a Rod, he is defil'd
That draws a Sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my Voice, we'll try no Manhood here. [*Exe.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The Villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly; [*Shifting places.*
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle Day: [*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray Light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this Spight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, Coward why com'ſt thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: For well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the Face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy Face by Day-light ſee.
Now go thy way: Faintneſs conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold Bed,
By Day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary Night, O long and tedious Night,
Abate thy Hours, ſhine Comforts from the *Eaſt*,
That I may back to *Athens* by Day-light,
From theſe that my poor Company deteſt,
And Sleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up Sorrow's Eye,
Steal me a while from mine own Company. [*Sle*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both Kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,

Cupid is a knaviſh Lad,
Thus to make poor Females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in Woe,
Bedabbled with the Dew, and torn with Briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My Legs can keep no Pace with my Deſires:
Here will I reſt me 'till the Break of Day;
Heav'ns ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a Fray. [*Lyes down.*

Puck. On the Ground ſleep ſound,
I'll apply to your Eye, gentle Lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the Juice on* Lyſander's *Eye.*
When thou wak'ſt thou tak'ſt
True Delight in the Sight of former Lady's Eye,
And the Country Proverb known,
That every Man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be known.
Jack ſhall have *Jill*, naught ſhall go ill,
The Man ſhall have his Mare again, and all be well. [*Exit* Puck.

[*They ſleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

Queen. COme, ſit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy amiable Cheeks do coy,
And ſtick Muſk Roſes in thy ſleek-ſmooth Head,
And kiſs thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblooſſom*?

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my Head, *Peaſebloſſom*. Where's Monſieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good Monſieur get your Weapons in your Hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee on the Top of a Thiſtle, and good Monſieur bring me the Honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the Action, Monſieur; and good Monſieur have a Care the Honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a Honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monſieur *Muſtardſeed*?

Muſt. Ready.

Bot.

Bot. Give me your News, Monſieur *Muſtard*;
Pray you leave your Curteſie, good Monſieur.

Muſt. What's your Will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers, Monſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the Face. And I am ſuch a tender Aſs, if my Hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome Muſick, my ſweet Love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good Ear in Muſick. Let us have the Tongs and the Bones.

Muſick Tongs, Rural Muſick.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet Love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a Peck of Provender; I would munch your good dry Oats. Methinks I have a great Deſire to a Bottle of Hay: Good Hay, ſweet Hay hath no Fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy
That ſhall ſeek the Squirrels Hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful of dried Peaſe. But I pray you let none of your People ſtir me, I have an Expoſition of Sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Arms;
Fairies be gone, and be always away:
So doth the Woodbine the ſweet Hony-ſuckle
Gently entwiſt; the female Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*;
Seeſt thou this ſweet Sight?
Her Dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the Wood,
Seeking ſweet Favours for this hateful Fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy Temples then had rounded
With Coronet of freſh and fragrant Flowers,
And that ſame Dew which ſometime on the Buds
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient Pearls,
Stood now within the pretty Flouriets Eyes,

Like

Like Tears that did their own Diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my Pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild Terms begg'd my Patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling Child,
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land;
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful Imperfection of her Eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed Scalp
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this Night's Accidents,
But as the fierce Vexation of a Dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queen.

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's *Bud, or* Cupid's *Flower,*
Hath ſuch Force and bleſſed Power.

Now, my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queen.
Queen. My *Oberon!* what Viſions have I ſeen!
Methought I was enamoured of an Aſs.
Ob. There lies your Love.
Queen. How came theſe Things to paſs?
Oh how mine Eyes do loath this Viſage now!
Ob. Silence a while; *Robin* take off his Head:
Titiana, Muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Than common Sleep. Of all theſe find the Senſe.
Queen. Muſick, ho Muſick; ſuch as charmeth Sleep.
Muſick ſtill.
Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own Fools Eyes peep.
Ob. Sound Muſick; come my Queen, take Hand with me,
And rock the Ground whereon theſe Sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in Amity,
And will to Morrow Midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* Houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair Poſterity:
There ſhall theſe Pairs of faithful Lovers be
Wedded with *Theſeus* all in Jollity.

Puck.

Puck. Fair King attend and mark,
I do hear the Morning Lark.
Ob. Then my Queen in Silence ſad,
Trip we after the Night's Shade;
We the Globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wandring Moon.
Queen. Come my Lord, and in our Flight,
Tell me how it came this Night,
That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lye ſtill.*
With theſe Mortals on the Ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind Horns.*

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita *and all his Train.*

Theſ. Go one of you, find out the Foreſter,
For now our Obſervation is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the Day,
My Love ſhall hear the Muſick of my Hounds:
Uncouple in the Weſtern Valley, let them go,
Diſpatch I ſay, and find the Foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the Mountain's Top,
And mark the Muſical Confuſion
Of Hounds, and Eccho in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a Wood of *Creet* they bay'd the Bear
With Hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding. For beſides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So muſical a Diſcord, ſuch ſweet Thunder.
Theſ. My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that ſweep away the Morning Dew;
Crook-kneed, and Dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in Mouth like Bells,
Each under each. A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what Nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My Lord, this is my Daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena*;
I wonder of this being here together.

Theſ.

Theſ. No doubt they roſe up early, to obſerve
The right of *May*, and hearing our Intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But ſpeak *Egeus*, is not this the Day
That *Hermia* ſhould give Anſwer of her Choice?
Ege. It is, my Lord.
Theſ. Go bid the Huntſmen wake them with their Horns.
Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all ſtart up.
Theſ. Good Morrow Friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe Wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
Theſ. I pray you all ſtand up:
I know you two are Rival Enemies.
How comes this gentle Concord in the World,
That Hatred is ſo far from Jealouſy,
To ſleep by Hate, and fear no Enmity?
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our Intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the Peril of the *Athenian* Law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his Head:
They would have ſtoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your Wife, and me of my Conſent;
Of my Conſent that ſhe ſhould be your Wife.
Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their Stealth,
Of this their Purpoſe hither to the Wood,
And I in Fury hither follow'd them
Fair *Helena* in Fancy follow'd me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what Power,
But by ſome Power it is, my Love
To *Hermia*, melted as the Snow,
Seems to me now as the Remembrance of an idle Gaude,
Which in my Childhood I did doat upon:
And all the Faith, the Virtue of my Heart,
The Object and the Pleaſure of mine Eye,

Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed e'er I did ſee *Hermia*;
But like a Sickneſs did I loath this Food;
But as in Health come to my natural Taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Theſ. Fair Lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this Diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your Will,
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
Theſe Couples ſhall eternally be knit:
And for the Morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd Hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a Feaſt in great Solemnity.
Come *Hippolita*. [*Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. Theſe Things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off Mountains turned into Clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted Eye,
When every Thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel;
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems ſo to me,
That we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the Way let us recount our Dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[Bottom *wakes*.

Bot. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair *Pyramus*—Hey ho, *Peter Quince*! *Flute* the Bellows-mender! *Snout* the Tinker! *Starveling*! God's my Life! Stol'n hence, and left me aſleep. I have had a moſt rare Viſion. I had a Dream paſt the Wit of Man to ſay what Dream it was: Man is but an Aſs if he go about to expound this Dream. Methought I was, there is no Man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had. But Man is but a patch'd Fool, if he will offer to ſay what

methought

methought I had. The Eye of Man hath not heard, the Ear of Man hath not ſeen; Man's Hand is not able to taſte, his Tongue to conceive, nor his Heart to report what my Dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, becauſe it hath no Bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter End of a Play before the Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her Death. [*Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snowt *and* Starveling.

Quin. Have you ſent to *Bottom's* Houſe? Is he come Heme yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the Play is marr'd. It goes forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a Man in all *Athens* able to diſcharge *Pyramus* but he.

Thiſ. No, he hath ſimply the beſt Wit of any Handycraft Man in *Athens.*

Quin. Yea, and the beſt Perſon too; and he is a very Paramour for a ſweet Voice.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon; a Paramour is (God bleſs us) a Thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the *Temple*, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; If our Sport had gone forward, we had all been made Men.

Thiſ. O ſweet Bully *Bottom*; thus hath he loſt Six pence a Day during his Life; he could not have 'ſcaped Six pence a Day; and the Duke had not given him Six pence a Day for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: He would have deſerv'd it. Six pence a Day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe Hearts?

Quin. Bottom, O moſt couragious Day! O moſt happy Hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe Wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian.* I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a Word of me; all I will tell you, is that the Duke hath dined. Get your Apparel together, good Strings to your Beards, new Ribbons to your Pumps, meet preſently at the Palace, every Man look o'er his Part; for the ſhort and the long is, our Play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* have clean Linnen; and let not him that plays the Lion pare his Nails, for they ſhall hang out for the Lion's Claws; and moſt dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick, for we are to utter ſweet Breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more Words; away, go away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus *and his Lords.*

Hip. 'TIS ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, that theſe Lovers ſpeak of.

Theſ. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe Antick Fables, nor theſe Fairy Toys;
Lovers and Madmen have ſuch ſeething Brains,
Such ſhaping Phantaſies, that apprehend more
Than cool Reaſon ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact:
One ſees more Devils than vaſt Hell can hold;
That is the Madman. The Lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt.*
The Poet's Eye in a fine Frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n:
And as Imagination bodies forth the Forms of Things
Unknown; the Poet's Pen turns them to Shapes,
And gives to Airy Nothing a local Habitation,
And a Name. Such Tricks hath ſtrong Imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome Joy,
It comprehends ſome Bringer of that Joy:
Or in the Night, imagining ſome Fear,
How eaſie is a Buſh ſuppos'd a Bear?

Hip. But all the Story of the Night told over,
And all their Minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than Fancies Images,
And grows to ſomething of great Conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

Theſ. Here come the Lovers, full of Joy and Mirth.
Joy, gentle Friends, Joy and freſh days of Love
Accompany your Hearts.

Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your Royal Walks, your Board, your Bed.

Theſ. Come now, what Masks, what Dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long Age of three Hours,
Between our after-ſupper and Bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of Mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no Play
To eaſe the Anguiſh of a torturing Hour?
Call *Egeus.*

Ege. Here, mighty *Theſeus.*

Theſ. Say, what Abridgement have you for this Evening?
What Mask? What Muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome Delight?

Ege. There is a Brief how many Sports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.

Lyſ. The Battel with the Centaur, to be ſung
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harp.

Theſ. We'll none of that. That have I told my Love,
In glory of my Kinſman *Hercules.*

Lyſ. The Riot of the tipſie *Bachanals,*
Tearing the *Thracian* Singer in their Rage.

Theſ. That is an old Device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

Lyſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the Death of Learning, late deceas'd in Beggary.

Theſ. That is ſome Satyr keen and critical,
Not ſorting with a Nuptial Ceremony.

Lyſ. A tedious brief Scene of young *Pyramus,*
And his Love *Thisby*; very tragical Mirth.

Theſ.

Theſ. Merry and Tragical? Tedious and Brief? That is, hot Ice, and wondrous ſtrange Snow. How ſhall we find the Concord of this Diſcord?

Ege. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten Words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play;
But by ten Words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: For in all the Play
There is not one Word apt, one Player fitted.
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs
Made mine Eyes water; but more merry Tears
The paſſion of loud Laughter never ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard-handed Men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their Minds till now;
And now have toiled their unbreathed Memories
With this ſame Play, againſt your Nuptials.

Theſ. And we will hear it.

Ege. No, my Noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the World,
Unleſs you can find ſport in their Intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel Pain,
To do you Service.

Theſ. I will hear that Play: For never any thing
Can be amiſs, when Simpleneſs and Duty tender it.
Go bring them in, and take your Places, Ladies.

Hip. I love not to ſee Wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And Duty in his Service periſhing.

Theſ. Why, gentle Sweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays they can do nothing in this kind.

Theſ. The kinder we, to give them Thanks for nothing.
Our Sport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor Duty cannot do, noble Reſpect
Takes it in Might, not Merit.
Where I have come, great Clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make Periods in the midſt of Sentences,
Throttle their practis'd Accent in their Fears,

And in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a Welcome. Truſt me, Sweet,
Out of this Silence yet I pick'd a Welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful Duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling Tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious Eloquence.
Love therefore, and Tongue-tide Simplicity.
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my Capacity.

Ege. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.

Theſ. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

Enter Quince *for the Prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple Skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their Show,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This Fellow doth not ſtand upon his Points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good Moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his Prologue, like a Child on the Recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

Theſ. His Speech was like a tangled Chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Tawyer *with a Trumpet before them.*

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this Show,
But wonder on, 'till Truth make all things plain.
This Man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.
This Man with Lime and Rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile Wall, which did theſe Lovers ſunder:
And through Wall's Chink, poor Souls, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no Man wonder.

This

This Man with Lanthorn, Dog, and Buſh of Thorn,
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine: For, if you will know,
By Moon-ſhine did theſe Lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woo.
This grizly Beaſt, which *Lion* hight by Name,
The truſty *Thisby*, coming firſt by Night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her Mantle ſhe did fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody Mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet Youth and tall,
And finds his gentle *Thisby*'s Mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with Blade, with bloody blameful Blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody Breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry Shade,
His Dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one *Lion* may, when many Aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befal,
That I, one *Snout* by name, preſent a Wall:
And ſuch a Wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied Hole or Chink;
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This Loam, this Rough-caſt, and this Stone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the Cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful Lovers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt Partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Theſ. *Pyramus* draws near the Wall: Silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd Night! O Night with hue ſo black!
O Night, which ever art when Day is not!
O Night, O Night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby*'s Promiſe is forgot.

And thou, O Wall, thou ſweet and loveiy Wall,
That ſtands between her Father's Ground and mine,
Thou Wall, O Wall, O ſweet and lovely Wall,
Shew me thy Chink, to blink through with mine Eyn.
Thanks, courteous Wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked Wall, through whom I ſee no Bliſs,
Curſt be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Theſ. The Wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould Curſe again.

Pyr. No in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *Thisby*'s cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the Wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall

Enter Thisby.

Pat. I told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thiſ. O Wall, full often haſt thou heard my Moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry Lips hath often kiſs'd thy Stones;
Thy Stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I hear a Voice; now will I to the Chink,
To ſpy and I can ſee my *Thisby*'s Face. *Thisby?*

Thiſ. My Love thou art, my Love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers Grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, 'till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſs me through the hole of this vile Wall.

Thiſ. I kiſs the Wall's hole, not your Lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s Tomb meet me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide Life, tide Death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo:
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

Theſ. Now is the Moral down between the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are ſo wilful, to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the ſillieſt Stuff that e'er I heard.

Theſ. The beſt in this kind are but Shadows, and the worſt are no worſe, if Imagination amend them.

Hip.

Hip. It muſt be your Imagination then, and not theirs.

Theſ. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for Excellent Men. Here comes two noble Beaſts, in a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion *and* Moon-ſhine.

Lion. You Ladies, you, whoſe gentle Hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous Mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt Rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor elſe no Lion's Dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in Strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

Theſ. A very gentle Beaſt, and of a good Conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a Beaſt, my Lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lion is a very Fox for his Valour.

Theſ. True, and a Gooſe for his Diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my Lord; for his Valour cannot carry his Diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Theſ. His Diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his Valour; for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well: Leave it to his Diſcretion, and let us hearken to the Moon.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the Horns on his Head.

Theſ. He is no Creſcent, and his Horns are inviſible, within the Circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent:
My ſelf the Man i'th' Moon doth ſeem to be.

Theſ. This is the greateſt Error of all the reſt: the Man ſhould be put into the Lanthorn: How is it elſe the Man i'th' Moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the Candle;
For you ſee it is already in Snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this Moon; would he would Change.

Theſ. It appears by his ſmall Light of Diſcretion, that he is in the Wane; but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you, that the

Lanthorn is the Moon; I, the Man in the Moon; this Thorn Buſh, my Thorn Buſh; and this Dog, my Dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorn; for they are in the Moon. But ſilence; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s Tomb; where is my Love?

Lion. Oh. [*The* Lion *roars*, Thisby *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd *Lion.*

Theſ. Well run *Thisby.*

Hip. Well ſhone *Moon.*

Truly the *Moon* ſhines with good grace.

Theſ. Well mouth'd *Lion.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny Beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering Streams,
I 'truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisby*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Duck! O Deer!
Thy Mantle good; what ſtain'd with Blood!
Approach you Furies fell:
O Fates! Come, come: Cut Thred and Thrum,
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Theſ. This Paſſion, and the Death of a dear Friend,
Would go near to make a Man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my Heart, but I pity the Man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion wild hath here Deflour'd my Dear:
Which is——No, no——which was the faireſt Dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with Cheer.
Come Tears, confound: Out Sword, and wound
The Pap of *Pyramus.*
Ay, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my Soul is in the Sky;

Tongue

Tongue loſe thy light, Moon take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No Die, but an Ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an Ace, Man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theſ. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an Aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moon-ſhine* is gone, before *Thisby* comes back, and finds her Lover?

Enter Thisby.

Theſ. She will find him by Star-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her Paſſion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus:* I hope ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A Moth will turn the Ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet Eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe means, *videlicet.*

Thiſ. Aſleep, my Love? What, dead, my Dove?
O *Pyramus* ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A Tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet Eyes.
Theſe lilly Lips, this cherry Noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip Cheeks
Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan.
His Eyes were green as Leeks.
O Siſters three, come, come to me,
With Hands as pale as Milk;
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With Sheers, this Thread of Silk.
Tongue not a word; Come truſty Sword;
Come Blade, my Breaſt imbrue:
And farewel Friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Theſ. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lion* are left to bury the Dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask Dance, between two of our Company?

Theſ. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your Play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisby*'s Garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: And ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomask; let your Epilogue alone. [*Here a Dance of Clowns.*

The Iron Tongue of Midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to Bed, 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear we ſhall out-ſleep the coming Morn,
As much as we this Night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy Gate of Night. Sweet Friends to Bed.
A Fortnight hold we this Solemnity,
In nightly Revel, and new Jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lion roars,
And the Wolf beholds the Moon:
Whilſt the heavy Ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary Task fore-done.
Now the waſted Brands do glow,
Whilſt the Scritch-Owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lyes in Woe
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Now it is the time of Night,
That the Graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecates* team,
From the preſence of the Sun,
Following Darkneſs like a Dream,
Now are Frolick; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallowed Houſe,
I am ſent with Broom before,
To ſweep the Duſt behind the Door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their Train.*

Ob. Through the Houſe give glimmering Light,
By the dead and drowſie Fire,

Every

Every Elf and Fairy Spright,
Hop as light as Bird from Brier,
And this Ditty after me, Sing and Dance it trippingly.
Queen. Firſt rehearſe this Song by roat,
To each Word a warbling Note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this Place.

The SONG.

Now until the break of Day,
Through this Houſe each Fairy *ſtray,*
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall Bleſſed be;
And the Iſſue there create,
Ever ſhall be Fortunate:
So ſhall all the Couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the Blots in Nature's Hand
Shall not in their Iſſue ſtand;
Never Mole, Hare-lip, nor Scar,
Nor mark Prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Nativity,
Shall upon their Children be.
With this Field Dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his Gate,*
And each ſeveral Chamber bleſs,
Through this Palace with ſweet Peace,
Ever ſhall in Safety reſt,
And the Owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by Break of Day.

Puck. If we, Shadows, have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but Slumbred here,
While theſe Viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle Theam,
No more yielding but a Dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you Pardon, we will mend.

And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned Luck,
Now to 'ſcape the Serpent's Tongue,
We will make Amends e'er long:
Elſe the *Puck* a Liar call.
So good Night unto you all.
Give me your Hands, if we be Friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore Amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE MERCHANT OF *VENICE*.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Venice.
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh *Prince.* } *Suiters to*
Prince of Arragon. } Portia.
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Servants to* Portia, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

The

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it;
What Stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn; and ſuch a want-wit Sadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my ſelf.

Sal. Your Mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the Flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the petty Traffickers
That Curtſie to them, do them Reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven Wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch Venture forth,
The better Part of my Affections would
Be with my Hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the Graſs, to know where ſits the Wind,
Peering in Maps for Ports, and Peers, and Roads;
And every Object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my Ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal.

Sal. My Wind cooling my Broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harm a Wind too great might do at Sea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy Hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of Shallows and of Flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in Sand,
Vailing her high Top lower than her Ribs,
To kiſs her Burial: Should I go to Church
And ſee the holy Edifice of Stone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous Rocks?
Which touching but my gentle Veſſel's Side,
Would ſcatter all her Spices on the Stream,
Enrobe the roaring Waters with my Silks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the Thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the Thought,
That ſuch a Thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his Merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no, I thank my Fortune for it,
My Ventures are not in one Bottom truſted,
Nor to one Place; nor is my whole Eſtate
Upon the Fortune of this preſent Year:
Therefore my Merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in Love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in Love neither! then let us ſay you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange Fellows in her Time:
Some that will evermore peep through their Eyes,
And laugh like Parrots at a Bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar Aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their Teeth in way of Smile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the Jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better Company.

Sola

Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier Friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your Worth is very dear in my Regard:
I take it your own Buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' Occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good Morrow, my good Lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our Leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at Dinner Time,
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much Reſpect upon the World:
They loſe it that do buy it with much Care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the World but as the World, *Gratiano*;
A Stage where every Man muſt play his Part;
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool
With Mirth and Laughter; let old Wrinkles come,
And let my Liver rather heat with Wine,
Than my Heart cool with mortifying Groans:
Why ſhould a Man, whoſe Blood is warm within,
Sit like his Grandſire cut in *Alablaſter*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundies
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and it is my Love that ſpeaks:
There are a ſort of Men, whoſe Viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding Pond,
And do a wilful Stilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an Opinion
Of Wiſdom, Gravity, profound Conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am, Sir, an Oracle;
And when I ope my Lips, let no Dog bark.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed Wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe Ears,

Which

Which hearing them, would call their Brothers Fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholly Bait,
For this fool Gudgeon, this Opinion.
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till Dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe Men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me Company but two Years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the Sound of thine own Tongue.

Anth. Fare you well; I'll grow a Talker for this Gear.

Gra. Thanks i'faith; for Silence is only commendable
In a Neats Tongue dry'd, and a Maid not vendible. [*Exit.*

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any Man in all *Venice*: his Reaſons are two Grains of Wheat hid in two Buſhels of Chaff; you may ſeek all Day e'er you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the Search.

Anth. Well; tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage,
That you to Day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine Eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling Port
Than my faint Means would grant continuance to;
Nor do I now make Moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble Rate; but my chief Care
Is to come fairly off from the great Debts
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in Mony, and in Love,
And from your Love I have a Warranty
To unburthen all my Plots and Purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the Debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it,
And if it ſtands as you your ſelf ſtill do,
Within the Eye of Honour, be aſſur'd
My Purſe, my Perſon, my extreameſt Means
Lye all unlock'd to your Occaſions.

Baſſ. In my School-Days, when I had loſt one Shaft,
I ſhot his Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed Watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this Child-hood Proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure Innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful Youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another Arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt Debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well, and herein ſpend but Time
To wind about my Love with Circumſtance;
And out of doubt you do to me more Wrong,
In making Queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me, what ſhould I do,
That in your Knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: Therefore ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that Word,
Of wondrous Virtues; Sometimes from her Eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs Meſſages;
Her Name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s Daughter, *Brutus Portia*:
Nor is the wide World ignorant of her Worth;
For the four Winds blow in from every Coaſt
Renowned Sutors; and her ſunny Locks
Hang on her Temples like a golden Fleece,
Which makes her Seat of *Belmont Cholchos* Strond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the Means
To hold a rival Place with one of them,
I have a Mind preſages me ſuch Thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my Fortunes are at Sea,
Neither have I Mony, nor Commodity
To raiſe a preſent Sum; therefore go forth,
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do;

That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*:
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where Mony is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my Truſt, or for my Sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont.*

Three Caskets are ſet out, one of Gold, another of Silver, and another of Lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. By my Troth, *Neriſſa*, my little Body is weary of this great World.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your Miſeries were in the ſame Abundance as your good Fortunes are; and yet, for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no ſmall Happineſs to be ſeated in the Mean; Superfluity comes ſooner by white Hairs, but Competency lives longer.

Por. Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had been Churches, and poor Mens Cottages Princes Palaces: It is a good Divine that follows his own Inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The Brain may deviſe Laws for the Blood, but a hot Temper leaps o'er a cold Decree; ſuch a Hare is Madneſs the Youth, to skip o'er the Meſhes of good Counſel the Cripple. But this Reaſon is not in Faſhion to chuſe me a Husband: O me, the Word chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the Will of a living Daughter curb'd by the Will of a dead Father: Is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your Father was ever Virtuous, and holy Men at their Death have good Inſpirations; therefore the Lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three Cheſts of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof, who chuſes his Meaning, chuſes you, will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what Warmth is there in your Affection towards any of theſe Princely Suters that are already come?

Por.

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my Deſcription, level at my Affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a Colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his Horſe, and he makes it a great Appropriation to his own good Parts that he can ſhoo him himſelf: I am much afraid my Lady his Mother plaid falſe with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the County *Palentine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, and you will not have me, chuſe: He hears merry Tales and ſmiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly Sadneſs in his Youth. I had rather to be married to a Death's Head with a Bone in his Mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Bonn*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a Man; in truth I know it is Sin to be a Mocker; but he! why he hath a Horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s, a better bad Habit of Frowning than the Count *Palentine*, he is every Man in no Man, if a Taffel ſing, he falls ſtraight a Capring; he will fence with his own Shadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty Husbands; if he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to Madneſs, I ſhould never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and ſwear that I have a poor Penny-worth in *Engliſh*; he is a proper Man's Picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumb Show? How odly he is ſuited! I think he bought his Doublet in *Italy*, his round Hoſe in *France*, his Bonnet in *Germany*, and his Behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly Charity in him, for he borrow'd a Box of the Ear of the *Engliſh-man*, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his Surety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s Nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the Morning when he is ſober, and moſt vildly in the Afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a Man, and when he is worſt, he is little better than a Beaſt; and the worſt Fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your Father's Will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deep Glaſs of *Rheniſh* Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devil be within, and the Temptation without, I know he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, e'er I will be marry'd to a Spunge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady the having any of theſe Lords, they have acquainted me with their Determination, which is indeed to return to their Home, and to trouble you with no more Suits, unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your Father's Impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my Father's Will: I am glad this Parcel of Wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very Abſence, and wiſh them a fair Departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, Lady, in your Father's time, a *Venetian*, a Scholar and a Soldier that came hither in Company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, ſo was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the Men that ever my fooliſh Eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy Praiſe.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four Strangers ſeek you, Madam, to take their Leave; and there is a Fore-runner come from a fifth, The Prince of *Morocco*, who brings Word the Prince his Maſter will be here to Night.

Por. If I could bid the Fifth welcome with ſo good Heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his Approach; if he have the Condition of a Saint, and the Complexion of a Devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come *Neriſſa*, Sirrah go before; whiles we ſhut the Gate upon one Wooer, another knocks at the Door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice.*

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats, well.

Baſſ. Ay Sir, for three Months.

Shy. For three Months, well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your Anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats for three Months, And *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your Anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good Man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my Meaning in ſaying he is a good Man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient; yet his Means are in ſuppoſition: He hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other Ventures he hath ſquandred Abroad. But Ships are but Boards, Sailers but Men; there be Land Rats, and Water Rats, Water Thieves and Land Thieves, I mean Pyrates; and then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds, and Rocks; the Man is notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand Ducats, I think I may take his *Bond.*

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Jew. I will be aſſur'd I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio*?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to ſmell Pork, to eat of the Habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the Devil into; I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
What News on the *Rialto*; who comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Jew. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low Simplicity
He lends out Mony *Gratis*, and brings down
The Rate of Uſance here with us in *Venice*;
If I can catch him once upon the Hip,
I will feed fat the antient Grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he rails
Even there where Merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift,
Which he calls Intereſt. Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

Baſſ. *Shylock*, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent Store,
And by the near Gueſs of my Memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the Groſs
Of full three thouſand Ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my Tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many Months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior, [*To Anth.*
Your Worſhip was the laſt Man in our Mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of Exceſs,
Yet to ſupply the ripe Wants of my Friend,
I'll break a Cuſtom. Is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand Ducats.

Anth. And for three Months.

Shy.

Shy. I had forgot, three Months you told me ſo:
Well then, your Bond: But let me ſee, but hear you,
Methoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.

Anth. I did never uſe it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban*'s Sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,
As his wiſe Mother wrought in his behalf,
The third Poſſeſſer, ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him, did he take Intereſt?

Shy. No, not take Intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly Intereſt; mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromiz'd
That all the Ewelings which were ſtreak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacob*'s Hire; the Ewes being rank,
In end of Autumn turned to the Rams;
And when the Work of Generation was
Between theſe woolly Breeders, in the Act
The skilful Shepherd pil'd me certain Wands,
And in the doing of the Deed of Kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in Yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And Thrift is Bleſſing, if Men ſteal it not.

Anth. This was a Venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his Power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the Hand of Heav'n:
Was this inſerted to make Intereſt good?
Or is your Gold and Silver Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio*,
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpoſe.
An evil Soul producing holy Witneſs,
Is like a Villain with a ſmiling Cheek,
A goodly Apple rotten at the Heart.
O what a godly Outſide Falſhood hath!

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats, 'tis a good round Sum.
Three Months from twelve, then let me ſee the Rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a Time and oft,
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my Monies and my Uſances:
Still have I born it with a patient Shrug,
For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe;
You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* Gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my Help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have Monies; you ſay ſo,
You that did void your Rheume upon my Beard,
And foot me as you ſpurn a ſtranger Cur
Over your Threſhold: Monies is your Suit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a Dog Mony? is it poſſible
A Cur ſhould lend three thouſand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a Bondman's Key
With bated Breath, and whiſpring Humbleneſs,
Say this: Fair Sir, you ſpet on me on *Wedneſday* laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a Day; another time
You call'd me Dog; and for theſe Curteſies
I'll lend you thus much Monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this Mony, lend it not
As to thy Friend, for when did Friendſhip take
A Breed of barren Metal of his Friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better Face
Exact the Penalties.

Shy. Why look you how you ſtorm.
I would be Friends with you, and have your Love,
Forget the Shames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent Wants, and take no Doit
Of Uſage for my Monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Baſſ. This were Kindneſs.

Shy. This Kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle Bond, and in a merry Sport

If you repay me not on ſuch a Day,
In ſuch a Place, ſuch Sum or Sums as are
Expreſs'd in the Condition, let the Forfeit
Be nominated for an equal Pound
Of your fair Fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your Body it pleaſeth me.
Anth. Content, in Faith, I'll ſeal to ſuch a Bond,
And ſay there is much Kindneſs in the *Jew*.
Baſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a Bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my Neceſſity.
Anth. Why fear not Man, I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two Months, that's a Month before
This Bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this Bond.
Shy. O Father *Abraham*, what theſe Chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard Dealing teaches them ſuſpect
The Thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould break his Day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the Forfeiture?
A Pound of Man's Fleſh taken from a Man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As Fleſh of Muttons, Beefs, or Goats. I ſay,
To buy his Favour, I extend this Friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And for my Love I pray you wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this Bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's,
Give him direction for this merry Bond,
And I will go and purſe the Ducats ſtraight:
See to my Houſe, left in the fearful Guard
Of an unthrifty Knave, and preſently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*. This *Hebrew* will turn Chriſtian, he grows kind.
Baſſ. I like not fair Terms, and a Villain's Mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My Ships come home a Month before the Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Belmont.*

Enter Morochius *a Tawny-Moor all in White, and three or four Followers accordingly, with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her Train. Flo. Cornets.*

Mor. Miſlike me not for my Complection,
The ſhadowed Livery of the burniſh'd Sun,
To whom I am a Neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt Creature Northward born,
Where *Phœbus* Fire ſcarce thaws the Iſicles,
And let us make Inciſion for your Love,
To prove whoſe Blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, Lady, this Aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the Valiant, by my Love I ſwear,
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this Hue,
Except to ſteal your Thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of Choice I am not ſolely led
By nice Direction of a Maiden's Eyes:
Beſides, the Lottery of my Deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his Wit to yield my ſelf
His Wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your ſelf, Renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair
As any Comer I have look'd on yet
For my Affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets
To try my Fortune: By this Scimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy, and a *Perſian* Prince,
That won three Fields of Sultan *Salyman*,
I would o'er-ſtare the ſterneſt Eyes that look,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the Earth,
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the She-Bear,
Yea, mock the Lion when he roars for Prey,

T

To win the Lady. But alas, the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Which is the better Man? the greater Throw
May turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his Rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And dye with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your Chance,
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to Lady afterward
In way of Marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; come bring me unto my Chance.

Por. Firſt forward to the Temple, after Dinner
Your Hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good Fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among Men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice.*

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. Certainly, my Conſcience will ſerve me to run from this *Jew* my Maſter: The Fiend is at my Elbow, and attempts me, ſaying to me, *Job, Launcelot Job,* good *Launcelot,* or good *Job,* or good *Launcelot Job,* uſe your Legs, take the ſtart, run away: My Conſcience ſays no; take heed, honeſt *Launcelot*, take heed, honeſt *Job,* or as aforeſaid, honeſt *Launcelot Job,* do not run, ſcorn running with thy Heels: Well, the moſt couragious Fiend bids me pack, *Via* ſays the Fiend, away ſays the Fiend, for the Heav'ns rouſe up a brave Mind, ſays the Fiend, and run. Well, my Conſcience hanging about the Neck of my Heart, ſays very wiſely to me, My honeſt Friend *Launcelot,* being an honeſt Man's Son, or rather an honeſt Woman's Son——for indeed my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kind of taſte——Well, my Conſcience ſays, *Launcelot* budge not; budge, ſays the Fiend; budge not, ſays my Conſcience; Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; Fiend, ſay I, you counſel well; to be rul'd by my Conſci-

ence

ence I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my Maſter, who, God bleſs the Mark, is a kind of Devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I ſhould be ruled by the Fiend, who, ſaving your Reverence, is the Devil himſelf. Certainly the *Jew* is the very Devil Incarnation, and in my Conſcience, my Conſcience is a kind of hard Conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*; the Fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, Fiend, my Heels are at your Commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo *with a Basket.*

Gob. Maſter Young-man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. O Heav'ns, this is my true begotten Father, who being more than ſand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try Confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. Turn upon your Right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your Left; marry at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s Houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Maſter *Launcelot*? Mark me now, now will I raiſe the Waters; talk you of young Maſter *Launcelot*?

Gob. No Maſter, Sir, but a poor Man's Son, his Father, tho' I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor Man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of young Maſter *Launcelot*.

Gob. Your Worſhip's Friend and *Launcelot*.

Laun. But I pray you *Ergo*, old Man, *Ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young Maſter *Launcelot*?

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your Maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo Maſter *Launcelot*, talk not of Maſter *Launcelot* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtinies, and ſuch odd Sayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch Branches of Learning, is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to Heaven.

Gob.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the Boy was the very Staff of my Age, my very Prop.

Laun. Do I look like a Cudgel or a Hovel-poſt, a Staff or a Prop? Do you know me, Father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young Gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my Boy, God reſt his Soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, Father?

Gob. Alack Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your Eyes you might fail of the knowing me: It is a wiſe Father that knows his own Child. Well, old Man, I will tell you News of your Son, give me your Bleſſing, Truth will come to light, Murder cannot be hid long, a Man's Son may, but in the end Truth will not.

Gob. Pray you Sir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelot* my Boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your Bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your Boy that was, your Son that is, your Child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my Son.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: But I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s Man, and I am ſure *Margery* your Wife is my Mother.

Gob. Her Name is *Margery* indeed, I'll be ſworn if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own Fleſh and Blood: Lord worſhip'd might he be! what a Beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more hair on thy Chin, than Dobbin my Phil-horſe has on his Tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then that Dobbin's Tail grows backward. I am ſure he had more Hair on his Tail than I have on my Face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy Maſter agree? I have brought him a Preſent; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground: My Maſter's a very *Jew*: Give him a Preſent! give him a Halter: I am famiſh'd in his Service. You may tell every Finger I have with my Ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your Preſent to one Maſter Baſſanio, who

who indeed gives rare new Liveries; If I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any Ground. O rare Fortune! here comes the Man; to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a Follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo, but let it be ſo haſted, that Supper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the Clock: See theſe Letters deliver'd, put the Liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my Lodging.

Laun. To him, Father.

Gob. God bleſs your Worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my Son, Sir, a poor Boy.

Laun. Not a poor Boy, Sir, but the Rich *Jew*'s Man that would, Sir, as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great Infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maſter and he, ſaving your Worſhip's Reverence, are ſcarce Catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my Father, being I hope an old Man, ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a Diſh of Doves that I would beſtow upon your Worſhip, and my Suit is——

Laun. In very brief, the Suit is impertinent to my ſelf, as your Worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old Man; and, though I ſay it, though old Man, yet poor Man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy Suit;
Shylock, thy Maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be Preferment,
To leave a rich *Jew*'s Service, to become
The Follower of ſo poor a Gentleman.

Laun. The old Proverb is very well parted between my Maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir, you have the Grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leave of thy old Maſter, and enquire
My Lodging out; give him a Livery,
More garded than his Fellows: See it done.

Laun. Father in, I cannot get a Service, no; I have ne'er a Tongue in my Head; well, if any Man in *Italy* have a fairer Table which doth offer to ſwear upon a Book, I ſhall have good Fortune; go too, here's a ſimple Line of Life, here's a ſmall trifle of Wives, alas, fifteen Wives is nothing, eleven Widows and nine Maids is a ſimple coming in for one Man, and then to 'ſcape Drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my Life with the edge of a Feather Bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes: Well, if *Fortune* be a Woman, ſhe's a good Wench for this gere. Father come, I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling. [*Exit* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt eſteem'd Acquaintance, hie thee, gone.

Leon. My beſt Endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſſ. *Gratiano.*

Gra. I have a Suit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont.*

Baſſ. Why then you muſt: But hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of Voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch Eyes as ours appear not Faults;
But where they are not known, why there they ſhew
Something too liberal, pray thee take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of Modeſty
Thy skipping Spirit, leſt through thy wild Behaviour
I be miſconſtru'd in the Place I go to,
And loſe my Hopes.

Gra.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me,
If I do not put on a ſober Habit,
Talk with Reſpect, and Swear but now and then,
Wear Prayer-books in my Pockets, look demurely,
Nay, more, while Grace is ſaying, hood mine Eyes
Thus with my Hat, and ſigh and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of Civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, never truſt me more.
Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to Night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to Night.
Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt Suit of Mirth, for we have Friends
That purpoſe Merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome Buſineſs.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at Supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leave my Father ſo,
Our Houſe is Hell, and thou a merry Devil
Did'ſt rob it of ſome taſte of Tedioufneſs;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducat for thee,
And *Launcelot*, ſoon at Supper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maſter's Gueſt,
Give him this Letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel: I would not have my Father
See me talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu; Tears exhibit my Tongue, moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew*; if a Chriſtian did not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; But adieu, theſe fooliſh Drops do ſomewhat drown my manly Spirit: Adieu. [*Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what hainous Sin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my Father's Child?
But though I am a Daughter to his Blood,
I am not to his Manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep Promiſe, I ſhall end this Strife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving Wife. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in Supper-time,
Diſguiſe us at my Lodging, and return all in an Hour.

Gra. We have not made good Preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke as yet of Torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a Clock, we have two Hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the News?

Enter Launcelot *with a Letter.*

Laun. And it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the Hand, in faith 'tis a fair Hand,
And whiter than the Paper it writ on,
Is, the fair Hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry to bid my old Maſter the *Jew* to Sup to Night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jeſſica*
I will not fail her, ſpeak it privately.
Go, Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Mask to Night?
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.

Sola. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano* at *Gratiano*'s Lodging
Some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from fair *Jeſſica*?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Father's Houſe,
What Gold and Jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with,
What Page's Suit ſhe hath in readineſs;
If e'er the *Jew* her Father come to Heav'n,
It will be for his gentle Daughter's ſake;
And never dare Misfortune croſs her Foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is Iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*.

Come go with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy Eyes ſhall be thy Judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Jeſſica!* Thou ſhalt not Gormandize
As thou haſt done with me——What *Jeſſica!*
And ſleep, and ſnore, and rend Apparel out.
Why *Jeſſica*, I ſay.

Laun. Why *Jeſſica!*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your Worſhip was wont to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to Supper, *Jeſſica*,
There are my Keys: But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for Love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian. *Jeſſica*, my Girl,
Look to my Houſe, I am right loth to go,
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my Reſt,
For I did dream of Mony-Bags laſt Night.

Laun. I beſeech you Sir go, my young Maſter
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Mask, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my Noſe fell a bleeding on Black Munday laſt, at ſix a Clock i'th' morning, falling out that Year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four Year in the afternoon.

Shy. What are their Masks? Hear you me, *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my Doors, and when you hear the Drum
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd Fife,
Clamber not you up to the Caſements then,
Nor thruſt your Head into the publick Street
To gaze on Chriſtian Fools with varniſh'd Faces;
But ſtop my Houſe's Ears, I mean my Caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow Foppery enter
My ſober Houſe. By *Jacob*'s Staff I ſwear,

I have

I have no mind of Feaſting forth to Night:
But I will go; go you before me, Sirrah:
Say I will come.
Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at Window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jew*'s Eye. [*Exit* Laun.
Shy. What ſays that Fool of *Hagar*'s Off-ſpring? ha.
Jeſ. His words were Farewel Miſtreſs, nothing elſe.
Shy. The Patch is kind enough, but a huge Feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but ſleeps by day
More than the wild Cat; Drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrowed Purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, ſhut Doors after you, faſt bind, faſt find,
A Proverb never ſtale in thrifty Mind. [*Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewel; and if my Fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a Daughter loſt. [*Exit.*
Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in Maſquerade.*
Gra. This is the Pent-houſe under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.
Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For Lovers ever run before the Clock.
Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pigeons fly
To ſteal Loves Bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged Faith unforfeited.
Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a Feaſt
With that keen Appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the Horſe that doth untread again
His tedious Meaſures with the unbated Fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more Spirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a Younker or a Prodigal
The ſkarfed Bark puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet Wind;
How like a Prodigal ſhe doth return
With over-wither'd Ribs and ragged Sails,
Lean, *rent and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet Wind?*

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet Friends, your Patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my Affairs have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the Thieves for Wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my Father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above in Boy's Cloths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your Tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my Love indeed,
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy Thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this Casket, it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis Night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty Follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a Boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my Shame?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an Office of diſcovery, Love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So you are, Sweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a Boy; but come at once,
For the cloſe Night doth play the Run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s Feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the Doors, and gild my ſelf
With ſome more Ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Gra. Now by my Hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew.*

Lor. Beſhrew me but I love her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And fair ſhe is, if that mine Eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelf;
And therefore like her ſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant Soul.

Enter

Enter Jeſſica.

What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our masking Mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a Clock, our Friends all ſtay for you,
No Maſk to Night, the Wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard,
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more Delight
Than to be under Sail, and gone to Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Belmont.*

Enter Portia *with* Morrochius, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aſide the Curtain, and diſcover
The ſeveral Caskets to this Noble Prince.
Now make your Choice. [*Three Caskets are diſcovered.*

Mor. The firſt of Gold, who this Inſcription bears,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many Men deſire.
The ſecond Silver, which this Promiſe carries,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chuſe the right?

Por. The one of them contains my Picture, Prince,
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some God direct my Judgment, let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the Inſcriptions back again;
What ſays this Leaden Casket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give for what? for Lead?
This Casket threatens. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair Advantages:
A golden Mind ſtoops not to ſhows of Droſs,
I'll then nor give nor hazard ought for Lead.
What ſays the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.

As much as he deſerves; pauſe there, *Morrochius*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beeſt rated by the eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the Lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve——why that's the Lady.
I do in Birth deſerve her, and in Fortunes,
In Graces, and in Qualities of Breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but chuſe here?
Let's ſee once more this Saying grav'd in Gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many Men deſire.
Why that's the Lady, all the World deſires her:
From the four Corners of the Earth they come
To Kiſs this Shrine, this mortal breathing Saint.
The *Hircanian* Deſarts and the vaſt Wilds
Of wide *Arabia* are as Thorough-Fares now
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The Watery Kingdom, whoſe ambitious Head
Spits in the Face of Heav'n, is no Bar
To ſtop the foreign Spirits, but they come,
As o'er a Brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.
One of theſe three contain her heav'nly Picture.
Is't like that Lead contains her? 'Twere Damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her Searcloth in the obſcure Grave;
Or ſhall I think in Silver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd Gold;
O ſinful thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe than Gold! They have in *England*
A Coin that bears the Figure of an Angel
Stampt in Gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an Angel in a Golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my Form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the Gold Casket.*

Mor. O Hell! What have we here, a carrion Death,
Within whoſe empty Eye there is a written Scrowl;

All

All that gliſters is not Gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a Man his Life hath ſold,
But my Outſide to behold:
Gilded Timber do Worms infold:
Had you been as Wiſe as Bold,
Young in Limbs, in Judgment old,
Your Anſwer had not been inſcrold,
Fare you well, your Suit is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and Labour loſt,
Then farewel Heat, and welcome Froſt:
Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a Heart
To take a tedious leave: Thus Lofers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: Draw the Curtains, go;
Let all of his Complexion chuſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Venice.*

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. Why Man, I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their Ship I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The Villain *Jew* with Outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s Ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the Ship was under ſail;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand
That in a *Gondalo* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his Amorous *Jeſſica:*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his Ship.
Sola. I never heard a Paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the Dog *Jew* did utter in the Streets;
My Daughter, O my Ducats, O my Daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, O my Chriſtian Ducats!
Juſtice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter;
A ſealed Bag, two ſealed Bags of Ducats,

Of double Ducats, ſtoln from me by my Daughter,
And Jewels, two rich and precious Stones,
Stoln by my Daughter, Juſtice, find the Girl,
She hath the Stones upon her, and the Ducats.
Sal. Why all the Boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his Day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A Veſſel of our Country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence that it were not his.
Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the Earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: He anſwered, do not ſo,
Slubber not Buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Jew*'s Bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of Love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To Courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of Love
As ſhall conveniently become you there;
And even there, his Eye being big with Tears,
Turning his Face, he put his Hand behind him,
And with Affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s Hand, and ſo they parted.
Sola. I think he only loves the World for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced Heavineſs
With ſome Delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Belmont.*

Enter Neriſſa *and a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the Curtain ſtraight,
The Prince of *Arragon* hath ta'en his Oath,
And comes to his Election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his Train*, Portia, *Flor. Cornets.*
The Caskets are diſcover'd.

Por. Behold there ſtand the Caskets, noble Prince,
If you chuſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our Nuptial Rights be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more Speech, my Lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by Oath to obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right Casket, never in my Life
To woo a Maid in way of Marriage:
Laſtly, if I do fail in fortune of my Choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To theſe Injunctions every one doth ſwear
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me, Fortune now
To my Heart's Hope; Gold, Silver, and baſe Lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer e'er I give or hazard.
What ſays the Golden Cheſt, ha, let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many Men deſire.
What many Men deſire—— that *Many*, may be meant
By the fool Multitude that chuſe by Show,
Not learning more than the fond Eye doth teach,
Which pryes not to th' Interior; but like the Martlet
Builds in the Weather on the outward Wall,
Even in the Force and Road of Caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many Men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common Spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous Multitudes.
Why then to thee thou ſilver Treaſure-houſe,
Tell me once more, what Title thou doſt bear;
Who chuſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerves;

And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To Cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the Stamp of Merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved Dignity:
O that Eſtates, Degrees, and Offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear Honour
Were purchaſt by the Merit of the Wearer!
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that Command?
How much low Peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true Seed of Honour? And how much Honour
Pickt from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
To be new varniſh'd? Well, but to my Choice;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume Deſert; give me a Key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my Fortunes here.

Por. Too long a Pauſe for that which you find there.
[*Unlocking the ſilver Casket.*

Ar. What's here! the Portrait of a blinking Idiot,
Preſenting me a Schedule? I will read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much unlike my Hopes and my deſerving?
Who chuſeth me ſhall have as much as he deſerves:
Did I deſerve no more than a Fool's Head?
Is that my Prize? Are my Deſerts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are diſtinct Offices,
And of oppoſed Natures.

Ar. What is here?

The Fire ſeven times tried this,
Seven times tried that Judgment is
That did never chuſe amiſs.
Some there be that Shadows kiſs,
Such have but a Shadow'd Bliſs:
There be Fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this:
Take what Wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your Head:
So be gone Sir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more Fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:

With

With one Fool's Head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu, I'll keep my Oath,
Patiently to bear my Wroth. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the Candle ſing'd the Moth:
O theſe deliberate Fools! when they do chuſe,
They have the Wiſdom by their Wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient Saying is no Hereſy,
Hanging and wiving goes by Deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the Curtain, *Neriſſa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your Gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th' Approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible Regreets;
To wit, beſides Commends and courteous Breath,
Gifts of rich Value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an Ambaſſador of Love.
A Day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly Summer was at Hand,
As this Fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee; I am half afeard
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day Wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s Poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be. [*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE *Venice.*

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

Sola. NOW, what News on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a Ship of rich Lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the Place; a very dangerous Flat, and fatal, where the Carcaſſes of many a tall

Ship

Ship lye bury'd, as they ſay, if my Goſſip's Report be an honeſt Woman of her Word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a Goſſip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her Neighbours believe ſhe wept for the Death of a third Husband; but it is true, without any Slips of Prolixity, or croſſing the plain High-way of Talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*——O that I had a Title good enough to keep his Name Company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? Why the end is, he hath loſt a Ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his Loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the Devil croſs my Prayer; for here he comes in the Likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now *Shylock*, what News among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my Daughter's Flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my part knew the Tailor that made the Wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the Bird was fledg'd, and then it is the Complexion of them all to leave the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the Devil may be her Judge.

Shy. My own Fleſh and Blood to rebel.

Sola. Out upon it, old Carrion, Rebels it at theſe Years?

Shy. I ſay, my Daughter is my Fleſh and Blood.

Sal. There is more Difference between thy Fleſh and hers, than between Jet and Ivory; more between your Bloods, than there is between red Wine and Rheniſh: But tell us, do you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any Loſs at Sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad Match, a Bankrupt, a Prodigal, who dare ſcarce ſhew his Head on the *Ryalto*, a Beggar! that was us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart; let him look to his Bond; he was wont to call me Uſurer; let him look to his Bond; he was wont to lend Mony for a Chriſtian Courteſie; let him look to his Bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his Fleſh: What's that good for?

Shy.

Shy. To bait Fiſh withal: If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my Revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me half a Million, laught at my Loſſes, mockt at my Gains, ſcorn'd my Nation, thwarted my Bargains, cool'd my Friends, heated mine Enemies; and what's the Reaſon? I am a *Jew*: Hath not a *Jew* Eyes? Hath not a *Jew* Hands, Organs, Dimenſions, Senſes, Affections, Paſſions? Fed with the ſame Food, hurt with the ſame Weapons, ſubject to the ſame Diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame Means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a Chriſtian, what is his Humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his Sufferance be by a Chriſtian Example? Why Revenge. The Villany you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the Inſtruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my Maſter *Anthonio* is at his Houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sola. Here comes another of the Tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the Devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what News from *Genoua*? Haſt thou found my Daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone coſt me two thouſand Ducats in *Frankford*; the Curſe never fell upon our Nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thouſand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious Jewels. I would my Daughter were dead at my Foot, and the Jewels in her Ear; would ſhe were hearſt at my Foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin; No News of them; why ſo? and I know not how much is ſpent in the Search: why then Loſs upon Loſs, the Thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find

find the Thief, and no Satisfaction, no Revenge, nor no ill Luck ſtirring, but what lights a my Shoulders, no Sighs but a my breathing, no Tears but a my ſhedding.

Tub. Yea, other Men have ill Luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua*——

Shy. What, what, ill Luck, ill Luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the Sailors that eſcap'd the Wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*; good News, good News; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your Daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one Night fourſcore Ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a Dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my Gold again; fourſcore Ducats at a Sitting, fourſcore Ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s Creditors in my Company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a Ring that he had of your Daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortureſt me, *Tuball*; it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor; I would not have given it for a Wilderneſs of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeak him a Fortnight before, I will have the Heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what Merchandize I will: Go, *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue; go, good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue, *Tuball*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Belmont.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and Attendants.*
The Caskets are ſet out.

Por. I pray you tarry, pauſe a Day or two
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your Company; therefore forbear a while,
There's ſomething tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a Quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a Maiden hath no Tongue but Thought,
I would detain you here ſome Month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be, ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a Sin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your Eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
Mine own, I would ſay: But firſt mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. O theſe naughty Times
Puts Bars between the Owners and their Rights:
And ſo tho' yours, not yours, prove it ſo,
Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to poize the Time,
To eche it, and draw it out in Length,
To ſtay you from Election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe;
For as I am I live upon the Rack.

Por. Upon the Rack, *Baſſanio,* then confeſs
What Treaſon there is mingled with your Love.

Baſſ. None but that ugly Treaſon of Miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my Love:
There may as well be Amity and Life,
'Tween Snow and Fire, as Treaſon and my Love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you ſpeak upon the Rack,
Where Men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me Life, and I'll confeſs the Truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs and Love,
Had been the very Sum of my Confeſſion.
O happy Torment, when my Torturer
Doth teach me Anſwers for Deliverance:
But let me to my Fortune and the Caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let Muſick ſound while he doth make his Choice;
Then if he loſe, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in Muſick. That the Compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my Eye ſhall be the Stream
And watry Death-bed for him: He may win,
And what is Muſick then? Then Muſick is
Even as the Flouriſh, when true Subjects bow
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet Sounds in break of Day,
That creep into the dreaming Bridegroom's Ear,
And ſummon him to Marriage. Now he goes
With no leſs Preſence, but with much more Love
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The Virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for Sacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* Wives,
With bleared Viſages come forth to view
The Iſſue of th' Exploit. Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live, with much, much more Diſmay
I view the Fight, than thou that mak'ſt the Fray.

[*Muſick within.*

A Song whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the Heart, or in the Head:
How begot, how nouriſhed?
It is engendred in the Eyes,
With Gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, Bell.
All. *Ding, dong, Bell.*

Baſſ.

Baſſ. So may the outward Shows be leaſt themſelves.
The World is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament.
In Law what Plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious Voice,
Obſcures the Show of Evil? In Religion
What damned Error, but ſome ſober Brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a Text,
Hiding the Groſſneſs with fair Ornament?
There is no Vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some Mark of Virtue on his outward Parts;
How many Cowards, whoſe Hearts are all as falſe
As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins
The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*?
Who inward ſearcht, have Livers white as Milk,
And theſe aſſume but Valour's Excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on Beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the Weight,
Which therein works a Miracle in Nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden Locks
Which makes ſuch wanton Gambols with the Wind
Upon ſuppoſed Fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond Head;
The Scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus Ornament is but the gilded Shore
To a moſt dangerous Sea; the beauteous Scarf
Veiling an *Indian* Beauty; in a Word,
The ſeeming Truth which cunning Times put on
To entrap the Wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy Gold,
Hard Food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common Drudge
'Tween Man and Man; but thou, thou meager Lead,
Which rather threatneſt than doſt promiſe ought;
Thy Paleneſs moves me more than Eloquence,
And here chuſe I, Joy be the Conſequence.

Por. How all the other Paſſions fleet to Air,
As doubtful Thoughts, and raſh embrac'd Deſpair,
And ſhuddring Fear, and green-ey'd Jealouſie.
O Love be moderate, allay thy Extaſie;
In meaſure rain thy Joy, ſcant this Exceſs,
I feel too much thy Bleſſing, make it leſs,

For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden Caſket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s Counterfeit. What Demy-God
Hath come ſo near Creation? Move theſe Eyes?
Or whether riding on the Balls of mine
Seem they in Motion? Here are ſever'd Lips
Parted with Sugar Breath; ſo ſweet a Bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet Friends: Here in her Hairs
The Painter plays the Spider, and hath woven
A golden Meſh t' intrap the Hearts of Men
Faſter than Gnats in Cobwebs: But her Eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have Power to ſteal both his,
And leave it ſelf unfiniſh'd: Yet look how far
The Subſtance of my Praiſe doth wrong this Shadow
In underpriſing it; ſo far this Shadow
Doth limp behind the Subſtance. Here's the Scrowl,
The Continent and Summary of my Fortune.

You that chuſe not by the View,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this Fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleaſed with this,
And hold your Fortune for your Bliſs,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiſs.

A gentle Scrowl; Fair Lady, by your Leave, [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by Note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a Prize,
That thinks he hath done well in Peoples Eyes;
Hearing Applauſe and univerſal Shout,
Giddy in Spirit, ſtill gazing in a Doubt,
Whether thoſe Peals of Praiſe be his or no;
So thrice fair Lady ſtand I even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.
Por. You ſee, my Lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my Wiſh,

To

To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty Times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand Times
More rich, that to ſtand high in your Account,
I might in Virtues, Beauties, Livings, Friends,
Exceed Account; but the full Sum of me
Is Sum of nothing; which to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd Girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happier then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle Spirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King.
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lady
Of this fair Manſion, Miſtreſs of my Servants,
Queen o'er my ſelf, and even now; but now
This Houſe, theſe Servants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours my Lord, I give them with this Ring,
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the Ruin of your Love,
And be my Vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all Words,
Only my Blood ſpeaks to you in my Veins,
And there is ſuch Confuſion in my Powers,
As after ſome Oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed Multitude,
Where every ſomething being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of Joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt; but when this Ring
Parts from this Finger, then parts Life from hence;
O then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our Wiſhes proſper,
To cry Good Joy, good Joy, my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the Joy that you can wiſh;
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your Honours mean to ſolemnize

The Bargain of your Faith, I do beſeech you
Even at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my Heart, ſo thou canſt get a Wife.
Gra. I thank your Lordſhip, you have got me one.
My Eyes, my Lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the Miſtreſs, I beheld the Maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd for Intermiſſion.
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you:
Your Fortune ſtood upon the Caskets there.
And ſo did mine too, as the Matter falls:
For wooing Herd, until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing 'till my very Roof was dry
With Oaths of Love, at laſt, if Promiſe laſt,
I got a Promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her Love, provided that your Fortune
Atchiev'd her Miſtreſs.
Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa*?
Ner. Madam, it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.
Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good Faith?
Gra. Yes Faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our Feaſt ſhall be much honoured in your Marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt Boy for a thouſand Ducats.
Ner. What, and ſtake down?
Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that Sport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* Friend, *Salanio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither.
If that the Youth of my new Intereſt here
Have Power to bid you welcome. By your Leave
I bid my very Friends and Country-men,
Sweet *Portia*, welcome.
Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your Honour: For my part, my Lord,
My Purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reaſon for it; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. E'er I ope this Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good Friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my Lord, unleſs it be in Mind;
Nor well, unleſs in Mind: His Letter there
Will ſhew you his Eſtate.
Baſſanio *opens the Letter.*
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond Stranger, bid her welcome.
Your Hand, *Salanio*; what's the News from *Venice*?
How doth that Royal Merchant, good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our Succeſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the Fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the Fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd Contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteals the Colour from *Baſſanio*'s Cheek:
Some dear Friend dead, elſe nothing in the World
Could turn ſo much the Conſtitution
Of any conſtant Man. What, worſe and worſe!
With Leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame Paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*!
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt Words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did firſt impart my Love to you,
I freely told you, all the Wealth I had
Ran in my Veins. I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true; and yet dear Lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My State was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For indeed
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear Friend;
Engag'd my Friend to his meer Enemy,
To feed my Means. Here is a Letter, Lady;
The Paper as the Body of my Friend,
And every Word in it a gaping Wound,
Iſſuing Life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?
Have all his Ventures fail'd! What, not one hit!

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful Touch
Of Merchant-marring Rocks?
Sal. Not one, my Lord:
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent Mony to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A Creature that did bear the Shape of Man,
So keen and greedy to confound a Man.
He plies the Duke at Morning and at Night,
And doth impeach the Freedom of the State,
If they deny him Juſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt Port have all perſuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious Plea
Of Forfeiture, of Juſtice, and his Bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s Fleſh
Than twenty times the Value of the Sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my Lord,
If Law, Authority, and Power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your dear Friend that is thus in Trouble?
Baſſ. The deareſt Friend to me, the kindeſt Man,
The beſt condition'd, and unweary'd Spirit
In doing Courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* Honour more appears
Than any that draws Breath in *Italy*.
Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew*?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand Ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the Bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this Deſcription
Shall loſe a Hair through my *Baſſanio*'s Fault.
Firſt go with me to Church, and call me Wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your Friend;
For never ſhall you lye by *Portia*'s Side
With an unquiet Soul. You ſhall have Gold

To

To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true Friend along;
My Maid *Neriſſa*, and my ſelf mean time,
Will live as Maids and Widows: Come away,
For you ſhall hence upon my Wedding-day.
Bid your Friends welcome, ſhow a merry Cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the Letter of your Friend.

Baſſ. reads. *SWeet* Baſſanio, *my Ships have all miſcarry'd, my Creditors grow cruel, my Eſtate is very low, my Bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all Debts are cleared between you and I, if I might ſee you at my Death; notwithſtanding uſe your Pleaſure: If your Love do not perſuade you to come, let not my Letter.*

Por. O Love! diſpatch all Buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good Leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No Bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my Stay,
Nor Reſt be Interpoſer 'twixt us two. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. Goaler, look to him: Tell me not of Mercy.
This is the Fool that lends out Mony *Gratis*.
Goaler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.
Shy. I'll have my Bond; ſpeak not againſt my Bond:
I have ſworn an Oath that I will have my Bond.
Thou call'ſt me Dog before thou hadſt a Cauſe;
But ſince I am a Dog, beware my Fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me Juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty Goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come Abroad with him at his Requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my Bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my Bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd Fool,
To ſhake the Head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To *Chriſtian* Interceſſors. Follow not;

I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my Bond. [*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable Cur
That ever kept with Men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs Prayers:
He ſeeks my Life; his Reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his Forfeitures
Many that have at times made Moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure the Duke will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the Courſe of Law;
For the Commodity that Strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the Juſtice of the State,
Since that the Trade and Profit of the City
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
Theſe Griefs and Loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a Pound of Fleſh
To Morrow to my bloody Creditor.
Well, Goaler, on; pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his Debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont.*

[*Enter* Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and a Servant of* Portia's.]

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your Preſence,
You have a noble and a true Conceit
Of God-like Amity, which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the Abſence of your Lord:
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this Honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend Relief to,
How dear a Lover of my Lord, your Husband,
I know you would be prouder of the Work,
Than cuſtomary Bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now; for in Companions
That do converſe and waſte the Time together,
Whoſe Souls do bear an equal Yoke of Love,
There muſt be needs a like Proportion
Of Lineaments, of Manners, and of Spirit; Which

Which makes me think that this *Anthonio*,
Being the Boſom-lover of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the Coſt I have beſtowed
In purchaſing the Semblance of my Soul
From out the ſtate of helliſh Cruelty.
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf;
Therefore no more of it: Here are other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your Hands,
The Husbandry and Manage of my Houſe,
Until my Lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward Heav'n breath'd a ſecret Vow,
To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her Husband and my Lord's return.
There is a Monaſtery two Miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this Impoſition,
The which my Love and ſome Neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my Heart.
I ſhall obey you in all fair Commands.

Por. My People do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelf.
So fare you well 'till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair Thoughts and happy Hours attend on you.

Jeſ. I wiſh your Ladyſhip all Heart's Content.

Por. I thank you for your Wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: Fare you well, *Jeſſica*. [*Ex.* Jeſ. & Lor.
Now, *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill; Take this ſame Letter,
And uſe thou all the Endeavour of a Man,
In ſpeed to *Mantua*; ſee thou render this
Into my Couſin's Hand, Doctor *Bellario*,
And look what Notes and Garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traject, to the common Ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: Waſte no time in Words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [Exit
Pe

Por. Come on, *Neriſſa*, I have Work in hand
That you yet know not of: We'll ſee our Husbands
Before they think of us?

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, *Neriſſa*; but in ſuch a Habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any Wager,
When we are both Accoutred like Young Men,
I'll prove the prettier Fellow of the two,
And wear my Dagger with the braver Grace,
And ſpeak between the Change of Man and Boy,
With a reed Voice; and turn two mincing Steps
Into a manly Stride, and ſpeak of Frays,
Like a fine bragging Youth; and tell quaint Lies,
How honourable Ladies ſought my Love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died.
I could not do withal: Then I'll repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny Lies I'll tell,
Then Men ſhall ſwear I have diſcontinued School
Above a Twelve-month. I have within my Mind
A thouſand raw Tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to Men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole Device
When I am in my Coach, which ſtays for us
At the Park Gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure Twenty Miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: For look you, the Sins of the Father are to be laid upon the Children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my Agitation of the Matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are Damn'd: There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of Baſtard-hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s Daughter.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. That were a kind of Baſtard-hope indeed; ſo the Sins of my Mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are Damn'd both by Father and Mother: Thus when you ſhun *Sylla*, your Father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your Mother: Well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my Husband; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he; we were Chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the Price of Hogs; if we grow all to be Pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a Raſher on the Coals for Mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my Husband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: Here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow Jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my Wife into Corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no Mercy for me in Heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s Daughter: And he ſays, you are no good Member of the Commonwealth; for in converting *Jews* to Chriſtians, you raiſe the Price of Pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the Commonwealth than you can the getting up of the Negro's Belly: The *Moor* is with Child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* ſhould be more than Reaſon: But if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt Woman, ſhe is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every Fool can play upon the Word! I think the beſt Grace of Wit will ſhortly turn into Silence, and Diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but Parrats. Go in, Sirrah, bid them prepare for Dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all Stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a Wit-ſnapper are you! Then bid them prepare Dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only Cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my Duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole Wealth of thy Wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a *plain Man* in his plain Meaning: Go to thy Fellows, *bid them cover* the Table, ſerve in the Meat, and we will *come in to Dinner.* La

Laun. For the Table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the Meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to Dinner, Sir, why let it be as Humours and Conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear Diſcretion, how his Words are ſuited!
The Fool hath planted in his Memory
An Army of good Words; and I do know
A many Fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie Word
Defie the Matter: How cheer'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good Sweet, ſay thy Opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio*'s Wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet
The Lord *Baſſanio* live an upright Life.
For having ſuch a Bleſſing in his Lady,
He finds the Joys of Heav'n here on Earth:
And if on Earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to Heav'n.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly Match,
And on the Wager lay two earthly Women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Hath not her Fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a Husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a Wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but ask my Opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: Firſt let us go to Dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a Stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for Table-talk;
Then howſome'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mongſt other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.

Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *Venice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Senators,* Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano.

Duke. WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer

A ſtony Adverſary, an inhuman Wretch,
Uncapable of Pity, void and empty
From any dram of Mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rigorous Courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful Means can carry me
Out of his Envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My Patience to his Fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſs of Spirit
The very Tyranny and Rage of his.
Duke. Go one and call the *Jew* into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the Door: He comes, my Lord.
Enter Shylock.
Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our Face.
Shylock, the World thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this Faſhion of thy Malice
To the laſt Hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy Mercy and Remorſe more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent Cruelty,
Which is a Pound of this poor Merchant's Fleſh.
Thou wilt not only loſe the Forfeiture,
But touch'd with human Gentleneſs and Love,
Forgive a moiety of the Principal,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Loſſes
That have of late ſo hudled on his back,
Enough to preſs a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Commiſeration of his State
From braſſy Boſoms, and rough Hearts of Flint,
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To Offices of tender Courteſie.
We all expect a gentle Anſwer, *Jew*.
Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn
To have the Due and Forfeit of my Bond.
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter, and your City's Freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of Carrion Fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand Ducats? I'll not anſwer that.
But ſay it is my Humour, is it anſwered?

Why

What if my Houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand Ducats
To have it brain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some Men there are love not a gaping Pig,
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat,
And others, when the Bag-pipe ſings i'th' Noſe,
Cannot contain their Urine for affection.
Maſterleſs Paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your Anſwer.
As there is no firm reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pig,
Why he a harmleſs neceſſary Cat,
Why he a woollen Bag-pipe, but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable Shame,
As to offend himſelf, being offended;
So can I give no Reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing Suit againſt him. Are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no Anſwer, thou unfeeling Man,
To excuſe the current of thy Cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my Anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all Men kill the thing they do not love?
Shy. Hates any Man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Every Offence is not a Hate at firſt.
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you think you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the Beach,
And bid the main Flood bate his uſual height,
Or even as well uſe Queſtion with the Wolf,
The Ewe bleat for the Lamb: When you behold,
You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines
To wag their high Tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of Heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, than which what harder,
His *Jewiſh* Heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have Judgment, and the *Jew* his Will.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand Ducats here is ſix.
Shy. If every Ducat in ſix thouſand Ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for Mercy, rendring none?
Shy. What Judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
Which, like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, Marry them to your Heirs?
Why ſweat they under Burthens? Let their Beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their Pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: You will anſwer,
The Slaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The Pound of Fleſh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for Judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?
Duke. Upon my Power I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a Learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.
Sal. My Lord, here ſtays without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*
Duke. Bring us the Letters, call the Meſſengers.
Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; What Man, Courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my Fleſh, Blood, Bones, and all,
E'er thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of Blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the Flock,
Meeteſt for Death: The weakeſt kind of Fruit
Drops earlieſt to the Ground, ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.
Enter Neriſſa *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*
Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?*
Ner. From both.
My Lord, *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy Knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy

Shy. To cut the Forfeiture from that Bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoal, but on thy Soul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy Knife keen; but no Metal can,
No, not the Hangman's Ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp Envy. Can no Prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou Damn'd, inexorable Dog,
And for thy Life let Juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my Faith,
To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That Souls of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the Trunks of Men. Thy curriſh Spirit
Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for human Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows did his fell Soul fleet,
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee; for thy Deſires
Are Wolfiſh, Bloody, Starv'd, and Ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the Seal from off my Bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy Wit, good Youth, or it will fall
To endleſs Ruin. I ſtand here for Law.
Duke. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A Young and Learned Doctor in our Court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your Anſwer, whether you'll admit him?
Duke. With all my Heart. Some Three or Four of you
Go give him courteous Conduct to this place,
Mean time the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s Letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receit of your Letter I am very ſick: But at the Inſtant that your Meſſenger came, in loving Viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his Name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the Caſe in Controverſie, between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the Merchant. We turn'd o'er many Books together: He is furniſhed with my Opinion, which bettered with his own Learning, the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's Requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of Years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend Eſtimation: For I never*

knew

knew ſo young a Body with ſo old a Head. I leave him to your gracious Acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his Commendation.

Enter Portia, *Dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the Learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*
Por. I did, my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome: Take your Place.
Are you acquainted with the Difference,
That holds this preſent Queſtion in the Court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the Caſe.
Which is the Merchant here, and which the *Jew?*
Duke. Anthonio and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your Name *Shylock*?
Shy. Shylock is my Name.
Por. Of a ſtrange Nature is the Suit you follow,
Yet in ſuch Rule, that the *Venetian* Law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his Danger, do you not? [*To* Anthonio.
Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays,
Por. Do you confeſs the Bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what Compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of Mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle Rain from Heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd,
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis Mightieſt in the Mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown:
His Scepter ſhews the force of temporal Power,
The Attribute to Awe and Majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the Dread and Fear of Kings;
But Mercy is above this ſceptred Sway,
It is enthroned in the Hearts of Kings,
It is an Attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly Power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When Mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' Juſtice be thy Plea, conſider this,

That in the courſe of Juſtice none of us
Should ſee Salvation. We do pray for Mercy,
And that ſame Prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the Juſtice of thy Plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of *Venice*
Muſt needs give Sentence 'gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of my Bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the Mony?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the Sum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That Malice bears down Truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your Authority.
To do a great Right, do a little Wrong,
And curb this cruel Devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no Power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,
And many an Error by the ſame Example
Will ruſh into the State. It cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to Judgment, yea, a *Daniel.*
O wiſe young Judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you let me look upon the Bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt Reverend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy Mony offer'd thee.
Shy. An Oath, an Oath, I have an Oath in Heav'n.
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul?
No, not for *Venice.*
Por. Why, this Bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A Pound of Fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the Merchant's Heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy Mony, bid me tear the Bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the Tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy Judge;
You know the Law, your Expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof

Whereof you are a well-deſerving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul I ſwear,
There is no power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my Bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the Judgment.
Por. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your Boſom for his Knife.
Shy. O noble Judge! O excellent young Man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the Penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the Bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy Looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare thy Boſom.
Shy. Ay his Breaſt,
So ſays the Bond, doth it not, noble Judge?
Neareſt his Heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there Ballances here to weigh the Fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome Surgeon, *Shylock*, on your Charge,
To ſtop his Wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to Death.
Shy. It is not nominated in the Bond.
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for Charity.
Shy. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the Bond.
Por. Come, Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your Hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhews her ſelf more kind
Than is her Cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched Man out-live his Wealth,
To view with hollow Eye and wrinkled Brow
An age of Poverty. From which lingring Penance
Of ſuch a Miſery, doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your Honourable Wife;
Tell her the Proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in Death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love.

Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your Friend,
And he repents not that he pays your Debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my Heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a Wife,
Which is as dear to me as Life it ſelf;
But Life it ſelf, my Wife, and all the World,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy Life.
I would loſe all, I'd ſacrifice them all
Here to this Devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your Wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the Offer.
Gra. I have a Wife whom I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in Heav'n, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome Power to change this curriſh *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The Wiſh would make elſe an unquiet Houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian Husbands. I have a Daughter,
Would any of the Stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her Husband, rather than a Chriſtian. [*Aſide.*
We triſle time, I pray thee purſue Sentence.
Por. A Pound of that ſame Merchant's Fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful Judge.
Por. And you muſt cut this Fleſh from off his Breaſt,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it,
Shy. Moſt learned Judge, a Sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of Blood,
The words expreſly are a Pound of Fleſh.
Then take thy Bond, take thou thy Pound of Fleſh;
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are by the Laws of *Venice* Confiſcate
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright Judge!
Mark *Jew*, O learned Judge!
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt Juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have Juſtice, more than thou deſireſt.

Gra.

Gra. O learned Judge! Mark *Jew*, a learned Judge!
Shy. I take this Offer then, pay the Bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the Mony,
Por. Soft, the *Jew* ſhall have all Juſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall have nothing but the Penalty,
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright Judge, a learned Judge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the Fleſh,
Shed thou no Blood, nor cut thou leſs nor more
But juſt a Pound of Fleſh: If thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt Pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the Subſtance,
Or the Diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor Scruple; nay, if the Scale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a Hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy Goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*.
Now, Infidel, I have thee on the Hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pauſe? Take thy Forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my Principal, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court:
He ſhall have meerly Juſtice and his Bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*.
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my Principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the Forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy Peril, *Jew*.
Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it:
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, *Jew*,
The Law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd againſt an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect Attempts,
He ſeek the Life of any Citizen,
The Party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his Goods, the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the State,
And the Offender's Life lyes in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other Voice;

In which Predicament I ſay thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt Proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very Life
Of the Defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The Danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg Mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy ſelf:
And yet thy Wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou haſt not left the value of a Cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the State's Charge.

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our Spirit,
I pardon thee thy Life before thou ask it:
For half thy Wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a Fine.

Por. Ay, for the State, not for *Anthonio.*

Shy. Nay, take my Life and all, pardon not that.
You take my Houſe when you do take the Prop
That doth ſuſtain my Houſe: You take my Life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What Mercy can you render him, *Anthonio?*

Gra. A Halter *gratis*, nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Ant. So pleaſe my Lord, the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the Fine for one half of his Goods,
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his Death, unto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his Daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this Favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court of all he dies poſſeſs'd
Unto his Son *Lorenzo*, and his Daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The Pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew?* What doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the Deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In Chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two Godfathers.
Had I been Judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the Gallows, not to the Font. [*Exit* Shy.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home to Dinner.
Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace of Pardon;
I muſt away this Night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I am ſorry that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this Gentleman;
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
[*Exit Duke and his Train.*
Baſſ. Moſt worthy Gentleman! I and my Friend
Have by your Wiſdom been this Day acquitted
Of grievous Penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thouſand Ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous Pains withal.
Ant. And ſtand indebted over and above
In Love and Service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfied,
And I delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account my ſelf well paid;
My Mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.
Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome Remembrance of us as a Tribute,
Not as a Fee: Grant me two things; I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your Gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake,
And for your Love I'll take this Ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.
Baſſ. This Ring, good Sir, alas it is a Trifle;
I will not ſhame my ſelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Baſſ. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The deareſt Ring in *Venice* will I give you,

And find it out by Proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in Offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a Beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good Sir, this Ring was given me by my Wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many Men to save their Gifts;
And if your Wife be not a mad Woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,
She wou'd not hold out Enmity for ever
For giving it to me. Well, Peace be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring.
Let his Deservings, and my Love withal,
Be valued against your Wife's Commandment.
Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto *Anthonio*'s House: Away, make haste. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the Morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s House out, give him this Deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to Night,
And be a day before our Husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your Company at Dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His Ring do I accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you shew my Youth old *Shylock*'s House.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
[illegible]f I can get my Husband's Ring
[illegible] did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the Rings away to Men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too;
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this Houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Belmont.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lor. THE Moon ſhines bright. In ſuch a Night as this,
When the ſweet Wind did gently kiſs the Trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a Night,
Troylus methinks mounted the *Troyan* Wall,
And ſigh'd his Soul toward the *Grecian* Tents,
Where *Creſſed* lay that Night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a Night,
Did *Thisby* fearfully o'er-trip the Dew,
And ſaw the Lion's Shadow e'er himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a Night,
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her Hand
Upon the wide Sea-banks, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage.*
Jeſ. In ſuch a Night,
Medea gather'd the Inchanted Herbs
That did renew old *Æſon.*
Lor. In ſuch a Night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew,*
And with an unthrift Love did run from *Venice,*
As far as *Belmont.*
Jeſ. In ſuch a Night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her Soul with many Vows of Faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In ſuch a Night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica* (like a little Shrew)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Je!

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no Body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a Man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the Night?

Meſ. A Friend.

Lor. A Friend! what Friend? Your Name, I pray you, Friend?

Meſ. Stephano is my Name, and I bring word
My Miſtreſs will before the break of Day
Be here at *Belmont:* She doth ſtray about
By holy Croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy Wedlock Hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Meſ. None but a holy Hermit and her Maid.
I pray you is my Maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him;
But go we in I pray thee, *Jeſſica,*
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some Welcome for the Miſtreſs of the Houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola; wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola.

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola, did you ſee Mr. *Lorenzo* and Mrs *Lorenzo*? Sola, ſola.

Lor. Leave hollowing, Man: Here.

Laun. Sola, where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his Horn full of good News; my Maſter will be here e'er Morning.

Lor. Sweet Love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: Why ſhould we go in?
My Friend *Stephano,* ſignifie, I pray you,
Within the Houſe, your Miſtreſs is at hand,
And bring your Muſick forth into the Air.
How ſweet the Moon-light ſleeps upon this Bank;
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of Muſick
Creep in our Ears; ſoft Stilneſs, and the Night
Become the touches of ſweet Harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica,* look how the Floor of Heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with Patterns of bright Gold;

There's

There's not the ſmalleſt Orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his Motion like an Angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd Cherubims;
Such Harmony is in immortal Souls;
But whilſt this muddy Veſture of Decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in it, we cannot hear it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a Hymn,
With ſweeteſt Touches pierce your Miſtreſs Ear,
And draw her Home with Muſick.

Jeſ. I am never merry when I hear ſweet Muſick.

Muſick.

Lor. The Reaſon is, your Spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton Herd,
Or Race of youthful and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot Condition of their Blood;
If they but hear perchance a Trumpet ſound,
Or any Air of Muſick touch their Ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage Eyes turn'd to a modeſt Gaze
By the ſweet Power of Muſick. Therefore the Poet
Did fain that *Orpheus* drew Trees, Stones, and Floods,
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But Muſick for the time doth change his Nature:
The Man that hath no Muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils;
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch Man be truſted. Mark the Muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That Light we ſee is burning in my Hall:
How far that little Candle throws his Beams;
So ſhines a good Deed in a naughty World.

Ner. When the Moon ſhone we did not ſee the Candle.

Por. So doth the greater Glory dim the leſs;
A Subſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Until a King be by; and then his State
Empties it ſelf, as doth an inland Brook
Into the Main of Waters. Muſick, hark!

[Muſick.

Ner

Ner. It is the Muſick, Madam, of your Houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without Reſpect:
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by Day.
Ner. Silence beſtows that Virtue on it, Madam.
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The Nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by Day,
When every Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſician than the Wren.
How many things by Seaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right Praiſe and true Perfection?
Peace, how the Moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd!
Muſick ceaſes.
Lor. That is the Voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me as the blind Man knows the Cuckow, by the bad Voice.
Lor. Dear Lady, welcome Home.
Por. We have been praying for our Husband's welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our Words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a Meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their coming.
Por. Go in, *Neriſſa*,
Give Order to my Servants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jeſſica* nor you.
A Tucket ſounds.
Lor. Your Husband is at hand, I hear a Trumpet;
We are no Tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.
Por. This Night methinks is but the Day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.
Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*
Baſſ. We ſhould hold Day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Abſence of the Sun.
Por. Let me give Light, but let me not be light;
For a light Wife doth make a heavy Husband,

And

And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all: You are welcome Home, my Lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, Madam, give welcome to my Friend;
This is the Man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all Senſe be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our Houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than Words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing Courteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moon I ſwear you do me wrong;
In Faith I gave it to the Judge's Clerk: [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, Love, ſo much at Heart.
Por. A Quarrel, hoe, already; what's the Matter?
Gra. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe Poeſie was
For all the World like Cutler's Poetry
Upon a Knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the Poeſie or the Value?
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till the Hour of Death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your Grave;
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement Oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's Clerk! but well I know
The Clerk will ne'er wear Hair on's Face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he live to be a Man.
Ner. If! if a Woman live to be a Man.
Gra. Now by this Hand I gave it to a Youth,
A kind of Boy, a little ſcrubbed Boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the Judge's Clerk,
A prating Boy that begg'd it as a Fee:
I could not for my Heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your Wife's firſt Gift,
A thing ſtuck on with Oaths upon your Finger,
And ſo riveted with Faith unto your Fleſh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him ſwear

Never

Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his Finger for the Wealth
That the World maſters. Now in Faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your Wife too unkind a Cauſe of Grief;
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left Hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deſerv'd it too; and then the Boy, his Clerk,
That took ſome Pains in Writing, be begg'd mine,
And neither Man nor Maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a Lie unto a Fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my Finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. And even ſo void is your falſe Heart of Truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your Bed
Until I ſee the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, 'till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the Strength of your Diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the Virtue of the Ring,
Or half her Worthineſs that gave the Ring,
Or your own Honour to contain the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring.
What Man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any Terms of Zeal, wanted the Modeſty
To urge the thing held as a Ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring.

Baſſ

Baſſ. No, by mine Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
No Woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very Life
Of my dear Friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet Lady?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with Shame and Courteſie;
My Honour would not let Ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed Candles of the Night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my Houſe,
Since he hath got the Jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you,
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my Body, nor my Husband's Bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a Night from Home; watch me like *Argos*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine Honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have the Doctor for my Bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clerk; therefore be well adviſ'd
How you do leave me to mine own Protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young Clerk's Pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy Subject of theſe Quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced Wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many Friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair Eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelf——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine Eyes he doubly ſees himſelf,
In each Eye one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an Oath of Credit!

Ant. Sweet Lady, you have given me Life and Living;
For here I read for certain, that my Ships
Are ſafely come to *Rhodes*.
Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?
My Clerk hath ſome good Comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a Fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial Deed of Gift,
After his Death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.
Lor. Fair Ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved People.
Por. It is almoſt Morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe Events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there on Interrogatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt Interrogatory
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next Night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to Bed, now being two Hours to Day.
But were the Day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's Clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s Ring. [*Exeunt.*

As you Like it.

A

COMEDY.

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againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe Remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your Brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy Brother of yours, with Idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your Hogs, and eat Husks with them? What Prodigal Portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch Penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldeſt Brother, and in the gentle Condition of Blood you ſhould ſo know me: The Courteſie of Nations allows you my better, in that you are the Firſt Born; but the ſame Tradition takes not away my Blood, were there twenty Brothers betwixt us; I have as much of my Father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his Reverence.

Oli. What Boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder Brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay Hands on me, Villain?

Orla. I am no Villain: I am the Youngeſt Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my Father, and he is thrice a Villain that ſays ſuch a Father begot Villains. Wert thou not my Brother, I would not take this Hand from thy Throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy Tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thy ſelf.

Adam. Sweet Maſter, be patient, for your Father's Remembrance, be at Accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla.

Orla. I will not 'till I pleaſe: You ſhall hear me. My Father charg'd you in his Will to give me good Education: You have train'd me up like a Peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all Gentleman-like Qualities; the Spirit of my Father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: Therefore allow me ſuch Exerciſes as may become a Gentleman, or give me the poor Allottery my Father left me by Teſtament, with that I will go buy my Fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? Well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: You ſhall have ſome part of your Will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old Dog.

Adam. Is old Dog my Reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my Teeth in your Service: God be with my old Maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word. [*Exit* Orl. *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even ſo? Begin you to grow upon me? I will Phyſick your Rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand Crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in; 'twill be a good way; and to morrow the Wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your Worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new News at the new Court?

Char. There's no News at the Court, Sir, but the old News; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger Brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themſelves into a voluntary Exile with him, whoſe Lands and Revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind*, the Duke's Daughter, be baniſh'd with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Duke's Daughter her Couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed their Exile, or have died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſs beloved of her Unkle, than his own Daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the Foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry Men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay many young Gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly as they did in the golden World.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter: I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger Brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a Fall; to morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my Credit, and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken Limb, ſhall acquit him well; your Brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil him, as I muſt for mine own Honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or b o k ſuch Diſgrace well as he ſhall run into, in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy Love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelf notice of my Brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young Fellow of *France*, full of Ambition, an envious Emulator of every Man's good Parts, a ſecret and villanous Contriver againſt me his natural Brother; and therefore uſe thy Diſcretion, I had as lief thou didſt break his Neck as his Finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight Diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practice againſt thee by Poiſon, to entrap thee by ſome treacherous Device, and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy Life by ſome indirect means or other: For I aſſure thee, and almoſt with Tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly

brotherly of him; but ſhould I Anatomize him to thee, as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to morrow, I'll give him his Payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for Prize more; and ſo God keep your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles.* Now will I ſtir this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him, for my Soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he; yet he's gentle, never ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble Device, of all ſorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed ſo much the Heart of the World, and eſpecially of my own People, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed; but it ſhall not be ſo long, this Wreſtler ſhall clear all: Nothing remains, but that I kindle the Boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more Mirth than I am Miſtreſs of, and would you yet were merrier; unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd Father, you muſt not learn me how to remember my extraordinary Pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Unkle, thy baniſhed Father, had baniſhed thy Unkle, the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my Love to take thy Father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy Love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the Condition of my Eſtate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no Child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies, thou ſhalt be his Heir; for what he hath taken away from thy Father perforce, I will render thee again in Affection; by mine Honour I will, and when I break that Oath, let me turn Monſter: Therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, Coſ, and devise Sports: Let me ſee, what think you of falling in Love?

Cel. Marry, I prethee do, to make Sport withal; but love no Man in good earneſt, nor no further in Sport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in Honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be the Sport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good Houſewife Fortune from her Wheel, that her Gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could do ſo; for her Benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind Woman doth moſt miſtake in her Gifts to Women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favouredly.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from Fortune's Office to Natures: Fortune reigns in Gifts of the World, not in the Lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a fair Creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the Fire? Tho' Nature hath given us Wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this Fool to cut off this Argument?

Roſ. Indeed, Fortune is there too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's Natural, the cutter off of Nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's Work neither, but Nature's, who perceiving our natural Wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch Goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our Whetſtone: For always the Dulneſs of the Fool, is the Whetſtone of the Wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your Father.

Cel. Were you made the Meſſenger? (you.

Clo. No by mine Honour, but I was bid to come for

Roſ. Where learned you that Oath, Fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and ſwore by his Honour the Muſtard was naught: Now I'll ſtand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel.

Cel. How prove you that in the great Heap of your Knowledge?

Roſ. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your Wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your Chins, and ſwear by your Beards that I am a Knave.

Cel. By our Beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my Knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn; no more was this Knight ſwearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe Pancakes, or that Muſtard.

Cel. Prethee, who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One that old *Fredrick* your Father loves.

Roſ. My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for Taxation one of theſe Days.

Clo. The more pity that Fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe Men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my Troth thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little Wit that Fools have was ſilenc'd, the little Foolery that wiſe Men have makes a great Shew: Here comes Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his Mouth full of News.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their Young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be News-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon-jour Monſieur le Beu*, what News?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs,
You have loſt much Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what Colour?

Le Beu. What Colour, Madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As Wit and Fortune will.

Clo. Or as the Deſtinies decrees.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a Trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my Rank——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old Smell.

Le Beu. You amaſe me, Ladies: I would have told you of good Wreſtling, which you have loſt the Sight of.

Roſ

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the Wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the Beginning, and if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the End, for the beſt is yet to do, and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old Man and his three Sons.

Cel. I would match this beginning with an old Tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young Men of excellent Growth and Preſence.

Roſ. With Bills on their Necks: Be it known unto all Men by theſe Preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's Wreſtler, which *Charles* in a Moment threw him, and broke three of his Ribs, that there is little Hope of Life in him: So he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lye, the poor old Man their Father, making ſuch pitiful Dole over them, that all the Beholders take his Part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas.

Cle. But what is the Sport, Monſieur, that the Ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this is that I ſpeak of.

Cle. Thus Men grow wiſer every Day. It is the firſt time that ever I heard of breaking of Ribs was Sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I. I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſick in his Sides? Is there yet another doats upon Rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wreſtling, Couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the Place appointed for wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords,* Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on, ſince the Youth will not be entreated, his own Peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the Man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Couſin; Are you crept hither to ſee the Wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my Liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little Delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the Man: In Pity of the Challenger's Youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, Ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſs calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all Reſpect and Duty.

Roſ. Young Man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general Challenger, I come but as others do, to try with him the Strength of my Youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your Spirits are too bold for your Years: You have ſeen cruel Proof of this Man's Strength. If you ſaw your ſelf with your Eyes, or knew your ſelf with your Judgment, the fear of your Adventure would counſel you to a more equal Enterpriſe. We pray you for your own Sake to embrace your own Safety, and give over this Attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir, your Reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our Suit to the Duke, that the Wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you puniſh me not with your hard Thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent Ladies any thing: But let your fair Eyes and gentle Wiſhes go with me to my Trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never Gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my Friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the the World no Injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the World I fill up a Place, which may be better ſupply'd when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little Strength I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers,

Roſ. Fare you well; pray Heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your Heart's Deſires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lye with his Mother Earth?

Orla. Ready Sir, but his Will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one Fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mockt before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young Man.

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong Fellow by the Leg. [*They Wreſtle.*

Roſ. Oh excellent young Man.

Cel. If I had a Thunderbolt in mine Eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace, I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How do'ſt thou, *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away.
What is thy Name, young Man?

Orla. Orlando, my Liege, the youngeſt Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt been Son to ſome Man elſe;
The World eſteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine Enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this Deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another Houſe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant Youth,
I would thou hadſt told me of another Father.
[*Exit Duke.*

Cel. Were I my Father, Coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s Son,
His youngeſt Son, and would not change that Calling
To be adopted Heir to *Frederick.*

Roſ. My Father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his Soul,
And all the World was of my Father's Mind:
Had I before known this young Man his Son,

I ſhould have given him Tears unto Entreaties,
E'er he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle Couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My Father's rough and envious Diſpoſition
Sticks me at Heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd,
If you do keep your Promiſes in Love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in Promiſe,
Your Miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of Suits with Fortune,
That could give more, but that her Hand lacks Means.
Shall we go, Coz?
Cel. Ay; fare you well, fair Gentleman.
Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better Parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here ſtands up
Is but a Quintine, a more liveleſs Block.
Roſ. He calls us back: my Pride fell with my Fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your Enemies.
Cel. Will you go, Coz?
Roſ. Have with you: fare you well. [*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Cel.
Orla. What Paſſion hangs theſe Weights upon my Tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd Conference.
Enter Le Beu.
O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker maſters thee.
Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in Friendſhip counſel you
To leave this Place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High Commendation, true Applauſe, and Love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's Condition,
That he miſconſters all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.
Orla. I thank you Sir, and pray you tell me this,
Which of theſe two was Daughter to the Duke,
That here was at the Wreſtling?
Le Beu. Neither his Daughter, if we judge by Manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his Daughter;
The other is Daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,

And

And here detain'd by her uſurping Uncle
To keep his Daughter Company, whoſe Loves
Are dearer than the natural Bond of Siſters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en Diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neice,
Grounded upon no other Argument,
But that the People praiſe her for her Virtues,
And pity her for her good Father's ſake;
And on my Life his Malice 'gainſt the Lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better World than this,
I ſhall deſire more Love and Knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: Fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the Smoke into the Smother;
From Tyrant Duke, unto a Tyrant Brother:
But heav'nly *Roſalind*! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why Couſin, why *Roſalind*; *Cupid* have Mercy; not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a Dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon Curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with Reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Couſins laid up, when the one ſhould be lam'd with Reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my Child's Father. Oh how full of Briers is this working-Day-world.

Cel. They are but Burs, Couſin, thrown upon thee in Holiday Foolery; if we walk not in the trodden Paths, our very Petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my Coat; theſe Burs are in my Heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I could cry Hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy Affections.

Roſ.

Roſ. O they take the Part of a better Wreſtler than my ſelf.

Cel. O, a good Wiſh upon you; you will try in time in deſpight of a Fall; but turning theſe Jeſts out of Service, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrange a liking with old Sir *Rowland's* youngeſt Son?

Roſ. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his Son dearly? By this kind of Chaſe I ſhould hate him, for my Father hated his Father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando.*

Roſ. No Faith, hate him not for my Sake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? Doth not he deſerve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me love him for that, and do you love him,
Becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his Eyes full of Anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Couſin.
Within theſe ten Days if that thou beeſt found
So near our publick Court as twenty Miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace
Let me the Knowledge of my Fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold Intelligence,
Or have Acquaintance with my own Deſires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do truſt I am not, then dear Uncle,
Never ſo much as in a Thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all Traitors,
If their Purgation did conſiſt in Words,
They are as innocent as Grace it ſelf;
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your Miſtruſt can not make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy Father's Daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;

Treaſon is not inherited, my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our Friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor:
Then good my Liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my Poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Soveraign hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay *Celia*, we ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if ſhe be a Traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an Inſtant, learn'd, plaid, eat together,
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtile for thee, and her Smoothneſs,
Her very Silence, and her Patience,
Speak to the People, and they pity her:
Thou art a Fool, ſhe robs thee of thy Name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy Lips,
Firm and irrevocable is my Doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that Sentence then on me, my Liege,
I cannot live out of her Company.

Duke. You are a Fool; you Neice provide your ſelf,
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatneſs of my Word, you die.

[*Exit* Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more Cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, Couſin,
Prethee be cheerful; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Hath baniſh'd me his Daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the Love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſundred? Shall we part, ſweet Girl?
No, let my Father ſeek another Heir.

Therefore

Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not ſeek to take your Charge upon you,
To bear your Griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this Heav'n, now at our Sorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.
Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?
Cel. To ſeek my Uncle in the Foreſt of *Arden*.
Roſ. Alas, what Danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh Thieves ſooner than Gold.
Cel. I'll put my ſelf in poor and mean Attire,
And with a kind of Umber ſmutch my Face,
The like do you, ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir Aſſailants.
Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all Points like a Man;
A gallant Curtelax upon my Thigh,
A Bore-ſpear in my Hand, and in my Heart
Lie there what hidden Woman's Fear there will;
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial Outſide,
As many other manniſh Cowards have,
That do outface it with their Semblances.
Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a Man?
Roſ. I'll have no worſe a Name than *Jove*'s own Page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed*;
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a Reference to my State:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
Roſ. But Couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh Fool out of your Father's Court:
Would he not be a Comfort to our Travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide World with me,
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our Jewels and our Wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from Purſuit that will be made
After my Flight: Now go we in Content
To Liberty, and not to Baniſhment. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Foreſt.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foreſters.*

Duke Sen. NOW my Co-mates, and Brothers in Exile,
Hath not old Cuſtom made this Life more ſweet
Than that of painted Pomp? Are not theſe Woods
More free from Peril than the envious Court?
Here feel we not the Penalty of *Adam*,
The Seaſon's Difference, as the Icie phang
And churliſh chiding of the Winter's Wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my Body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with Cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no Flattery: Theſe are Counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the Uſes of Adverſity,
Which like the Toad, ugly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head:
And this our Life exempt from publick Haunt,
Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
Sermons in Stones, and Good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the Stubbornneſs of Fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a Style.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us Veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dapled Fools,
Being native Burghers of this deſart City,
Should in their own Confines with forked Heads,
Have their round Haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp,
Than doth your Brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To Day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelf,
Did ſteal behind him as he lay along
Under an Oak, whoſe antick Root peeps out

Upon

Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,
To the which Place a poor ſequeſtred Stag
That from the Hunters Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch Groans,
That their Diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern Coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round Tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent Noſe
In piteous Chaſe; and thus the hairy Fool,
Much marked of the melancholly *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extreameſt Verge of the ſwift Brook,
Augmenting it with Tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this Spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand Similies.
Firſt, for his Weeping into the needleſs Stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a Teſtament
As Worldlings do, giving thy Sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet Friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus Miſery doth part
The Flux of Company: Anon a careleſs Herd
Full of the Paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greazy Citizens,
'Tis juſt the Faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken Bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The Body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and through this our Life, ſwearing that we
Are meer Uſurpers, Tyrants; and what's worſe,
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling Place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this Contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing Deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the Place,
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen Fits,
For then he's full of Matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Duke *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be poſſible that no Man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome Villains of my Court
Are of Conſent and Sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The Ladies, her Attendants of her Chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the Morning early
They found the Bed untreaſur'd of their Miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, the royniſh Clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia, the Princeſs Gentlewoman,
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Couſin much commend
The Parts and Graces of the Wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinowy *Charles*,
And ſhe believes where-ever they are gone,
That Youth is ſurely in their Company.

Duke. Send to his Brother, fetch that Gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly,
And let not Search and Inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh Runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What my young Maſter, oh my gentle Maſter,
Oh my ſweet Maſter, O you Memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*? Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do People love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny Priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your Praiſe is come too ſwiftly Home before you.
Know you not, Maſter, to ſome kind of Men
Their Graces ſerve them but as Enemies;

No

No more do yours; your Virtues, gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy Traitors to you:
Oh what a World is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orla. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy Youth,
Come not within theſe Doors; within this Roof
The Enemy of all your Graces lives:
Your Brother—— no, no Brother, yet the Son,
Yet not the Son, I will not call him Son,
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your Praiſes, and this Night he means
To burn the Lodging where you uſe to lye,
And you within it; if he fail of that
He will have other Means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his Practices:
This is no Place, this Houſe is but a Butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldſt thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.
Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my Food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common Road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the Malice
Of a diverted Blood, and bloody Brother.
Adam. But do not ſo, I have five hundred Crowns,
The thrifty Hire I ſav'd under your Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When Service ſhould in my old Limbs lye lame,
And unregarded Age in Corners thrown;
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be Comfort to my Age; here is the Gold,
All this I give you, let me be your Servant,
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty,
For in my Youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious Liquors in my Blood,
Nor did I with unbaſhful Forehead woo
The Means of Weakneſs and Debility;

Therefore my Age is as a luſty Winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the Service of a younger Man
In all your Buſineſs and Neceſſities.

Orla. Oh good old Man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant Service of the antick World;
When Service ſweat for Duty, not for Need!
Thou art not for the Faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for Promotion,
And having that, do choak their Service up,
Even with the having; it is not ſo with thee;
But poor old Man, thou prun'ſt a rotten Tree,
That cannot ſo much as a Bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy Pains and Husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And e'er we have thy youthful Wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſetled low Content.

Adam. Maſter go on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt Gaſp with Truth and Loyalty.
From ſeventeen Years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen Years many their Fortunes ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a Week;
Yet Fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my Maſter's Debter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Roſalind *in Boys Cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my Spirits?

Clo. I care not for my Spirits, if my Legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my Heart to diſgrace my Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker Veſſel, as Doublet and Hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf Courageous to a Petticoat; therefore Courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no Croſs if I did bear you, for I think you have no Mony in your Purſe.

Roſ.

Roſ. Well, this is the Foreſt of *Arden*.

Clown. Ay, now am I in *Arden*, the more Fool I, when I was at home I was in a better Place; but Travellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone*; look you who comes here, a young Man and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her.

Cor. I partly gueſs, for I have lov'd e'er now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy Youth thou waſt as true a Lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a Midnight Pillow;
But if thy Love were ever like to mine,
As ſure I think did never Man love ſo;
How many Actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy Fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighted Folly
That ever Love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd;
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying thy Hearer in thy Miſtreſs Praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from Company,
Abruptly as my Paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy Wound,
I have by hard Adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in Love, I broke my Sword upon a Stone, and bid him take that for coming a Nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the Kiſſing of her Batlet, and the Cow's Dugs that her pretty chopt Hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a Peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two Cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping Tears, wear theſe for my ſake; we that are true Lovers run into ſtrange Capers; but all is Mortal in Nature, ſo is all Nature in Love, mortal to Folly.

Roſ.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own Wit, 'till I break my Shins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's Paſſion
Is much upon my Faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond Man,
If he for Gold will give us any Food,
I faint almoſt to Death.

Clo. Holla; you Clown.

Roſ. Peace Fool, he's not thy Kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Elſe they are wretched.

Roſ. Peace I ſay; good Even to you, Friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I prethee, Shepherd, if that Love or Gold
Can in this deſert Place buy Entertainment;
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young Maid with Travel much oppreſſed,
And faints for Succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My Fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am a Shepherd to another Man,
And do not ſheer the Fleeces that I graze;
My Maſter is of churliſh Diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to Heav'n
By doing Deeds of Hoſpitality:
Beſides, his Coat, his Flocks, and Bounds of feed
Are now on Sale, and at our Sheep-coat now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my Voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his Flock and Paſture?

Cor. That young Swain that you ſaw here but e'er while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with Honeſty,
Buy thou the Cottage, Paſture, and the Flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel.

Cel. And we will mend thy Wages;
I like this place, and willingly could
Waſte my time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me, if you like upon Report,
The Soil, the Profit, and this kind of Life,
I will your very faithful Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the greenhood Tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And turn his merry Note,
Unto the ſweet Bird's Throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee no Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pretheee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Mounſieur *Jaques.*
Jaq. I thank it; more, I prethee, more,
I can ſuck Melancholy out of a Song,
As a Weazel ſucks Eggs: More, I prethee, more.
Ami. My Voice is rugged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.
Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me,
I do deſire you to ſing;
Come, come, another Stanzo: Call you 'em Stanzo's?
Ami. What you will, Mounſieur *Jaques.*
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their Names, they owe me nothing. Will you ſing?
Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any Man, I'll thank you; but that they call Complement is like th' Encounter of two Dog-Apes. And when a Man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a Penny, and he renders me the beggarly Thanks. Come ſing, and you that will not, hold your Tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the Song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will Dine under this Tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my Company: I think of as many Matters as he, but I give Heav'n thanks, and make no Boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth Ambition ſhun,
And loves to lye i'th' Sun,
Seeking the Food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall you ſee, no Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a Verſe to this Note, That I made yeſterday in deſpight of my Invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any Man turn Aſs;
Leaving his Wealth and Eaſe,
A ſtubborn Will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, Ducdame, Ducdame;
Here ſhall he ſee, groſs Fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek Invocation, to call Fools into a Circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the Firſt-born of *Egypt.*

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke, His Banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear Maſter, I can go no further: O I die for Food! Here lye I down,

And

And meaſure out my Grave. Farewel, kind Maſter.
Orl. Why how now, *Adam!* no greater Heart in thee?
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy ſelf a little.
If this uncouth Foreſt yield any thing Savage,
I will either be Food for it, or bring it for Food to thee:
Thy Conceit is nearer Death, than thy Powers.
For my ſake be comfortable, hold Death a while
At the Arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently,
And if I bring thee not ſomething to eat,
I will give thee leave to die. But if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my Labour:
Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly.
And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt
In the bleak Air. Come, I will bear thee
To ſome Shelter, and thou ſhalt not die
For lack of a Dinner;
If there live any thing in this Deſart.
Cheerly, good *Adam.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [*A Table ſet out.*
Duke Sen. I think he be transform'd into a Beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a Man.
1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.
Duke Sen. If he, compact of Jars, grow Muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly Diſcord in the Spheres:
Go ſeek him, tell him I would ſpeak with him.
Enter Jaques.
1 *Lord.* He ſaves my Labour by his own approach.
Duke Sen. Why how now, Monſieur, what a Life is this,
That your poor Friends muſt woo your Company?
What, you look merrily.
Jaq. A Fool, a Fool, I met a Fool i'th' Foreſt,
A motley Fool; a miſerable World!
As I do live by Food, I met a Fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley Fool.
Good morrow, Fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,

Call

Call me not Fool, 'till Heav'n hath ſent me Fortune;
And then he drew a Dial from his Poak,
And looking on it, with lack-luſtre Eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a Clock:
Thus we may ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And ſo from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a Tale. When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleer,
That Fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his Dial. O noble Fool,
A worthy Fool. Motley's the only wear.
Duke Sen. What Fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy Fool; one that hath been a Courtier,
And ſays, if Ladies be young and fair,
They have the Gift to know it: And in his Brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder Biſket
After a Voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With Obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled Forms. O that I were a Fool,
I am ambitious for a motley Coat.
Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.
Jac. It is my only Suit,
Provided that you weed your better Judgments
Of all Opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am Wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a Charter as the Wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo Fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my Folly,
They moſt muſt Laugh: And why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to Pariſh Church;
He that a Fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, altho' he ſmart,
Seem ſenſeleſs of the Bob. If not,
The wiſe Man's Folly is Anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring Glances of a Fool.
Inveſt me in the motley, give me leave

To

To ſpeak my Mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul Body of th'infected World,
If they will patiently receive my Medicine.
Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul Sin, in chiding Sin:
For thou thy ſelf haſt been a Libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh Sting it ſelf,
And all th'imboſſed Sores, and headed Evils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general World.
Jaq. Why who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the weary very means do ebb.
What Woman in the City do I name,
When that I ſay the City Woman bears
The coſt of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her Neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt Function,
That ſays his Bravery is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſutes
His Folly to the mettle of my Speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My Tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild Gooſe flies
Unclaim'd of any Man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till Neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this Cock come?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, Man, by thy Diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude Deſpiſer of good Manners,
That in Civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orl. You touch'd my Vein at firſt, the thorny Point
Of bare Diſtreſs, that hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth Civility; yet am I Inland bred,
And know ſome Nurture: But forbear, I ſay,

He

He dies that touches any of this Fruit,
'Till I and my Affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. And you will not be anſwered with Reaſon,
I muſt die.
Duke Sen. What would you have?
Your Gentleneſs ſhall force, more than your Force
Move us to Gentleneſs.
Orla. I almoſt die for Food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our Table.
Orla. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you,
I thought that all things had been Savage here,
And therefore put I on the Countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this Deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy Boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping Hours of Time;
If ever you have look'd on better Days;
If ever been where Bells have knoll'd to Church;
If ever ſate at any good Man's Feaſt;
If ever from your Eye-lids wip'd a Tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let Gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh and hide my Sword.
Duke Sen. True is it that we have ſeen better Days,
And have with holy Bell been knoll'd to Church,
And ſate at good Mens Feaſts, and wip'd our Eyes
Of drops, that ſacred Pity hath engendred:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.
Orla. Then but forbear your Food a little while,
Whiles, like a Doe, I go to find my Fawn,
And give it Food. There is an old poor Man,
Who after me hath many weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure Love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak Evils, Age and Hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte 'till you return.
Orla. I thank ye, and be bleſs'd for your good Comfort.
[*Exit.*
Jaq.

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal Theatre
Preſents more woful Pageants than the Scene
Wherein we play.
Jaq. All the World's a Stage,
And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one Man in his time plays many parts;
His Acts being ſeven Ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the Nurſe's Arms:
Then, the whining School-boy with his Satchel,
And ſhining Morning-face, creeping like Snail
Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs's Eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in Honour, ſudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation,
Even in the Canon's Mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe Saws, and modern Inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth Age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Noſe, and Pouch on ſide;
His youthful Hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk Shank, and his big manly Voice
Turning again toward childiſh trebble Pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond Childiſhneſs, and meer Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, ſans Eyes, ſans Taſte, ſans every thing.

Enter Orlando *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable Burthen, and let him feed.
Orla. I thank you moſt for him.
Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.
Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your Fortunes.
Give us ſome Muſick, and good Couſin, ſing.

SONG.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind, as Man's Ingratitude;
Thy Tooth is not ſo keen, becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, unto the green Holly;
Moſt Friendſhip is feigning; moſt Loving meer Folly:
Then heigh ho, the Holly,
This Life is moſt Jolly,

Frieze, Frieze, thou bitter Sky, that doſt not bite ſo nigh
As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the Waters warp, thy Sting is not ſo ſharp,
As Friend remembred not,
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine Eye doth his Effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your Face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That lov'd your Father: The reſidue of your Fortune,
Go to my Cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right Welcome, as thy Maſter is;
Support him by the Arm; give me your Hand,
And let me all your Fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made Mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent Argument
Of my Revenge, thou preſent: But look to it,
Find out thy Brother whereſoe'er he is,
Seek him with Candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this Twelve-month, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a Living in our Territory.

Thy

Thy Lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy Brother's Mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee,
Oli. Oh that your Highneſs knew my Heart in this:
I never lov'd my Brother in my Life.
Duke. More Villain thou. Well, puſh him out of Doors,
And let my Officers of ſuch a nature
Make an Extent upon his Houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there my Verſe, in witneſs of my Love,
And thou thrice Crowned Queen of Night ſurvey,
With thy chaſt Eye, from thy pale Sphere above,
Thy Huntreſs name, that my full Life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Books,
And in their Barks my Thoughts I'll Character,
That every Eye, which in this Foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy Virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
The fair, the chaſt, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter Coren *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this Shepherd's Life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clown. Truly, Shepherd, in reſpect of it ſelf, it is a good Life; but in reſpect that it is a Shepherd's Life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile Life. Now in reſpect it is in the Fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare Life, look you, it fits my Humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my Stomach. Has't any Philoſophy in thee, Shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: And that he that wants Mony, Means, and Content, is without three good Friends: That the Property of Rain is to wet, and Fire to burn: That good Paſture makes fat Sheep; and that a great cauſe of the Night, is the lack of the Sun: That he that hath learned no Wit

by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good Breeding, or comes of a very dull Kindred.

Clown. Such a one is a natural Philoſopher. Was't ever in Court, Shepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Clown. Then thou art Damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clown. Truly thou art Damn'd, like an ill-roaſted Egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reaſon.

Clown. Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good Manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good Manners, then thy Manners muſt be wicked; and Wickedneſs is Sin, and Sin is Damnation: Thou art in a parlous State, Shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone:* Thoſe that have good Manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the Behaviour of the Country is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you Salute not at the Court, but you Kiſs your Hands; that Courteſie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clown. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels, you know, are greaſie.

Clown. Why, do not your Courtiers Hands ſweat? And is not the Greaſe of Mutton as wholſome as the Sweat of a Man? Shallow, ſhallow, a better Inſtance, I ſay: Come.

Cor. Beſides, our Hands are hard.

Clown. Your Lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: A more ſounder Inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our Sheep; and would you have us kiſs Tar? The Courtiers Hands are perfumed with Civet.

Clown. Moſt ſhallow, Man: Thou Worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of Fleſh indeed; learn of the Wiſe and Perpend; Civet is of a baſer birth than Tar; the very uncleanly Flux of a Cat. Mend the Inſtance, Shepherd.

Cor. You have too Courtly a Wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clown. Wilt thou reſt Damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow Man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no Man Hate, envy no Man's Happineſs; glad of other Mens good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my Pride, is to ſee my Ewes graze, and my Lambs ſuck.

Clown. That is another ſimple Sin in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rams together, and to offer to get your Living by the Copulation of Cattle, to be a Bawd to a Bell-weather, and to betray a She-Lamb of a Twelve-month to a crooked Pated old Cuckoldly Ram, out of all reaſonable Match. If thou be'ſt not Damn'd for this, the Devil himſelf will have no Shepherds; I cannot ſee how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes Mr. *Ganimed*, my new Miſtreſs's Brother.

Enter Roſalind *with a Paper.*

Roſ. *From the Eaſt to Weſtern* Inde,
No Jewel is like Roſalind,
Her Worth being mounted on the Wind,
Through all the World bears Roſalind.
All the Pictures faireſt Lind,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no Face be kept in mind,
But the moſt fair Roſalind.

Clown. I'll Rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: It is the right Butter-womens rank to Market.

Roſ. Out Fool.

Clown. For a taſte.

If a Hart doth lack a Hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the Cat will after Kind,
So be ſure will Roſalind.
Winter Garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that Reap muſt ſheaf and bind,
Then to Cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt Meat hath ſowreſt Rind,
Such a Nut is Roſalind.

He that ſweeteſt Roſe will find,
Muſt find Loves prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of Verſes; why do you infect your ſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull Fool, I found them on a Tree.

Clown. Truly, the Tree yields bad Fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a Medler; than it will be the earlieſt Fruit i'th' Country; for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right Vertue of the Medler.

Clown. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the Foreſt judge.

Enter Celia *with a Writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my Siſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a Deſart be?*
For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every Tree,
That ſhall civil Sayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the Life of Man
Runs his erring Pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a Span,
Buckles in his ſum of Age.
Some of violated Vows,
'Twixt the Souls of Friend and Friend,
But upon the faireſt Boughs,
Or at every Sentence end,
Will I Roſalinda *write;*
Teaching all that read, to know
This Quinteſſence of every ſprite,
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd,
That one Body ſhould be fill'd
With all the Graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *Cheeks, but not her Heart,*
Cleopatra's *Majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *Modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many parts,*
By heav'nly Synod was deviſ'd,

Of

Of many Faces, Eyes and Hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n would that she these Gifts should have,
And I to live and die her Slave.

Ros. O most gentle *Jupiter!* what tedious Homily of Love have you wearied your Parishioners withal, and never cry'd, Have Patience, good People?

Cel. How now, back Friends, Shepherd go off a little: Go with him, Sirrah.

Clown. Come, Shepherd, let us make an Honourable Retreat, tho' not with Bag and Baggage, yet with Scrip and Scrippage. [*Exit* Cor. *and* Clown.

Cel. Didst thou hear these Verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more Feet than the Verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the Feet might bear the Verses.

Ros. Ay, but the Feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the Verse, and therefore stood lamely in the Verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy Name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these Trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: For look here what I found on a Palm-tree; I was never so berhim'd since *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Irish* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a Man?

Cel. And a Chain that you once wore, about his Neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prethee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for Friends to meet; but Mountains may be remov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hoping.

Roſ. Good my Complexion, doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a Man, I have a Doublet and a Hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South Sea of diſcovery. I prethee tell me, who is it, quickly, and ſpeak apace? I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed Man out of thy Mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow mouth'd Bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Cork out of thy Mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a Man in your Belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? What manner of Man? Is his Head worth a Hat? or his Chin worth a Beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little Beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the Man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his Beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his Chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that trip'd up the Wreſtler's Heels, and your Heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the Devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad Brow, and true Maid.

Cel. I'faith, Coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my Doublet and Hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Gargantua*'s Mouth firſt; 'tis a Word too great for any Mouth of this Age's ſize: To ſay ay and no to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a Catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Foreſt, and in Man's Apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atoms as to reſolve the Propoſitions of a Lover; but take a taſte of my finding him, and *reliſh* it with good obſervance. I found him under a Tree like a dropp'd Acorn.

Roſ.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove's* Tree, when it drops forth ſuch Fruit.

Cel. Give me Audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the Ground.

Cry. Cry halla, to thy Tongue, I prethee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Heart.

Cel. I would ſing my Song without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a Woman, when I think I muſt ſpeak: Sweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your Company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too, for your Society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better Strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more Trees with writing Love-Songs in their Barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my Verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your Love's name?

Orla. Yes, Juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her Name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was Chriſten'd.

Jaq. What Stature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my Heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty Anſwers; have you not been acquainted with Goldſmiths Wives, and conn'd them out of Rings.

Orla. Not ſo: But I anſwer you right, painted Cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your Queſtions?

Jaq. You have a nimble Wit; I think it was made of

Atalanta's Heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our Miſtreſs the World, and all our Miſery.

Orla. I will chide no Brother in the World but my ſelf, againſt whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in Love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt Virtue: I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the Brook, look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own Figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good Signior Love. [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your Departure: Adieu, good Monſieur Melancholy.

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy Laquey, and under that Habit play the Knave with him: Do you hear, Foreſter.

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a Clock?

Orla. You ſhould ask me what time o' day; there's no Clock in the Foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Lover in the Foreſt, elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy Foot of Time, as well as a Clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift Foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir; Time travels in divers Places, with divers Perſons; I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I prethee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage, and the Day it is Solemniz'd; If the interim be but a ſennight, Time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich Man that hath not the Gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily becauſe he can-

not ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: The one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious Penury. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a Thief to the Gallows: For though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With Lawyers in the Vacation; for they ſleep between Term and Term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty Youth?

Roſ. With this Shepherdeſs, my Siſter; here in the Skirts of the Foreſt, like Fringe upon a Petticoat.

Orla. Are you Native of this Place?

Roſ. As the Cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your Accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but indeed, an old religious Unkle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his Youth an Inland Man, one that knew Courtſhip too well; for there he fell in Love. I have heard him read many Lectures againſt it. I thank God, I am not a Woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy Offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole Sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal Evils that he laid to the Charge of Women?

Roſ. There were none Principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are, every one's fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my Phyſick, but on thoſe that are Sick. There is a Man haunts the Foreſt, that abuſes our young Plants with carving *Roſalind* on their Barks; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns, and Elegies on Brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the Name of *Roſalind.* If I could meet that Fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good Counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orla.

Orla. I am he that is ſo Love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your Remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Unkle's Marks upon you; he taught me how to know a Man in Love; in which Cage of Ruſhes, I am ſure you are not Priſoner.

Orla. What were his Marks?

Roſ. A lean Cheek, which you have not; a blue Eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable Spirit, which you have not; a Beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no Beard, is a younger Brother's Revenue; Then your Hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your Bonnet unbanded, your Sleeve unbutton'd, your Shoo untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs Deſolation; but you are no ſuch Man, you are rather Point device in your Accoutrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the Lover of any other.

Orla. Fair Youth, I would I could make thee believe I Love.

Roſ. Me believe it? You may as ſoon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the Points, in the which Women ſtill give the Lie to their Conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the Verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, Youth, by the white Hand of *Roſalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in Love, as your Rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither Rhime nor Reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a Madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark Houſe, and a Whip, as mad Men do: And the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the Lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the Whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by Counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Love, his Miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh Youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of Tears, full of Smiles; for every Paſſion ſomething, and for no Paſſion truly any thing, as Boys and Women are for the moſt

part

part Cattle of this Colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave this Suitor from his mad Humour of Love, to a living Humour of Madneſs, which was to forſwear the full Stream of the World, and to live in a Nook meerly Monaſtick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your Liver as clear as a ſound Sheep's Heart, that there ſhall not be one Spot of Love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, Youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every Day to my Cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now by the Faith of my Love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and by the way you ſhall tell me where in the Foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my Heart, good Youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: Come Siſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the Man yet? Doth my ſimple Feature content you?

Aud. Your Features, Lord warrant us; what Features?

Clo. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O Knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a Thatch't Houſe.

Clo. When a Man's Verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a Man's good Wit ſeconded with the forward Child, Underſtanding; it ſtrikes a Man more dead than a great Reckoning in a little Room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee Poetical.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is; is it honeſt in Deed and Word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the trueſt Poety is the moſt feigning, and

and Lovers are given to Poetry; and what they ſwear in Poetry, may be ſaid as Lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me Poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a Poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, unleſs thou were hard-favour'd; for Honeſty coupled to Beauty, is to have Honey a Sauce to Sugar.

Jaq. A material Fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away Honeſty upon a foul Slut, were to put good Meat into an unclean Diſh.

Aud. I am not a Slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy Foulneſs; Sluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this Place of the Foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this Meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us Joy.

Clo. Amen. A Man may, if he were of a fearful Heart, ſtagger in this Attempt; for here we have no Temple but the Wood, no Aſſembly but Horn-beaſts. But what tho'? Courage. As Horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a Man knows no End of his Goods; right: many a Man has good Horns, and knows no End of them. Well, that is the Dowry of his Wife, 'tis none of his own getting; Horns? even ſo—— poor Men alone——no, no, the nobleſt Deer hath them as huge as the Raſcal: Is the ſingle Man therefore bleſſed? No. As a wall'd Town is more worthier than a Village, ſo is the Forehead of a married Man more honourable than the bare Brow of a Batchelor; and by how much Defence is better than no Skill, ſo much is a Horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this Tree, or ſhall we go with you to your Chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the Woman?

Clo. I will not take her on Gift of any Man.

Sir Oli. Truly ſhe muſt be given, or the Marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good Even, good M. What ye call't: How do you Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your laſt Company, I am very glad to ſee you, even a Toy in Hand here Sir: Nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the Ox hath his Bow, Sir, the Horſe his Curb, and the Falcon his Bells, ſo Man hath his Deſire; and as Pigeons bill, ſo Wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a Man of your Breeding, be married under a Buſh like a Beggar? Get you to Church, and have a good Prieſt that can tell you what Marriage is; this Fellow will but join you together as they join Wainſcot, then one of you will prove a ſhrunk Pannel, and like Timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the Mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good Excuſe for me hereafter to leave my Wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me,
And let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*,
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry:
Farewel good Mr. *Oliver*; not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: But wind away, be gone I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical Knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the Grace to conſider that Tears do not become a Man.

Roſ. But have I not Cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good Cauſe as one would deſire,
Therefore weep.

Roſ. His very Hair
Is of the diſſembling Colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s:
Marry, his Kiſſes are *Judas*'s own Children.

Roſ. I'faith his Hair is of a good Colour.

Cel. An excellent Colour:
Your Cheſnut was ever the only Colour.

Roſ. And his Kiſſing is as full of Sanctity,
As the touch of holy Bread.

Cel. He hath bought a Pair of chaſte Lips of *Diana*, a Nun of Winter's ſiſterhood Kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very Ice of Chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this Morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no Truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a Pick-purſe, nor a Horſe-ſtealer; but for his Verity in Love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd Goblet, or a worm-eaten Nut.

Roſ. Not true in Love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not, is; beſides, the Oath of a Lover is no ſtronger than the Word of a Tapſter; they are both the Confirmer of falſe Reckonings; he attends here in the Foreſt on the Duke your Father.

Roſ. I met the Duke Yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: He askt me of what Parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of Fathers, when there is ſuch a Man as *Orlando*?

Cel.

Cel. O that's a brave Man, he writes brave Verſes, ſpeaks brave Words, ſwears brave Oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the Heart of his Lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that ſpurs his Horſe but on one Side, breaks his Staff like a noble Gooſe; but all's brave that Youth mounts, and Folly guides: Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and Maſter, you have oft enquir'd
After the Shepherd that complain'd of Love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful Shepherdeſs
That was his Miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a Pageant truly plaid
Between the pale Complection of true Love,
And the red Glow of Scorn and proud Diſdain;
Go hence a little and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come let us remove,
The Sight of Lovers feedeth thoſe in Love:
Bring us to this Sight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſie Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not ſcorn me, do not, *Phebe*;
Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common Executioner,
Whoſe Heart th' accuſtom'd Sight of Death makes hard,
Falls not the Ax upon the humbled Neck,
But firſt begs Pardon: Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody Drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy Executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tell'ſt me there is Murther in mine Eyes;
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That Eyes that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward Gates on Atomies,
Should be call'd Tyrants, Butchers, Murtherers.

Now, I do frown on thee with all my Heart,
And if mine Eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now, fall down,
Or if thou can'ſt not, oh for Shame, for Shame,
Lie not, to ſay mine Eyes are Murtherers.
Now ſhew the Wound mine Eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a Pin, and there remains
Some Scar of it; lean but upon a Ruſh,
The Cicatrice and capable Impreſſure
Thy Palm ſome Moment keeps: But now mine Eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, is there no ſuch force in Eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You met in ſome freſh Cheek the Power of Fancy,
Then ſhall you know the Wounds inviſible
That Love's keen Arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time
Come thou not near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy Mocks, pity me not,
As 'till that time I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you, who might be your Mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? What though you have no Beauty,
As, by my Faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without Candle may go dark to Bed:
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the Ordinary
Of Nature's Sale-work? 'ods my little Life,
I think ſhe means to tangle mine Eyes too:
No Faith, proud Miſtreſs, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inky Brows, your black ſilk Hair,
Your bugle Eye-balls, nor your Cheek of Cream
That can entame my Spirits to your Worſhip.
You fooliſh Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with Wind and Rain,
You are a thouſand times a properer Man
Than ſhe a Woman. 'Tis ſuch Fools as you
That makes the World full of ill-favour'd Children:

'Tis

'Tis not her Glaſs, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper
Than any of her Lineaments can ſhow her.
But Miſtreſs, know your ſelf, down on your Knees,
And thank Heav'n, faſting, for a good Man's Love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your Ear,
Sell what you can, you are not for all Markets.
Cry the Man Mercy, love him, take his Offer,
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a Scoffer:
So take her to thee, Shepherd, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet Youth, I pray you chide a Year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this Man woo.

Roſ. He's fall'n in love with your Foulneſs, and ſhe'll
Fall in love with my Anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſwers thee with frowning Looks, I'll ſauce
Her with bitter Words: Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no Ill-will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than Vows made in Wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my Houſe,
'Tis at the Tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go, Siſter? Shepherd, ply her hard:
Come Siſter; Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the World could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in Sight as he.
Come to our Flock. [*Exit.*

Phe. Deed Shepherd, now I find thy Saw of Might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt Sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: What ſayſt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where-ever Sorrow is, Relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my Grief in Love,
By giving Love, your Sorrow and my Grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my Love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were Covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee Love;

But ſince that thou canſt talk of Love ſo well,
Thy Company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further Recompence,
Than thine own Gladneſs that thou art imploy'd.
Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my Love,
And ſuch a Poverty of Grace attends it,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous Crop
To glean the broken Ears after the Man
That the main Harveſt reaps: Loſe now and then
A ſcattered Smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the Youth that ſpoke to me e'er while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the Bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Maſter of.
Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh Boy, yet he talks well,
But what care I for Words? Yet Words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty Youth, not very pretty;
But ſure he's proud, and yet his Pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper Man; the beſt thing in him
Is his Complexion; and faſter than his Tongue
Did make Offence, his Eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his Years he's tall;
His Leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty Redneſs in his Lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his Cheek; 'twas juſt the Difference
Betwixt the conſtant Red and mingled Damask.
There be ſome Women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In Parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in Love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more Cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine Eyes were black, and my Hair black,
And now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel why I anſwer'd not again,
But that's all one; Omittance is no Quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it, wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil.

Sil. Phebe, with all my Heart.
Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The Matter's in my Head, and in my Heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Foreſt.*

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I Prithee, pretty Youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholly Fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than Laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in Extremity of either, are abominable Fellows, and betray themſelves to every modern Cenſure, worſe than Drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a Poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the Scholars Melancholly, which is Emulation; nor the Muſicians, which is fantaſtical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud; nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyers, which is political; nor the Ladies, which is nice; nor the Lovers, which is all theſe; but it is a Melancholly of mine own, compounded of many Simples, extracted from many Objects, and indeed the ſundry Contemplations of Travels in which my often Rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous Sadneſs.

Roſ. A Traveller! by my Faith you have great Reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own Lands, to ſee other Mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich Eyes and poor Hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd Experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your Experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a Fool to make me merry, than Experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good Day, and Happineſs, dear *Roſalind.*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, and you talk in blank Verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, Monſieur Traveller; look you liſp, and wear ſtrange Suits; diſable all the Benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that Countenance you are, or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a Gondallo. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a Lover? And you ſerve me ſuch another Trick, never come in my Sight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an Hour of my Promiſe.

Roſ. Break an Hour's Promiſe in Love? He that will divide a Minute into a thouſand Parts, and break but a Part of the thouſandth Part of a Minute in the Affairs of Love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' Shoulder, but I'll warrant him Heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, and you be ſo tardy, come no more in my Sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

Orla. Of a Snail?

Roſ. Ay, of a Snail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his Houſe on his Head: A better Jointure, I think, than you make a Woman; beſides he brings his Deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why Horns; which ſuch as you are fain to beholding to your Wives for; but he comes armed in his Fortune, and prevents the Slander of his Wife.

Orla. Virtue is no Horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better Leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a Holy-day Humour, and like enough to conſent: What would you ſay to me now, and I were your very, very *Roſalind.*

Orla. I would kiſs before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take Occaſion

to

to kiſs. Very good Orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for Lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt Shift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the Kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to Entreaty, and there begins new Matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved Miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry that ſhould you if I were your Miſtreſs, or I ſhould think my Honeſty ranker than my Wit.

Orla. What, of my Suit?

Roſ. Not out of your Apparel, and yet out of your Suit.

Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orla. I take ſome Joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her Perſon, I ſay I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own Perſon I die.

Roſ. No Faith, die by Attorney; the poor World is almoſt ſix thouſand Years old, and in all this time there was not any Man died in his own Perſon, *videlicet*, in a Love Cauſe: *Troilus* had his Brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* Club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the Patterns of Love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair Year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not been for a hot Midſummer-night; for, good Youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and being taken with the Cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh Chroniclers of that Age, found it was *Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all Lies, Men have died from time to time, and Worms have eaten them, but not for Love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this Mind, for I proteſt her Frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this Hand it will not kill a Flie; but come now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on Diſpoſition; and ask what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes Faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſaiſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? Come, Siſter, you ſhall be the Prieſt, and marry us. Give me your Hand, *Orlando*: What do you ſay Siſter.

Orla. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the Words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, Will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Go to; will you *Orlando* have to Wife this *Roſalind*?

Orla. I will.

Roſ. But when.

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for Wife.

Orla. I take thee *Roſalind* for Wife.

Roſ. I might ask you for your Commiſſion,
But I do take thee *Orlando* for my Husband: There's a Girl goes before the Prieſt, and certainly a Woman's Thought runs before her Actions.

Orla. So do all Thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſt her?

Orla. For ever and a Day.

Roſ. Say a Day without the ever: No, no, *Orlando*, Men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: Maids are *May* when they are Maids, but the Sky changes when they are Wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* Cock-Pigeon over his Hen, more clamorous than a Parrot againſt Rain; more new-fangled than an Ape; more giddy in my Deſires than a Monkey; I will weep for nothing like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleep.

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

Roſ. By my Life ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the Wit to do this; the wiſer,

wiſer, the waywarder: Make the Doors upon a Woman's Wit, and it will out at the Caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the Key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the Chimney.

Orla. A Man that had a Wife with ſuch a Wit, he might ſay, Wit whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your Wife's Wit going to your Neighbour's Bed.

Orla. And what Wit could Wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry to ſay, ſhe came to ſeek you there: You ſhall never find her without her Anſwer, unleſs you take her without her Tongue. O that Woman, that cannot make her fault her Husband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her Child her ſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a Fool.

Orla. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear Love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at Dinner, by two a Clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my Friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering Tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come Death: Two o'th' Clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all the pretty Oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your Promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical Break-Promiſe, and the moſt hollow Lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs Band of the Unfaithful; therefore beware my Cenſure, and keep your Promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs Religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch Offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit* Orla.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our Sex in your Love-prate: we muſt have your Doublet and Hoſe pluck'd over your Head, and ſhew the World what the Bird hath done to her own Neſt.

Roſ.

Roſ. O Coz, Coz, Coz, my pretty little Coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in Love; but it cannot be ſounded: My Affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather bottomleſs, that as faſt as you pour Affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madneſs, that blind raſcally Boy, that abuſes every ones Eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be Judge, how deep I am in Love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando:* I'll go find a Shadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the Deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a *Roman* Conqueror, and it would do well to ſet the Deer's Horns upon his Head, for a branch of Victory; have you no Song, Foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the Deer?
His Leather Skin and Horns to wear;
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorn to wear the Horn,
It was a Creſt e'er thou waſt born,
Thy Father's Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it,
The Horn, the Horn, the luſty Horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to Scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a Clock? And here much *Orlando.*

Cel. I warrant you, with pure Love and troubled Brain,

Enter Sylvius.

He hath ta'en his Bow and Arrows, and is gone forth To ſleep: Look who comes here.

Syl. My Errand is to you, fair Youth, My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this: I know not the Contents, but, as I gueſs, By the ſtern Brow, and waſpiſh Action Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was Writing of it, It bears an angry tenure; pardon me, I am but as a guiltleſs Meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this Letter, And play the Swaggerer; bear this, bear all. She ſays I am not fair, that I lack Manners, She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me Were Man as rare as Phenix: 'Od's my will, Her Love is not the Hare that I did hunt, Why writes ſhe ſo to me? Well, Shepherd, well, This is a Letter of your own device.

Syl. No, I proteſt, I know not the Contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a Fool, And turn'd into the extremity of Love. I ſaw her Hand, ſhe has a leathern Hand, A Free-ſtone coloured Hand; I verily did think That her old Gloves were on, but 'twas her Hands; She has a Huſwife's Hand, but that's no matter; I ſay, ſhe never did invent this Letter, This is a Man's Invention, and his Hand.

Syl. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel Stile, A Stile for Challengers; why, ſhe defies me, Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; Woman's gentle Brain Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude Invention,

Such

Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their Effect
Than in their Countenance; will you hear the Letter?

Syl. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s Cruelty.

Roſ. She *Phebes* me; mark how the Tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God, to Shepherd turn'd,*
That a Maiden's Heart hath burn'd?
Can a Woman rail thus.

Syl. Call you this Railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
War'ſt thou with a Woman's Heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch Railing?
Whiles the Eye of Man did woo me,
That could do no Vengeance to me.
Meaning me a Beaſt.
If the Scorn of your bright Eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch Love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild Aſpect?
Whiles you chide me, I did love,
How then might your Prayers move?
He that brings this Love to thee,
Little knows this Love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy Mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful Offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my Love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Syl. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor Shepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? No, he deſerves no pity: Wilt thou love ſuch a Woman? What to make thee an Inſtrument, and play falſe Strings upon thee? Not to be endured. Well, go your way to her, for I ſee Love hath made thee a tame Snake, and ſay this to her, That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: If ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her. If you be a true Lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more Company.

[*Exit.* Syl.

Enter

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where in the Purlews of this Foreſt ſtands
A Sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.
Cel. Weſt of this place down in the Neighbour bottom,
The rank of Oſiers, by the murmuring Stream
Left on your Right-hand, bring you to the place;
But at this hour the Houſe doth keep it ſelf,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an Eye may profit by a Tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by Deſcription,
Such Garments, and ſuch Years; The Boy is fair,
Of female Favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe Siſter: But the Woman low,
And browner than her Brother. Are not you
The Owner of the Houſe I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that Youth he calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloody Napkin. Are you he?
Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?
Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What Man I am, and how, and why, and where
This Handkerchief was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the Foreſt,
Chewing the Food of ſweet and bitter Fancy,
Lo what befel! he threw his Eye aſide,
And mark what Object did preſent it ſelf
Under an old Oak, whoſe Boughs were moſs'd with Age,
And high Top bald with dry Antiquity;
A wretched ragged Man, o'er-grown with Hair,
Lay ſleeping on his Back; about his Neck
A green and gilded Snake had wreath'd it ſelf,
Who with her Head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his Mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it ſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away

Into

Into a Buſh, under whoſe Buſhes ſhade
A Lioneſs, with Udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching Head on Ground, with Catlike watch
When that the ſleeping Man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The Royal Diſpoſition of that Beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead;
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the Man,
And found it was his Brother, his elder Brother.
Cel. O I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame Brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnatural,
That liv'd amongſt Men.
Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Roſ. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry Lioneſs:
Oli. Twice did he turn his Back, and purpos'd ſo;
But Kindneſs nobler ever than Revenge,
And Nature ſtronger than his juſt Occaſion,
Made him give Battel to the Lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miſerable Slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his Brother?
Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my Converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But for the bloody Napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart Place.
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh Array and Entertainment,
Committing me unto my Brother's Love,
Who led me inſtantly unto his Cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his Arm
The Lioneſs had torn ſome Fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Roſalind*.

Brief,

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his Wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at Heart,
He ſent me hither, Stranger as I am,
To tell this Story, that you might excuſe
His broken Promiſe, and to give this Napkin,
Dy'd in his Blood, unto the Shepherd Youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind.*

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed?*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on Blood.

Cel. There is no more in it: Couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you take him by the Arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, Youth; you a Man?
You lack a Man's Heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it.
Ah, Sirra, a body would think this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your Brother how well I counterfeited: Heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great Teſtimony in your Complexion, that it was paſſion of Earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a Man.

Roſ. So I do: But i'faith, I ſhould have been a Woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back.
How you excuſe my Brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Foreſt.*

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a moſt vile *Martext*. But *Audrey*, there is a Youth here in the Foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no Intereſt in me in the World; here comes the Man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is Meat and Drink to me to ſee a Clown; by my troth, we that have good Wits have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good Ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good Ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good Ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good Ev'n, gentle Friend. Cover thy Head, cover thy Head; nay, prethee be cover'd. How old are you, Friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe Age: Is thy Name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair Name. Was't born i'th' Foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: A good anſwer: Art Rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo, ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty Wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a Saying, The Fool doth think he is wiſe, but the Wiſe Man knows himſelf to be a Fool. The Heathen Philoſopher, when

when he had a Deſire to eat a Grape, would open his Lips, when he put it into his Mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eat, and Lips to open.
You do love this Maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your Hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have. For it is a Figure in Rhetorick, that Drink being poured out of a Cup into a Glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: Now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this Woman; therefore you Clown, abandon; which is in the Vulgar, leave the Society; which in the Booriſh, is Company, of this Female; which in the Common, is Woman; which together, is, abandon the Society of this Female; or, Clown, thou periſheſt; or to thy better Underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy Life into Death, thy Liberty into Bondage; I will deal in Poyſon with thee, or in Baſtinado, or in Steel; I will bandy with thee in Faction, I will o'er-run thee with Policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little Acquaintance you ſhould like her? That, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? And loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the Giddineſs of it in queſtion, the Poverty of her, the ſmall Acquaintance, my ſudden Wooing,

nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your good: For my Father's Houſe, and all the Revenue, that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my Conſent.
Let your Wedding be to Morrow; thither will I
Invite the Duke, and all's contented Followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for look you,
Here comes my *Roſalind.*

Roſ. God ſave you, Brother.

Orla. And you, fair Siſter.

Roſ. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy Heart in a Scarf.

Orla. It is my Arm.

Roſ. I thought thy Heart had been wounded with the Claws of a Lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the Eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your Brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwound, when he ſhew'd me your Handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater Wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: Nay, 'tis true: There was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the Fight of two Rams, and *Caſar*'s Thraſonical Brag, of, I came, ſaw, and overcame: For your Brother, and my Siſter, no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they ask'd one another the Reaſon; no ſooner knew the Reaſon, but they ſought the Remedy; and in theſe Degrees have they made a Pair of Stairs to Marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before Marriage; they are in the very Wrath of Love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to Morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into Happineſs through another Man's Eyes; by ſo much the more ſhall I to Morrow be at the Height of Heart-Heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my Brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ.

Roſ. Why then to Morrow I cannot ſerve your Turn for *Roſalind*?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle Talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know you are a Gentleman of good Conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good Opinion of my Knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater Eſteem than may in ſome little Meaſure draw a Belief from you to do your ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three Years old, converſt with a Magician, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the Heart, as your Geſture cries it out, when your Brother marries *Aliena* you ſhall marry her. I know into what Streights of Fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your Eyes to Morrow; Human as ſhe is, and without any Danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober Meanings?

Roſ. By my Life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your beſt Array, bid your Friends: For if you will be married to Morrow, you ſhall, and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the Letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: It is my Study
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful Shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good Shepherd, tell this Youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of Sighs and Tears,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no Woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of Faith and Service;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no Woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of Fantaſie,
All made of Paſſion, and all made of Wiſhes,
All Adoration, Duty and Obſervance,
All Humbleneſs, all Patience, and Impatience,
All Purity, all Trial, all Obſervance;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no Woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, Why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the Howling of *Iriſh* Wolves againſt the Moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: To Morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and I'll be married to Morrow; I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd Man, and you ſhall be married to Morrow; I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to Morrow. As you love *Roſalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no Woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you Commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To Morrow is the joyful Day, *Audrey*; to Morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my Heart; and I hope it is no diſhoneſt Deſire, to deſire to be a Woman of the World. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's Pages.

Enter

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only Prologues to a bad Voice.

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a Tune, like two *Gypſies* on a Horſe.

SONG.

It was a Lover and his Laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green Corn-field did paſs
In the Spring time; the only pretty rang time,
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the Spring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For Love is crowned with the prime,
In the Spring time, &c.

Between the Acres of the Rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
Theſe pretty Country-folks would lye,
In the Spring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that a Life was but a Flower,
In the Spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the Note was very untunable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your Voices. Come, *Andrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando*, that the Boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Sylvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our Compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind*, [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her when I bring her?
[*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay you'll Marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give your ſelf to this moſt faithful Shepherd.

Phe. So is the Bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will? [*To* Syl.

Syl. Tho' to have her and Death were both one thing.

Roſ. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your Daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his Daughter:
Keep you your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me;
Or elſe refuſing me, to wed this Shepherd.
Keep your word, *Sylvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe Doubts all even. [*Exit* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this Shepherd-Boy,
Some lively touches of my Daughter's Favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a Brother to your Daughter;
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Foreſt born,
And hath been tutor'd in the Rudiments
Of many deſperate Studies by his Unkle,
Who he reports to be a great Magician,

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Obſcured in the Circle of this Foreſt. Jaq.

Jaq. There is ſure another Flood toward, and theſe Couples are coming to the Ark. Here comes a pair of very ſtrange Beaſts, which in all Tongues are call'd Fools.

Clo. Salutation and Greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the Motley-minded Gentleman that I have ſo often met in the Foreſt: He hath been a Courtier he ſwears.

Clo. If any Man doubt that, let him put me to my Purgation; I have trod a Meaſure, I have flatter'd a Lady, I have been politick with my Friend, ſmooth with mine Enemy, I have undone three Tailors, I have had four Quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the Quarrel was upon the ſeventh Cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh Cauſe? Good my Lord, like this Fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire you of the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the Country Copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as Marriage binds, and Blood breaks: A poor Virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor Humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no Man elſe will. Rich Honeſty dwells like a Miſer, Sir, in a poor Houſe, as your Pearl in your Oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my Faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the Fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet Diſeaſes.

Jaq. But for the ſeventh Cauſe; how did you find the Quarrel on the ſeventh Cauſe?

Clo. Upon a Lie ſeven times removed; (bear your Body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the Cut of a certain Courtier's Beard; he ſent me word, If I ſaid his Beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the Quip Modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my Judgment: This is call'd the Reply Churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is call'

call'd the Countercheck Quarrelſome: And ſo the Lie Circumſtantial, and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his Beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the Lie Circumſtantial; nor he durſt not give me the Lie Direct; and ſo we meaſur'd Swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Clo. O, Sir, we quarrel in Print, by the Book; as you have Books for good Manners. I will name you the Degrees. The firſt, the Retort Courteous; the ſecond, the Quip Modeſt; the third, the Reply Churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with Circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie Direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a Quarrel, but when the Parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook Hands, and ſwore Brothers. Your If is the only Peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare Fellow, my Lord? He's good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his Folly like a Stalking-Horſe, and under the Preſentation of that he ſhoots his Wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in Woman's Cloths, and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there Mirth in Heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke receive thy Daughter,
Hymen *from Heav'n brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'ſt joyn her hand with his,
Whoſe Heart within his Boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours. [*To the Duke.*
To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.
Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my Daughter.

Orla.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*
Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true, why then my Love adieu.
Roſ. I'll have no Father, if you be not he;
I'll have no Husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed Woman, if you be not ſhe.
Hym. Peace hoa; I bar Confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange Events:
Here's eight that muſt take Hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s Bands,
If Truth holds true Contents.
You and you no Croſs ſhall part;
You and you are Heart in Heart;
You to his Love muſt accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the Winter to foul Weather:
Whiles a Wedlock Hymn we ſing,
Feed your ſelves with queſtioning:
That Reaſon, Wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O bleſſed Bond of Board and Bed!
'Tis Hymen *Peoples ev'ry Town,*
High Wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high Honour and Renown
To Hymen, *God of every Town.*

Duke Sen. O my dear Neice, welcome thou art to me,
Even Daughter, welcome, in no leſs degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy Faith, my Fancy to thee doth combine.
Enter Jaques de Boyes.
Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond Son of old Sir *Rowland,*
That bring theſe tidings to this fair Aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing how that every day
Men of great Worth reſorted to this Foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty Power which were on foot

In his own Conduct, purpoſely to take
His Brother here, and put him to the Sword:
And to the Skirts of this wild Wood he came,
Where meeting with an old Religious Man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his Enterprize, and from the World;
His Crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him Exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my Life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young Man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy Brothers Wedding;
To one his Lands with-held, and to the other
A Land it ſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this Foreſt, let us do thoſe Ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy Number
That have endur'd ſhrewd Days and Nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned Fortune,
According to the meaſure of their States.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n Dignity,
And fall into our Ruſtick Revelry:
Play Muſick, and you Brides and Bridegrooms all,
With Meaſure heap'd in Joy, to th' Meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious Life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: Out of theſe Convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour, I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your Patience, and your Virtue well deſerves it:
You to a Love that your true Faith doth merit; [*To* Orla.
You to your Land, and Love, and great Allies; [*To* Oli.
You to a long and well-deſerved Bed; [*To* Syl.
And you to Wrangling; for thy loving Voyage [*To the Clown*
Is but for two Months victuall'd: So to your Pleaſures;
I am for other than for Dancing Meaſures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no Paſtime, I: What you would have,
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed, we will begin theſe Rites, As we do truſt they ſhall end in true Delights.

Roſ. It is not the Faſhion to ſee the Lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandſome than to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good Wine needs no Buſh*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good Wine they do uſe good Buſhes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furniſh'd like a Beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to Conjure you, and I'll begin with the Women. I charge you, O Women, for the love you bear to Men, to like as much of this Play as pleaſes you: And I charge you, O Men, for the love you bear to Women, as I perceive by your Simpring, none of you hates them, that between you and the Women, the Play may pleaſe. If I were a Woman, I would kiſs as many of you as had Beards that pleas'd me, Complexions that lik'd me, and Breaths that I defy'd not: And, I am ſure, as many as have good Beards, or good Faces, or ſweet Breaths, will for my kind Offer, when I make Courtſie, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd.*

Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hoſteſs.

Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

The Perſons of the Play it ſelf are

Baptiſta, *Father to* Katharina *and* Biancha, *very rich.*

Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Piſa.

Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Biancha.

Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a Suitor to* Katharina.

Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Pretenders to* Biancha.

Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.

Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.

Pedant, *an old Fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew.*

Biancha, *her Siſter.*

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers, with Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE *in the latter End of the third, and beginning of the fourth Act in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country; for the reſt of the Play in* Padua.

The

The Taming of the Shrew.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

SLY.

'LL pheeze you, in Faith.

Hoſt. A Pair of Stocks, you Rogue.

Sly. Y'are a Baggage; the *Slies* are no Rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore *Paucus pallabris*, let the World ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the Glaſſes you have burſt?

Sly. No, not a Deniere: Go by S. *Jeronimy*, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my Remedy; I muſt go fetch the Headborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, I'll anſwer him by Law; I'll not budge an Inch, Boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee tender well my Hounds,
Brach *Merriman*, the poor Cur is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, Boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the Hedge Corner, in the coldeſt Fault;
I would not loſe the Dog for twenty Pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt Loſs,

And

And twice to Day pick'd out the dulleſt Scent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better Dog.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a Dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To Morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one Dead, or Drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a Bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous Beaſt! how like a Swine he lyes!
Grim Death, how foul and loathſome is thine Image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken Man.
What think you if he were convey'd to Bed,
Wrapt in ſweet Cloaths: Rings put upon his Finger;
A moſt delicious Banquet by his Bed,
And brave Attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the Beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring Dream, or worthleſs Fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the Jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton Pictures;
Balm his foul Head in warm diſtilled Waters,
And burn ſweet Wood to make the Lodging ſweet.
Procure me Muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a Dulcet and a Heav'nly Sound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive Reverence,
Say, what is it your Honour will command;
Let one attend him with a ſilver Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers,
Another bear the Ewer; a third a Diaper,
And ſay, will pleaſe your Lordſhip cool your Hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly Suit,
And ask him what Apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his Diſeaſe;
Perſuade him that he hath been Lunatick,

And when he ſays he is poor, ſay that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs;
It will be Paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with Modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we will play our Part,
As he ſhall think by our true Diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to Bed with him;
And each one to his Office when he wakes.
[*Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome noble Gentleman that means,
Travelling ſome Journey, to repoſe him here.

Enter Servant.

How now? Who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer Service to your Lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to Night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our Duty.

Lord. With all my Heart. This Fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a Farmer's eldeſt Son;
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your Name; but ſure that Part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome Sport in Hand,
Wherein your Cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to Night;
But I am doubtful of your Modeſties,
Leſt over eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his Honour never heard a Play,)
You break into ſome merry Paſſion,
And ſo offend him: For I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my Lord, we can contain our ſelves,
Were he the verieſt Antick in the World.

Lord. Go Sirrah, take them to the Buttery,
Let them want nothing that my Houſe affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my Page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the Drunkard's Chamber,
And call him Madam, do him Obeiſance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my Love,
He bear himſelf with honourable Action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accompliſhed;
Such Duty to the Drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low Tongue, and lowly Courteſie;
And ſay; What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble Wife,
May ſhew her Duty, and make known her Love;
And then with kind Embracements, tempting Kiſſes,
And with declining Head into his Boſom,
Bid him ſhed Tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to Health,
Who for this ſeven Years hath eſteem'd himſelf
No better than a poor and loathſome Beggar:
And if the Boy have not a Woman's Gift
To rain a Shower of commanded Tears,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a Shift,
Which in a Napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a watry Eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt,
Anon I'll give thee more Inſtructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the Boy will well uſurp the Grace,
Voice, Gate, and Action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the Drunkard, Husband;
And how my Men will ſtay themſelves from Laughter,
When they do Homage to this ſimple Peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: Haply my Preſence
May well abate the over-merry Spleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into Extreams.

Enter

Enter Sly *with Attendants, ſome with Apparel, Baſon and Ewer, and other Appurtenances.*

Sly. For God's ſake a Pot of ſmall Ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Lordſhip drink a Cup of Sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What Raiment will your Honour wear to Day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me Honour, nor Lordſhip: I ne'er drank Sack in my Life; and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of Beef: Ne'er ask me what Raiment I'll wear, for I have no more Doublets than Backs, no more Stockings than Legs, nor no more Shooes than Feet; nay ſometimes more Feet than Shooes, or ſuch Shooes as my Toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle Humour in your Honour.
Oh that a mighty Man of ſuch Deſcent,
Of ſuch Poſſeſſions, and ſo high Eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a Spirit.

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s Son of *Button-heath*, by Birth a Pedler, by Education a Card-maker, by Tranſmutation a Bear-herd, and now by preſent Profeſſion a Tinker. Ask *Marrian Hacket*, the fat Ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen Pence on the Score for Sheer Ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt Knave in Chriſtendom. What I am not beſtraught: here's———

1 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your Kindred ſhun your Houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacy.
Oh noble Lord, bethink thee of thy Birth,
Call home thy ancient Thoughts from Baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly Dreams:
Look how thy Servants do attend on thee,
Each in his Office ready at thy Beck.
Wilt thou have Muſick? Hark, *Apollo* plays, [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? We'll have thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful Bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis.*

Say thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the Ground:
Or wilt thou ride? Thy Horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their Harneſs ſtudded all with Gold and Pearl.
Doſt thou love Hawking? Thou haſt Hawks will ſoar
Above the Morning Lark. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy Hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill Ecchoes from the hollow Earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy Grayhounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags; ay, fleeter than the Roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love Pictures? We will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis painted by a running Brook,
And *Citherea* all in Sedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her Breath,
Even as the waving Sedges play with Wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the Deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny Wood,
Scratching her Legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds;
And at the Sight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the Blood and Tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Lady far more beautiful,
Than any Woman in this waining Age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the Tears that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious Floods, o'er-run her lovely Face,
She was the faireſt Creature in the World,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet Savours, and I feel ſoft Things:
Upon my Life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our Sight,
And once again a Pot o'th' ſmalleſt Ale.

2 *Man.* Wil't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your Hands?
Oh how we joy to ſee your Wits reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteen Years you have been in a Dream,

Or

Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you ſlept.
Sly. Theſe fifteen Years! by my Fay, a goodly Nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1 *Man.* Oh yes, my Lord, but very idle Words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly Chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of Door,
And rail'd upon the Hoſteſs of the Houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought Stone Jugs, and no ſeal'd Quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*
Sly. Ay, the Woman's Maid of the Houſe.
3 *Man.* Why Sir, you know no Houſe, nor no ſuch Maid,
Nor no ſuch Men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch Names and Men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no Man ever ſaw.
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Sly. I thank thee, thou ſhalt not loſe by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Sly. Marry I fare well, for here is Cheer enough.
Where is my Wife?
Lady. Here noble Lord, what is thy Will with her?
Sly. Are you my Wife, and will not call me Husband?
My Men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good Man.
Lady. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband,
I am your Wife in all Obedience.
Sly. I know it well, what muſt I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Alce Madam, or *Joan* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies.
Sly. Madam Wife, they ſay that I have dream'd,
And ſlept above ſome fifteen Years and more.
Lady. Ay, and the Time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this Time abandon'd from your Bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants leave me and her alone:
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to Bed.

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a Night or two:
Or if not ſo, until the Sun be ſet;
For your Phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In Peril to incur your former Malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your Bed;
I hope this Reaſon ſtands for my Excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long; But I would be loath to fall into my Dream again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the Fleſh and the Blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honour's Players, hearing your Amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy;
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing ſo much Sadneſs hath congeal'd your Blood,
And Melancholly is the Nurſe of Frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your Mind to Mirth and Merriment,
Which bars a thouſand Harms, and lengthens Life.

Sly. Marry I will, let them play, it is not a Comonty, a *Chriſtmas* Gambold, or a tumbling Trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing Stuff.

Sly. What, Houſhold Stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of Hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't:
Come, Madam Wife, ſit by my Side,
And let the World ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be Younger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, ſince for the great Deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua,* Nurſery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lumbardy,*
The pleaſant Garden of great *Italy,*
And by my Father's Love and Leave am arm'd
With his good Will, and thy good Company.
Moſt truſty Servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happly inſtitute
A Courſe of Learning, and ingenious Studies.
Piſa, renowned for grave Citizens,
Gave me my Being, and my Father firſt
A Merchant of great Traffick through the World:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii,*

Vincentio's

Vincentio's Son, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all Hopes conceiv'd
To deck his Fortune with his virtuous Deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of Philoſophy
Will I apply to, that treats of Happineſs,
By Virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy Mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow Plaſh to plunge him in the Deep,
And with Satiety ſeeks to quench his Thirſt.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle Maſter mine,
I am in all affected as your ſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your Reſolve,
To ſuck the Sweets of ſweet Philoſophy:
Only, good Maſter, while we do admire
This Virtue, and this moral Diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no Stocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s Checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk Logick with Acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common Talk;
Muſick and Poeſie uſe to quicken you,
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your Stomach ſerves you:
No Profit grows, where is no Pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs,
And take a Lodging fit to entertain
Such Friends, as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what Company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome Shew to welcome us to Town.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Katharina *and* Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt Daughter,
Before I have a Husband for the Elder:

If either of you both love *Katherina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your Pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any Wife?
Kath. I pray you, Sir, is it your Will
To make a Stale of me amongſt thoſe Mates?
Hor. Mates Maid, how mean you that?
No Mates, for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler milder Mould.
Kath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis it is not half way to her Heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her Care ſhall be,
To comb your Noddle with a three-legg'd Stool,
And paint your Face, and uſe you like a Fool.
Hor. From all ſuch Devils, good Lord, deliver us,
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh'd, Maſter, here's ſome good Paſtime toward,
That Wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's Silence I do ſee,
Maid's mild Behaviour and Sobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.*
Tra. Well ſaid, Maſter, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my Girl.
Kath. A pretty Peat, it is beſt put Finger in the Eye,
And ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my Diſcontent.
Sir, to your Pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My Books and Inſtruments ſhall be my Company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.
Luc. Heark, *Tranio*, thou maiſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange;
Sorry am I that our good Will effects
Bianca's Grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this Fiend of Hell,
And make her bear the Penance of her Tongue?

Bap.

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca.*
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſick, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
School-maſters will I keep within my Houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her Youth. If you, *Hortenſio,*
Or Signior *Gremio,* you know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning Men
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine own Children, in good bringing up,
And ſo farewel. *Katherina,* you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca.* [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed Hours, as tho',
Belike, I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the Devil's Dam: Your Gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our Love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio,* but we may blow our Nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our Cake's Dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the Love I bear my ſweet *Bianca,* if I can by any means light on a fit Man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio:* But a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our Quarrel yet never brook'd Parlee, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair Miſtreſs, and be happy Rivals in *Bianca*'s Love, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry Sir, to get a Husband for her Siſter.

Gre. A Husband! a Devil.

Hor. I ſay a Husband.

Gre. I ſay a Devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio,* tho' her Father be very rich, any Man is ſo very a Fool to be married to Hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*; tho' it paſs your Patience and mine to endure her lewd Alarms, why, Man, there be good Fellows in the World, and a Man could light on them, would take her with all her Faults, and Mony enough.

Gre.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her Dowry with this Condition, to be whip'd at the High-croſs every Morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten Apples: Come, ſince this bar in Law makes us Friends, it ſhall be ſo forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt Daughter to a Husband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a Husband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy Man be his dole; he that runs faſteſt gets the Ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the beſt Horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the Houſe of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* Gre. *and* Hor. *Manet* Tra. *and* Lucen.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That Love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in Idleneſs.
And now in plainneſs to confeſs to thee,
That art to me as ſecret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt Girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the Heart;
If Love has touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, Lad; go forward, this contents,
The reſt will comfort, for thy Counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the Maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet Beauty in her Face,
Such as the Daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her Hand,
When with his Knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* Strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her Siſter
Began to Scold, and raiſe up ſuch a Storm,

That

That mortal Ears might hardly endure the Din.
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her Coral Lips to move;
And with her Breath ſhe did perfume the Air,
Sacred and ſweet was all ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his Trance:
I pray awake, Sir; if you love the Maid,
Bend Thoughts and Wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt Siſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That 'till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Maſter, your Love muſt live a Maid at home,
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with Suitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning School-maſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my Hand,
Both our Inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be School-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the Maid:
That's your Device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s Son,
Keep Houſe, and ply his Book, welcome his Friends,
Viſit his Countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta*, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any Houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our Faces,
For Man or Maſter: Then it follows thus.
Thou ſhalt be Maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep Houſe, and Port, and Servants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner Man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo; *Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee: Take my colour'd Hat and Cloak,
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him firſt to keep his Tongue.
Tra. So had you need.

In brief, Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For ſo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my Son, quoth he,
Altho', I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a Slave t'atchieve that Maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thral'd my wounded Eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the Rogue. Sirra, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you? Maſter, has my Fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your Clothes, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? Pray what's the News?

Luc. Sirra, come hither, 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your Manners to the time.
Your Fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my Life,
Puts my Apparel and my Count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a Quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a Man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my Life.
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your Mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith Boy, to have the next Wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt Daughter. But, Sirra, not for my ſake, but your Maſter's, I adviſe you uſe your Manners diſcreetly in all kind of Companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in all Places elſe, your Maſter *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute,
To make one 'mong theſe Wooers; if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my Reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The Preſenters above ſpeak.

1 *Man.* My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the Play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint *Anne*, do I; a good matter ſurely. Come's there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of Work, Madam Lady; would 'twere done. [*They ſit and mark.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VErona for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my Friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved Friend,
Hortenſio; and I trow this is the Houſe:
Here Sirra, *Grumio*, knock I ſay.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? Is there any Man has rebus'd your Worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? Why, Sir, what am I, Sir, That I ſhould knock you here Sir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this Gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your Knave's Pate.

Gru. My Maſter is grown quarrelſome:
I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, Sirra, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it.
[*He rings him by the Ears.*

Gru. Help, Miſtreſs, help, my Maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: Sirra, Villain.

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My old Friend *Grumio*, and my good Friend *Petruchio*! How do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the Fray?
Con mi le core bene arrivato, may I ſay.

Hor

Hor. Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto molto honorato Signior mio Petruchio.
Riſe, *Grumio*, we will compound this Quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful Cauſe for me to leave his Service, look you, Sir: He bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a Servant to uſe his Maſter ſo, being perhaps, for ought I ſee, two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knock'd at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs Villain. Good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the Raſcal knock upon your Gate,
And could not get him for my Heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the Gate? O Heav'ns! Spake you not theſe words plain? Sirra, Knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the Gate?

Pet. Sirra, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am *Grumio*'s Pledge:
Why this is a heavy Chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſty pleaſant Servant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, ſweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*

Pet. Such Wind as ſcatters young Men through the World,
To ſeek their Fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall Experience grows but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my Father is deceas'd,
And I have thruſt my ſelf into this maze,
Happily to Wive and Thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my Purſe I have, and Goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the World.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-favour'd Wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my Counſel.
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: But thou'rt too much my Friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch Friends as we
Few words ſuffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s Wife:
As Wealth is burthen of my wooing Dance;
Be ſhe as Foul as was *Florentius* Love,
As Old as *Sybel*, as Curſt and Shrew'd
As *Socrates*'s *Zantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affections edge in time. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* Seas.
I come to Wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his Mind is: Why give him Gold enough, and marry him to a Puppet, or an Aglet Baby, or an old Trot with ne'er a Tooth in her Head, tho' ſhe have as many Diſeaſes as two and fifty Horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo Mony comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in Jeſt,
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a Wife
With Wealth enough, and Young and Beauteous,
Brought up as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerable Curs'd,
And ſhrew'd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my State far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not Gold's Effect;
Tell me her Father's Name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As Thunder, when the Clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her Name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding Tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know her not,
And he knew my deceaſed Father well:
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt Encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the Humour laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think Scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a ſcore Knaves, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rail in his rope Tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, and ſhe ſtand but a little, he will throw a Figure in her Face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more Eyes to ſee withal than a Cat: You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s Houſe my Treaſure is:
He hath the Jewel of my Life in hold,
His youngeſt Daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Sutors to her, and Rivals in my Love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe Defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever *Katharine* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the Curs'd have got a Husband.

Gru. *Katherine* the Curs'd,
A Title for a Maid, of all Titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober Robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a School-maſter.
Well ſeen in Muſick to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this Device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make Love to her,
And unſuſpected Court her by her ſelf.

Enter Gremio *and* Lucentio *diſguiſed.*

Gru. Here's no Knavery! See, to beguile the old Folks, Maſter,
How the young Folks lay their Heads together.
Maſter, look about you: Who comes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, it is the Rival of my Love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the Note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,

All

All Books of Love, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you read no other Lectures to her:
You underſtand me, over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s Liberality,
I'll mend it with a Largeſs. Take your Paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For ſhe is ſweeter than Perfume it ſelf
To whom they go: What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my Patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured;
As firmly as your ſelf were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a Scholar, Sir.
Gre. Oh this Learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcock, what an Aſs it is.
Pet. Peace, Sirra.
Hor. Grumio, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*;
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a School-maſter for the fair *Bianca*,
And by good Fortune I have lighted well
On this young Man: For Learning and Behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in Poetry,
And other Books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine Muſician to inſtruct our Miſtreſs,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in Duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my Deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his Bags ſhall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our Love.
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you News indifferent good for either,
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Upon agreement from us to his Liking,
Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katharine*,
Yea, and to Marry her, if her Dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;
Hortenſio, have you told him all her Faults?

Pet. I know ſhe is an irkſome brawling Scold;
If that be all, Maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, Friend? What Countryman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my Fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good Days, and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh Sir, ſuch a Life with ſuch a Wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a Stomach, to't a God's Name,
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild Cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little Din can daunt mine Ears?
Have I not in my time heard Lions roar?
Have I not heard the Sea, puff'd up with Winds,
Rage like an angry Boar, chafed with Sweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the Field?
And Heav'n's Artillery thunder in the Skies?
Have I not in a pitched Battel heard
Loud Larums, neighing Steeds, and Trumpets Clangue?
And do you tell me of a Woman's Tongue,
That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
As will a Cheſnut in a Farmer's Fire?
Tuſh, tuſh, fear Boys with Bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortenſio, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My Mind preſumes for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be Contributors,
And bear his Charge of wooing whatſoever.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good Dinner.

Enter Tranio *brave, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the Houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*
Bion. He that has the two fair Daughters; is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to——

Tra.

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no Chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio.*
Hor. Sir, a word e'er you go:
Are you a Sutor to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, Sir, is it any Offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the Streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,
That ſhe's the choice Love of Signior *Gremio.*
Hor. That ſhe's the Choſen of Signior *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Softly, my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with Patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown,
And were his Daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more Sutors have, and me for one.
Fair *Læda*'s Daughter had a thouſand Wooers,
Then well may one more fair, *Bianca* have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a Jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s Daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding Tongue,
As is the other for beauteous Majeſty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that Labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides* twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth,
The youngeſt Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her Father keeps from all acceſs of Sutors,
And will not promiſe her to any Man,

Until the elder Siſter firſt be Wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the Man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you break the Ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the Elder, ſet the Younger free,
For our acceſs, whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a Sutor,
You muſt, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack, in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this Afternoon,
And quaff Carouſes to our Miſtreſs's Health,
And do as Adverſaries do in Law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as Friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent Motion: Fellows, let's be gone.
Hor. The Motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *Ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Katharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. Good Siſter, wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a Bondmaid and a Slave of me;
That I diſdain: But for theſe other Goods,
Unbind my Hands, I'll pull them off my ſelf,
Yea, all my Raiment, to my Petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;
So well I know my Duty to my Elders.
Kath. Of all thy Sutors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: See thou diſſemble not.
Bian. Believe me, Siſter, of all the Men alive.
I never yet beheld that ſpecial Face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou lieſt; is it not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him, Siſter, here I ſwear
I'll plead for you my ſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Kath. Oh then belike you fancy Riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay then you jeſt, and now I well perceive

You

You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I prethee, Siſter *Kate*, untie my Hands.

Kath. If that be Jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this Inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor Girl, ſhe weeps:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou Hilding of a deviliſh Spirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her Silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.

Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Exit* Bian.

Kath. What, will you not ſuffer me? Nay, I ſee
She is your Treaſure, ſhe muſt have a Husband,
I muſt Dance bare-foot on her Wedding-day,
And for your Love to her lead Apes in Hell;
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of Revenge. [*Exit* Kath.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the Habit of a mean Man*, Petruchio *with* Hortenſio *like a Muſician*, Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a Lute and Books.*

Gre. Good morrow, Neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow, Neighbour *Gremio:* God ſave you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir: Pray have you not a Daughter call'd *Katharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a Daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her Beauty and her Wit,
Her Affability and baſhful Modeſty,
Her wondrous Qualities, and mild Behaviour,
Am bold to ſhew my ſelf a forward Gueſt
Within your Houſe, to make mine Eye the Witneſs
Of that Report, which I ſo oft have heard.
And for an entrance to my Entertainment, [*Preſenting* Hor.
I do preſent you with a Man of mine,

Cunning in Muſick, and the Mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe Sciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His Name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my Daughter *Katharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my Grief.

Pet. I ſee you do not mean to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my Company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? What may I call your Name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my Name, *Antonio*'s Son,
A Man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: You are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your Tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor Petitioners ſpeak too. *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe
Your wooing, Neighbours. This is a Gift
Very grateful, I am ſure of it: To expreſs
The like kindneſs my ſelf, that have been
More kindly beholding to you than any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholar, that hath
Been long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning [*Preſenting* Luc.
In Greek, Latin, and other Languages,
As the other in Muſick and Mathematicks;
His Name is *Cambio*; pray accept his Service.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio*:
Welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir,
Methinks you walk like a Stranger, [*To* Tranio.
May I be ſo bold, to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the Boldneſs is mine own,
That being a Stranger in this City here,
Do make my ſelf a Sutor to your Daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, Fair and Virtuous:
Nor is your firm Reſolve unknown to me,
In the Preferment of the eldeſt Siſter,
This Liberty is all that I requeſt,

That

That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And toward the Education of your Daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple Inſtrument,
And this ſmall Packet of Greek and Latin Books.
If you accept them, then their Worth is great.

Bap. *Lucentio* is your Name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of *Piſa*, Sir, Son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty Man of *Piſa*; by Report
I know him well: You are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the Lute, and you the ſet of Books,
You ſhall go ſee your Pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirra, lead theſe Gentlemen
To my two Daughters, and then tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them uſe them well.
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to Dinner. You are paſſing Welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think your ſelves.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my Buſineſs asketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You know my Father well, and in him me,
Left ſolely Heir to all his Lands and Goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd,
Then tell me, if I get your Daughter's Love,
What Dowry ſhall I have with her to Wife.

Bap. After my Death, the one half of my Lands,
And in poſſeſſion twenty thouſand Crowns.

Pet. And for that Dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her Widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my Lands and Leaſes whatſoever,
Let Specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That Covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her Love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: For I tell you, Father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
And where two raging Fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their Fury.

Tho' little Fire grows great with little Wind,
Yet extream Guſts will blow out Fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a Babe.
Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy Words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof, as Mountains are for Winds,
That ſhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.
Enter Hortenſio *with his Head broke.*
Bap. How now my Friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my Daughter prove a good Muſician?
Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a Soldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?
Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Luke to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her Frets,
And bow'd her Hand to teach her Fingering,
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh Spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe, I'll Fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the Head,
And through my Inſtrument my Pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute;
While ſhe did call me Raſcal, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty ſuch vile Terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now, by the World, it is a luſty Wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have ſome Chat with her.
Bap. Well go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my younger Daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my Daughter *Kate* to you.
Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her here,
[*Exit* Bap. *Manet* Petruchio.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe Rail, when then I'll tell her plain
She Sings as ſweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that ſhe Frown, I'll ſay ſhe looks as clear

As Morning Roſes newly waſh'd with Dew;
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a Word,
Then I'll commend her Volubility,
And ſay ſhe uttereth piercing Eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a Week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the Day
When I ſhall ask the Banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeak.

Enter Katharina.

Good Morrow *Kate*, for that's your Name I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Katherine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie infaith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the Curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my Super——dainty *Kate*,
For Dainties are all *Kates*; and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my Conſolation,
Hearing thy Mildneſs prais'd in every Town,
Thy Virtues ſpoke of, and thy Beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
My ſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my Wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a Moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a Moveable?

Kath. A join'd Stool.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it; Come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. No ſuch Jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Kath. Too light for ſuch a Swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be! ſhould! buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a Buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhall a Buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a Turtle, as he takes a Buzzard.

Pet

Pet. Come, come you Waſp, I'faith you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my Sting.

Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the Fool could find it where it lyes.

Pet. Who knows not where a Waſp does wear his Sting? In his Tail.

Kath. In his Tongue.

Pet. Whoſe Tongue?

Kath. Yours if you talk of Tales, and ſo farewel.

Pet. What, with my Tongue in your Tail. Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Pet. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.

Kath. So may you loſe your Arms.
If you ſtrike me you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no Arms.

Pet. A Herald, *Kate*? Oh put me in thy Books.

Kath. What is your Creſt, a Coxcomb?

Pet. A combleſs Cock, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kath. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a Craven

Pet. Nay, come *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.

Kath. It is my Faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why here's no Crab, and therefore look not ſower.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kath. Had I a Glaſs I would.

Pet. What, you mean my Face.

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by St. *George* I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you *Kate*. Inſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.

Kath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very Liar,
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in Speech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time Flowers.
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look a ſcance,

Not

Nor bite the Lip, as angry Wenches will,
Nor haſt thou Pleaſure to be croſs in Talk:
But thou with Mildneſs entertain'ſt thy Wooers,
With gentle Conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why doth the World report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous World: *Kate*, like the Hazle Twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as brown in hue
As Hazle Nuts, and ſweeter than the Kernels.
Oh let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Kath. Go Fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a Grove,
As *Kate* this Chamber with her princely Gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.
Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly Speech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my Mother-wit.
Kath. A witty Mother, witleſs elſe her Son.
Pet. Am I not wife?
Kath. Yes, keep you warm.
Pet. Marry ſo I mean, ſweet *Katharine*, in thy Bed;
And therefore ſetting all this Chat aſide,
Thus in plain Terms: Your Father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my Wife; your Dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your turn,
For by this Light, whereby I ſee thy Beauty,
Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no Man but me.
Enter Baptiſta, Gremio *and* Tranio.
For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild Cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other Houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your Father, never make Denial,
I muſt and will have *Katharine* to my Wife.
Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my Daughter?
Pet. How but well, Sir? How but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.
Bap. Why how now Daughter *Katharine*, in your Dumps?

Kath.

Kath. Call you me Daughter? Now I promiſe you
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly Regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half Lunatick,
A madcap Ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with Oaths to face the Matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your ſelf and all the World
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for Policy,
For ſhe's not forward, but modeſt as the Dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the Morn;
For Patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her Chaſtity.
And to conclude, we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding Day.
Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on *Sunday* firſt.
Gre. Hark: *Petruchio*, ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.
Tra. Is this your Speeding? Nay, then good night our part.
Pet. Be patient, Gentlemen, I chuſe her for my ſelf,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in Company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
She hung about my Neck, and kiſs and kiſs
She vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting Oath on Oath,
That in a Twink ſhe won me to her Love.
Oh you are Novices, 'tis a World to ſee
How tame when Men and Women are alone,
A meacock Wretch can make the curſteſt Shrew;
Give me thy Hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy Apparel 'gainſt the Wedding Day;
Provide the Feaſt, Father, and bid the Gueſts.
I will be ſure my *Katharine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give me your Hands,
God ſend you Joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a Match.
Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be Witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen, adieu,
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have Rings, and Things, and fine Array,
And kiſs me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Exit* Petruchio *and* Katharina.

Gre.

Gre. Was ever Match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith, Gentleman, now I play a Merchant's Part,
And venture madly on a deſparate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a Commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you Gain, or periſh on the Seas.
Bap. The Gain I ſeek, is quiet me the Match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet Catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your younger Daughter,
Now is the Day we long have looked for;
I am your Neighbour, and was Suitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than Words can witneſs, or your Thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling, thou canſt not love ſo Dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy Love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'Tis Age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But Youth in Ladies Eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this Strife;
'Tis Deeds muſt win the Prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my Daughter greateſt Dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s Love.
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my Houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with Plate and Gold,
Baſons and Ewers to lave her dainty Hands:
My Hangings all of *Tirian* Tapeſtry;
In Ivory Coffers I have ſtuft my Crowns,
In Cypreſs Cheſts my Arras Counterpoints;
Coſtly Apparel, Tents and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, *Turkey* Cuſhions boſt with Pearl,
Vallens of *Venice* Gold, in Needle-work;
Pewter and Braſs, and all things that belong
To Houſe, or Houſekeeping: Then at my Farm
I have a hundred Milch-kine to the Pail,
Sixſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my Stalls;
And all things anſwerable to this Portion.
My ſelf am ſtuck in Years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to Morrow, this is hers,
If whilſt I live ſhe will be only mine.

Tra.

Tra. That only came well in: Sir, liſt to me;
I am my Father's Heir, and only Son;
If I may have your Daughter to my Wife,
I'll leave her Houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand Ducats by the Year
Of fruitful Land; all which ſhall be her Jointure.
What, have I pincht you, Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Ducats by the Year of Land!
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*
That now is lying in *Marſellies* Road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argoſie*?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my Father hath no leſs
Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two Galliaſſes,
And twelve tight Gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why then the Maid is mine from all the World
By your firm Promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſs your Offer is the beſt;
And let your Father make her the ſame Aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her Dower?
Tra. That's but a Cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young Men die as well as old?
Bap. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus reſolv'd,
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My Daughter *Katharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this Aſſurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good Neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young Gameſter, your Father were a Fool
To give thee all, and in his waining Age
Set Foot under thy Table: tut, a Toy;
An old *Italian* Fox is not ſo kind, my Boy. [*Exit.*

Tra.

Tra. A Vengeance on your crafty withered Hide;
Yet I have fac'd it with a Card of ten:
'Tis in my Head to do my Maſter good;
I ſee no Reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a Father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a Wonder: Fathers commonly
Do get their Children; but in this Caſe of wooing,
A Child ſhall get a Sire, if I fail not of my Cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the Entertainment
Her Siſter *Katharine* welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But wrangling Pedant, this is
The Patroneſs of Heav'nly Harmony;
Then give me leave to have Prerogative;
And when in Muſick we have ſpent an Hour,
Your Lecture ſhall have Leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſs, that never read ſo far,
To know the Cauſe why Muſick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the Mind of Man
After his Studies, or his uſual Pain?
Then give me leave to read Philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerve in your Harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe Braves of thine.
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double Wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my Choice:
I am no breeching Scholar in the Schools;
I'll not be tied to Hour, nor pointed Times,
But learn my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelf;
And to cut off all Strife, here ſit we down,
Take you your Inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done e'er you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave this Lecture when I am in Tune?
Luc. That will be never: Tune your Inſtrument.

Bian.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.*

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, Son unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your Love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my Man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my Port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Panta'oon.

Hor. Madam, my Inſtrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the Treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the Hole, Man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hic* that, *Simois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the Baſe.

Hor. The Baſe is right; 'tis the baſe Knave that jars.

Luc. How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is!
Now for my Life that Knave doth court my Love;
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet:
In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.

Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd ſo from his Grandfather.
I muſt believe my Maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that Doubt;
But let it reſt. Now *Licio* to you:
Good Maſter, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My Leſſons make not Muſick in three Parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Muſician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the Inſtrument,
To learn the Order of my Fingering,
I muſt begin with Rudiments of Art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,

Than

Than hath been taught by any of my Trade;
And there it is in Writing fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my *Gamut* long ago.
Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortenſio.*
Bian. Gamut I am, the Ground of all Accord,
Are, to plead *Hortenſio*'s Paſſion,
Beeme, Bianca, take him for thy Lord,
Cſaut, that loves thee with all Affection,
D ſol re, one Cliff, two Notes have I,
Elami, ſhow Pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut*? Tut, I like it not;
Old Faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice
To change true Rules for old Inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your Father prays you leave your Books,
And help to dreſs your Siſter's Chamber up;
You know to Morrow is the Wedding-Day.
Bian. Farewel, ſweet Maſters both; I muſt be gone. [*Ex.*
Luc. Faith Miſtreſs, then I have no Cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have Cauſe to pry into this Pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy Thoughts, *Bianca,* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring Eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee that liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio,* this is the pointed Day
That *Katharine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our Son-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what Mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this Shame of ours?
Kath. No Shame but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my Hand oppos'd againſt my Heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of Spleen,
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you I, he was a frantick Fool,
Hiding his bitter Jeſts in blunt Behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry Man,

He'll woo a thouſand, point the Day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite yes, and proclaim the Banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the World point at poor *Katharina*,
And ſay, lo there is mad *Petruchio*'s Wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Katharine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my Life *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever Fortune ſtays him from his Word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Kath. Would *Katharine* had never ſeen him tho'.
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, Girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an Injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient Humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, Maſter; old News, and ſuch News as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not News to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming.

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no Sir.

Bap. What then.

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thy old News?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat and an old Jerkin; a Pair of old Breeches thrice turn'd; a Pair of Boots that have been Candle-Caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty Sword ta'en out of the Town-Armory, with a broken Hilt, and Chapeleſs, with two broken Points; his Horſe hip'd with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrops of no Kindred, beſides poſſeſt with the Glanders, and like to moſe in the Chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the Faſhions, full of Windgalls, ſped with Spavins, raied with the Yellows, paſt Cure of the Fives, ſtark ſpoil'd with the Staggers, begnawn with the Bots, waid in the Back, and Shoulder-ſhotten, near leg'd before, and with a half-checkt Bit, and a Headſtall of Sheep's Leather, which being re-

ſtrain'd

ſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with Knots; one Girth ſix times piec'd, and a Woman's Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters for her Name, fairly ſet down in Studs, and here and there piec'd with Packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh Sir, his Lackey, for all the World compariſon'd like the Horſe, with a linnen Stock on one Leg, and a kerſey Boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue Liſt, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prickt up in't for a Feather: A Monſter, a very Monſter in Apparel, and not like a Chriſtian Foot-boy, or Gentleman's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd Humour pricks him to this Faſhion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean Apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay his Horſe comes with him on his Back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a Penny, a Horſe and a Man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe Gallants? who's at Home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well Apparell'd as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you frown,
And wherefore gaze this goodly Company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous Monument,
Some Comet, or unuſual Prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your Wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this Habit, ſhame to your Eſtate,
An Eye-ſore to our ſolemn Feſtival.

Tra. And tell us what Occaſion of Import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your Wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike your ſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my Word,
Tho' in ſome Part enforced to digreſs,
Which at more Leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her;
The Morning wears; 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe unreverent Robes;
Go to my Chamber, put on Cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with Words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my Clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor Accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelf.
But what a Fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good Morrow to my Bride,
And ſeal the Title with a lovely Kiſs? [*Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome Meaning in his mad Attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better e'er he go to Church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the Event of this. [*Exit.*
Tra. But, Sir, Love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to paſs,
As before I imparted to your Worſhip,
I am to get a Man; what e'er he be
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our Turn,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make Aſſurance here in *Padua*,
Of greater Sums than I have promiſed;
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your Hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with Conſent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow School-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s Steps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to ſteal our Marriage;

Which

Which once perform'd, let all the World ſay no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the World.
Tra. That by Degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our Vantage in this Buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the Gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my Maſter's ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from School.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A Bridegroom ſay you? 'Tis a Groom indeed,
A grumbling Groom, and that the Girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why he's a Devil, a Devil, a very Fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a Devil, a Devil, the Devil's Dam.
Gra. Tut, ſhe's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the Prieſt
Should ask if *Katharine* ſhould be his Wife?
Ay, by Gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the Book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a Cuff,
That down fell Prieſt and Book, and Book and Prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What, ſaid the Wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many Ceremonies done,
He calls for Wine: A Health, quoth he; as if
He had been Aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a Storm; quaft off the Muſcadel,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;
Having no other Reaſon, but that his Beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to ask
His Sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the Neck, and kiſt her Lips
With ſuch a clamorous Smack, that at the Parting
All the Church did Eccho; and I ſeeing this,

Came thence for very Shame; and after me
I know the Rout is coming: Such a mad Marriage
Never was before. Hark, hark, I hear the Minſtrels play.
[*Muſick plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortenſio *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains:
I know you think to dine with me to Day,
And have prepar'd great Store of wedding Cheer;
But ſo it is, my Haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my Leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to Night?

Pet. I muſt away to Day, before Night come:
Make it no Wonder; if you knew my Buſineſs,
You would intreat me rather go than ſtay.
And honeſt Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous Wife:
Dine with my Father, drink a Health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after Dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall intreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my Horſe.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the Oats have eaten the Horſes.

Kath. Nay then
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to Day;
No, nor to Morrow, not 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The Door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging whiles your Boots are green,
For me, I'll not be gone 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly Groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O *Kate*, content thee; prethee be not angry.

Kath.

Kath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my Leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal-dinner.
I ſee a Woman may be made a Fool,
If ſhe had not a Spirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy Command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the Feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full Meaſure to her Maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be Maſter of what is mine own;
She is my Goods, my Chattels, ſhe is my Houſe,
My Houſhold Stuff, my Field, my Barn,
My Horſe, my Ox, my Aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare;
I'll bring my Action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy Weapon; we are beſet with Thieves;
Reſcue thy Miſtreſs if thou be a Man:
Fear not, ſweet Wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a Million. [*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Kath.
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with Laughing.
Tra. Of all mad Matches, never was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your Opinion of your Siſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the Places at the Table;
You know there wants no Junkets at the Feaſt: *Lucentio*,
You ſhall ſupply the Bridegroom's Place,
And let *Bianca* take her Siſter's room.
Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to Bride it?
Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio*: Come, Gentlemen, let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Maſters, and all foul ways: Was ever Man ſo beaten? was ever Man ſo raide? was ever Man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a Fire, and they are coming after to warm them: Now were I not a little Pot, and ſoon hot, my very Lips might freeze to my Teeth, my Tongue to the Roof of my Mouth, my Heart in my Belly, e'er I ſhould come by a Fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the Fire ſhall warm my ſelf; for conſidering the Weather, a taller Man than I will take cold: Holla, holla, *Curtis*!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A Piece of Ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my Shoulder to my Heel, with no greater a run but my Head and my Neck. A Fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my Maſter and his Wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore Fire, Fire, caſt on no Water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this Froſt; but thou know'ſt Winter tames Man, Woman and Beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old Maſter, and my new Miſtreſs, and my ſelf, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd Fool; I am no Beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three Inches? why thy Horn is a Foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a Fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our Miſtreſs, whoſe Hand, ſhe being now at Hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold Comfort, being ſlow in thy hot Office.

Curt. I prethee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the World?

Gru. A cold World, *Curtis*, in every Office but thine; and therefore Fire: Do thy Duty, and have thy Duty; for my Maſter and Miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to Death.

Curt. There's Fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the News.

Gru. Why, *Jack* Boy, ho Boy, and as much News as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of Conycatching.

Gru. Why therefore Fire; for I have caught extream cold.

Where's

Where's the Cook? is Supper ready, the Houſe trimm'd, Ruſhes ſtrew'd, Cobwebs ſwept, the Serving-men in their new Fuſtian, their white Stockings, and every Officer his wedding Garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: And therefore I pray thee what News?

Gru. Firſt, know my Horſe is tired, my Maſter and Miſtreſs fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their Saddles into the Dirt; and thereby hangs a Tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine Ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Cur. This 'tis to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible Tale: and this Cuff was but to knock at your Ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul Hill, my Maſter riding behind my Miſtreſs.

Cur. Both on one Horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a Horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the Tale. But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her Horſe fell, and ſhe under her Horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the Horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her Horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the Dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the Horſes ran away, how her Bridle was burſt, how I loſt my Crupper; with many things of worthy Memory, which now ſhall die in Oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to the Grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more Shrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugerſop,* and the reſt: Let their Heads be ſlickly comb'd, their blue Coats bruſh'd, and their Garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtſie with their left Legs, and not preſume to touch

a hair

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders Choler, planteth Anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did faſt,
Since of our ſelves, our ſelves are Choleriek,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roſted Fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this Night we'll faſt for Company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. *Peter*, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own Humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Cur. In her Chamber, making a Sermon of Continency to her, and rails, and ſwears, and rates, and ſhe, poor Soul, knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak, and ſits as one new riſen from a Dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my Reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My Faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And 'till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her Lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no Meat to day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhall not:
As with the Meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the Bed.
And here I'll fling the Pillow, there the Bolſter,
This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets;
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneſs,

And

And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong Humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis Charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible, Friend *Licio*, that Miſtreſs *Bianca* Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?
I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, Miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Maſter read you firſt, reſolve me that?

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, Maſter of your Art.

Luc. While you, ſweet Dear, prove Miſtreſs of my Heart.

Hor. Quick Proceeders marry; now tell me I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your Miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the World ſo well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh deſpightful Love, unconſtant Womankind; I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a Muſician, as I ſeem to be,
But one that ſcorn to live in this Diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire Affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine Eyes are witneſs of her Lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her Love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiſs and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
As one unworthy all the former Favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned Oath,
Never to marry with her, tho' ſhe would entreat.
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would all the World but he had quite forſworn.
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine Oath,
I will be Married to a wealthy Widow,

E'er three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful Haggard.
And ſo farewel, Signior *Lucentio.*
Kindneſs in Women, not their beauteous Looks,
Shall win my Love; and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca,* bleſs you with ſuch Grace,
As longeth to a Lover's bleſſed Caſe:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forſworn you with *Hortenſio.*

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt: But have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio.*

Tra. I'faith he'll have a luſty Widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God-give him Joy.

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He ſays ſo, *Tranio.*

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming School.

Bian. The taming School: What is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, Miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the Maſter,
That teacheth Tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering Tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, Maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,
That I am Dog-weary; but at laſt I 'ſpied
An ancient Angel coming down the Hill
Will ſerve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*

Bion. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a Pedant;
I know not what; but formal in Apparel;
In Gate and Countenance ſurly, like a Father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my Tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio,*
And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola,*
As if he were the right *Vincentio:*
Take me your Love, and then let me alone. [*Ex.* Luc. & Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt? Ped.

P. 719

Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a Week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me Life.
Tra. What Countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir; marry God forbid;
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your Life?
Ped. My Life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis Death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the Cauſe?
Your Ships are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
For private Quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have Bills for Mony by Exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you Courteſie,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you;
Firſt tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa*?
Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
Piſa renowned for grave Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A Merchant of incomparable Wealth.
Tra. He is my Father, Sir; and ſooth to ſay,
In Count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
Bion. As much as an Apple doth an Oyſter, and all one.
[*Aſide.*
Tra. To ſave your Life in this Extremity,
This Favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your Fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:
His Name and Credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my Houſe you ſhall be friendly Lodg'd;
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: So ſhall you ſtay
'Till you have done your Buſineſs in the City.
If this be Court'ſie, Sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The Patron of my Life and Liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My Father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a Dowry in Marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s Daughter here:
In all theſe Circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Katharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. NO, no, Forſooth, I dare not for my Life.
Kath. The more my Wrong; the more his Spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars that come unto my Father's Door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent Alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with preſent Charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed, that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for Meat, giddy for lack of Sleep;
With Oaths kept waking, and with Brawling fed;
And that which ſpights me more than all theſe Wants,
He does it under name of perfect Love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly Sickneſs, or elſe preſent Death:
I prethee go, and get me ſome Repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholſome Food.
Gru. What ſay you to a Neat's Foot?
Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I prethee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too Phlegmatick a Meat:
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it is Cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of Beef and Muſtard?
Kath. A Diſh that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then the Beef, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not; you ſhall have the Muſtard,
Or elſe you get no Beef of *Grumio*.
Kath.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the Beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding Slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of Meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my Miſery.
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio *with Meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate*? What, Sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy Spirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here Love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy Meat my ſelf, and bring it thee:
I am ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this Kindneſs merits Thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my Pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here take away the Diſh.
Kath. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt Service is repaid with Thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the Meat.
Kath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are too blame:
Come, Miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you Company.
Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me,
Much good do it unto thy gentle Heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now my honey Love,
Will we return unto thy Father's Houſe,
And Revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken Coats, and Caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs, and Cuffs, and Fardingals, and things:
With Scarfs, and Fans, and double change of Brav'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beads and all this Knav'ry.
What, haſt thou Din'd? The Taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy Body with his ruffling Treaſure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us ſee theſe Ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the Gown. What News with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the Cap your Worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a Porrenger,
A Velvet Diſh; Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy;
Why 'tis a Cockle or a Wallnut-ſhell,
A Knack, a Toy, a Trick, a Baby's Cap:
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen wear ſuch Caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſte.
Kath. Why, Sir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no Child, no Babe,
Your Betters have endur'd me, ſay my mind;
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your Ears.
My Tongue will tell the Anger of my Heart,
Or elſe my Heart concealing it will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry Cap,
A cuſtard Coffin, a Bauble, a ſilken Pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy Gown, why ay; come, Taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy God, what maſking Stuff is here?
What? this a Sleeve? 'tis like a Demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an Apple Tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a Barber's Shop:
Why what a Devil's name, Taylor, call'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhe's like to have neither Cap nor Gown.
Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the Faſhion and the Time.
Pet. Marry and did: But if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marr it to the Time.
Go hop me over every Kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my Cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
Kath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd Gown,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a Puppet of me.

Pet.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays your Worſhip means to make a Puppet of her.

Pet. Oh moſt monſtrous Arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou Thread, thou Thimble,
Thou Yard, three Quarters, half Yard, Quarter, Nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter Cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own Houſe with a Skein of Thread!
Away, thou Rag, thou Quantity, thou Remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy Yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whil'ſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her Gown.

Tay. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the Gown is made
Juſt as my Maſter had direction.
Grumio gave Order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with Needle and Thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it Cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: Thou haſt brav'd many Men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy Maſter cut out the Gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou lieſt.

Tay. Why here is the Note of the Faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The Note lies in's Throat if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a looſe-bodied Gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied Gown, ſow me in the Skirts of it, and beat me to Death with a Bottom of brown Thread: I ſaid a Gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt Cape.

Gru. I confeſs the Cape.

Tay. With a trunk Sleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two Sleeves.

Tay. The Sleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay there's the Villany.

Gru. Error i'th' Bill, Sir, Error i'th' Bill: I commanded the Sleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again, and that I'll

I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little Finger be armed in a Thimble.

Tay. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the Bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the Gown is not for me.

Gru. You are 'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my Miſtreſs.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy Maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy Life: Take up my Miſtreſs's Gown for thy Maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your Conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the Conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my Miſtreſs's Gown unto his Maſter's uſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the Taylor paid. [*Aſide.*
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy Gown to morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty Words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy Maſter. [*Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your Father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments:
Our Purſes ſhall be proud, our Garments poor;
For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich.
And as the Sun breaks through the darkeſt Clouds,
So Honour peereth in the meaneſt Habit.
What is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Becauſe his Feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eel,
Becauſe his painted Skin contents the Eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor Furniture, and mean Array.
If thou account'ſt it Shame, lay it on me,
And therefore Frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To Feaſt and Sport us at thy Father's Houſe.
Go call my Men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our Horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on Foot.
Let's ſee, I think 'tis now ſome ſeven a Clock,
And well we may come there by Dinner time.

Kath.

Kath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be Supper-time e'er you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven e'er I go to Horſe:
Look what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and e'er I do,
It ſhall be what a Clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo: This Gallant will command the Sun.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Kath. *and* Hor.

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the Houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. Ay what elſe, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty Years ago in *Genoa.*
Tra. Where we were Lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*:
'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch Auſterity as longeth to a Father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your Boy;
'Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; Sirrah *Biondello,*
Now do your Duty throughly I adviſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy Errand to *Baptiſta?*
Bion. I told him that your Father was in *Venice,*
And that you look'd for him in *Padua.*
Tra. That's a tall Fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your Countenance, Sir.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta,* you are happily met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.
Ped. Soft, Son. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome Debts, my Son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty Cauſe
Of Love between your Daughter and himſelf:
And for the good Report I hear of you,

And for the Love he beareth to your Daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good Father's care
To have him match'd, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome Agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay,
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well:
Right true it is, your Son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my Daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their Affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And paſs my Daughter a ſufficient Dowry,
The Match is made, and all is done,
Your Son ſhall have my Daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir, where then do you know beſt
We be affied, and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either Parts Agreement ſtand.

Bap. Not in my Houſe, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants;
Beſides old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill,
And haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my Lodging, and it like you, Sir;
There doth my Father lye; and there this Night
We'll paſs the Buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your Daughter by your Servant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to have a thin and ſlender Pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.
Cambio, hie you home, and bid *Biunca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s Wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may with all my Heart, [*Exit.*

Tra.

Tra. Daily not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome, one Meſs is like to be your Cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You ſaw my Maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but 'has left me here behind to expound the Meaning or Moral of his Signs and Tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitful Son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the Supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke*'s Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counterfeit Aſſurance; take you Aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum ſolùm*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clark, and ſome ſufficient honeſt Witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a Wench married in an Afternoon as ſhe went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuff a Rabbit, and ſo may you, Sir: And ſo adieu, Sir; my Maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke*'s, to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your Appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould we doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more towards our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon.

Kath. The Moon! the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I ſay it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Kath. I know it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's Son, and that's my ſelf,
It ſhall be Moon, or Star, or what I liſt,
Or e'er I journey to your Father's Houſe:
Go on, and fetch our Horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt.

Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe;
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet. I ſay it is the Moon.

Kath. I know it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay then you lie; it is the bleſſed Sun.

Kath. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun,
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the Moon changes even as your Mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be, ſo, for *Katherine.*

Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the Bowl ſhould run;
And not unluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft, Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle Miſtreſs, where away? [*To* Vin.
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such war of white and red within her Cheeks:
What Stars do ſpangle Heav'n with ſuch Beauty,
As thoſe two Eyes become that heav'nly Face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her Beauties ſake.

Hor. He will make the Man mad to make a Woman of him,

Kath.

Kath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy Aboad?
Happy the Parents of ſo fair a Child;
Happier the Man whom favourable Stars
Allots thee for his lovely Bedfellow.

Pet. Why how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a Man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old Father, my miſtaken Eyes,
That have been ſo bedazled with the Sun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandſir, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy Company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange Encounter much amaz'd me:
My Name is call'd *Vincentio*, my Dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A Son of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his Name?

Vin. Lucentio, Gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy Son;
And now by Law, as well as reverent Age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father;
The Siſter of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good Eſteem,
Her Dowry wealthy, and of worthy Birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt Son,
Who will of thy Arrival be full Joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your Pleaſure,
Like pleaſant Travellers to break a Jeſt
Upon the Company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee Father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee thee Truth hereof.
For our firſt Merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*

He

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in Heart.
Have to my Widow, and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one Side.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, Sir, for the Prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee at Home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, Faith, I'll ſee the Church a your Back, and then come back to my Miſtreſs as ſoon as I can. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the Door, this is *Lucentio*'s Houſe,
My Father's bears more toward the Market-Place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all Likelihood ſome Cheer is toward. [*Knock.*

Gre. They're buſie within, you were beſt knock louder.
[Pedant *looks out of the Window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the Gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a Man bring him a hundred Pound or two to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred Pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your Son was belov'd in *Padua*; do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous Circumſtances; I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the Door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt, his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the Window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his Mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why how now, Gentleman! why this is flat Knavery to take upon you another Man's Name.

Ped.

Ped. Lay Hands on the Villain, I believe he means to cozen ſome Body in this City under my Countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the Church together, God ſend 'em good Shipping: But who is here? Mine old Maſter *Vincentio*? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, Crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither you Rogue, what have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you, no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my Life.

Vin. What, you notorious Villain, did'ſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old Maſter? Yes, marry Sir, ſee where he looks out of the Window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a Mad-man will murther me.

Ped. Help, Son, help Signior *Baptiſta*.

Pet. Preethee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the End of this Controverſie.

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my Servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? Oh Immortal Gods! Oh fine Villain, a ſilken Doublet, a velvet Hoſe, a ſcarlet Cloak, and a copatain Hat: Oh I am undone, I am undone; while I play the good Husband at Home, my Son and my Servants ſpend all at the Univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the Matter?

Bap. What, is this Man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your Habit; but your Words ſhew you a Mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearl and Gold; I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! Oh Villain, he is a Sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray what do you think is his Name?

Vin. His Name, as if I knew not his Name: I have brought

brought him up ever ſince he was three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away mad Aſs, his Name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only Son, and Heir to the Lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! Oh he hath murthered his Maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's Name; oh my Son, my Son; tell me, thou Villain, where is my Son *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad Knave to the Goal; Father, *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to Goal?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he ſhall not go to Priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*; I ſay he ſhall go to Priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be Conycatch'd in this Buſineſs; I dare ſwear this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the Dotard, to Goal with him.

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus Strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monſtrous Villain.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exit* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant *as faſt as may be.*

Luc. Pardon, ſweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet Son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended; where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio.*
That have by Marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit Suppoſes bleer'd thine Eyn.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this Matter ſo?

Bap.

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe Miracles. *Bianca*'s Love
Made me exchange my State with *Tranio,*
While he did bear my Countenance in the Town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed Haven of my Bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet Father, for my Sake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the Villain's Noſe that would have ſent me to the Goal.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you marry'd my Daughter without asking my good Will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta,* we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be reveng'd on this Vallain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the Depth of this Knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca,* thy Father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My Cake is Dough, but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of Hope of all, but my Share of the Feaſt. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband let's follow, to ſee the End of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate,* and we will.

Kath. What, in the midſt of the Street?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why then let's Home again: Come, Sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a Kiſs; now pray thee Love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my ſweet *Kate;*
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio. Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharina, Grumio, Hortenſio *and Widow.* Tranio's *Servants bringing in a Banquet.*

Luc. AT laſt, tho' long, our jarring Notes agree,
And time it is when raging War is done,
To ſmile at 'Scapes and Perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame Kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Siſter *Katharine*,
And thou *Hortenſio* with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my Houſe,
My Banquet is to cloſe our Stomachs up
After our great good Cheer: Pray you ſit down,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this Kindneſs, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our Sakes I would that Word were true.

Pet. Now for my Life *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.

Hor. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my Senſe: I mean *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My Widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her Tale.

Pet. Very well mended, kiſs him for that, good Widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round—— I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſure's my Husband's Sorrow by his Woe;
And now you know my Meaning.

Kath.

Kath. A very mean Meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate.*
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred Marks, my *Kate* do put her down.
Hor. That's my Office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha, to thee Lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortenſio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted Folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and but, an haſty-witted Body
Would ſay, your Head and But were Head and Horn.
Vin. Ay, Miſtreſs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better Jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to ſhift my Buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all [*Exit* Bianca, Kath. *and Widow*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio*,
This Bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,
Therefore a Health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his Maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift Simile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your ſelf:
'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a Bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that Gird, good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the Jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now in good Sadneſs, Son *Petruchio*,
I think thou haſt the verieſt Shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay no; and therefore for Aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his Wife,
And he whoſe Wife is moſt obedient,

To

To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the Wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content, what's the Wager?
Luc. Twenty Crowns.
Pet. Twenty Crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my Hawk or Hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, *Biondello*, bid your Miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my ſelf.
Enter Biondello.
How now, what News?
Bion. Sir, my Miſtreſs ſends you Word
That ſhe is buſie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſie, and cannot come: Is that an Anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your Wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my Wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.
Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then ſhe muſt needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my Wife?
Bion. She ſays you have ſome goodly Jeſt in Hand,
She will not come: She bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vild, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your Miſtreſs,
Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit.* Gru.
Hor. I know her Anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.

Pet.

Pet. The fouler Fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my Hollidam, here comes *Katharine.*

Kath. What is your Will, Sir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your Siſter, and *Hortenſio*'s Wife?

Kath. They ſit conferring by the Parlour Fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their Husbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight. [*Exit* Kath.

Luc. Here is a Wonder, if you talk of a Wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marry, Peace it boads, and Love, and quiet Life,
An awful Rule and right Supremacy:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*;
The Wager thou haſt won, and I will add
Unto their Loſſes twenty thouſand Crowns,
Another Dowry to another Daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my Wager better yet,
And ſhow more Sign of her Obedience,
Her new-built Virtue and Obedience.

Enter Katharina, Bianca *and Widow.*

See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward Wives
As Priſoners to her womanly Perſuaſion:
Katharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that Bauble, and throw it underfoot.

[*She pulls off her Cap and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a Cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.

Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh Duty call you this?

Luc. I would your Duty were as fooliſh too:
The Wiſdom of your Duty, fair *Bianca*,
Hath coſt me an hundred Crowns ſince Supper-time.

Bian. The more Fool you for laying on my Duty.

Pet. *Katharine*, I charge thee tell theſe headſtrong Women, what Duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkind Brow,
And dart not ſcornful Glances from thoſe Eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy Beauty, as Froſts bite the Meads,
Confounds thy Fame, as Whirlwinds ſhake fair Buds,
And in no Senſe is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a Fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill ſeeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch one Drop of it.
Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Soveraign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy Maintenance: Commits his Body
To painful Labour, both by Sea and Land;
To watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,
Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other Tribute at thy Hands,
But Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience;
Too little Payment for ſo great a Debt.
Such Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a Woman oweth to her Husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt Will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceleſs Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am aſham'd that Women are ſo ſimple,
To offer War where they ſhould kneel for Peace,
Or ſeek for Rule, Supremacy, and Sway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our Bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the World,
But that our ſoft Conditions, and our Hearts,
Should well agree with our external Parts?
Come, come, you'ar froward and unable Worms,
My Mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My Heart is great, my Reaſon haply more,
To bandy Word for Word, and Frown for Frown;
But now I ſee our Launces are but Straws,

Our Strength is weak, our Weakneſs paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are:
Then vale your Stomachs, for it is no Boot,
And place your Hands below your Husband's Foot:
In token of which Duty, if he pleaſe,
My Hand is ready, may it do him Eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a Wench: Come on, and kiſs me *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old Lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good Hearing when Children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh Hearing when Women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to Bed,
We two are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the Wager, tho' you hit the White,
And being a Winner, God give you good Night.

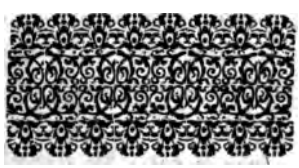
[*Exit* Petruchio *and* Kath.

Hor. Now go thy Ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a Wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

ALL's WELL
THAT
ENDS WELL.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING *of* France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Roſſilion.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a Paraſitical Follower of* Bertram, *a Coward, but Vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.*
Several Young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *War.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Roſſilion.
Clown, }
Counteſs of Roſſilion, *Mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *Daughter to* Gerrard de Narbon, *a famous Phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, *Daughter to the Widow.*
Violenta, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*
Mariana, }
Lords attending on the King. Officers, Soldiers, &c.

The SCENE *lyes partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

All's well that Ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bertram, *the Counteſs of* Roſſilion, Helena, *and* Laſeu *in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my Son from me, I bury a ſecond Husband.

Ber. And in going, Madam, I weep o'er my Father's Death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's Command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in Subjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a Husband, Madam; you, Sir, a Father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his Virtue to you, whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up were it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe Practices he hath perſecuted Time with Hope, and finds no other advantage in the Proceſs, but only the loſing of Hope by Time.

Count. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! How ſad a Paſſage 'tis! whoſe Skill was almoſt as great as his Honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made Nature immortal, and Death ſhould have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's ſake, he were living, I think it would be the Death of the King's Diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the Man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his Profeſſion, and it was his great Right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was Excellent indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly and mourningly: He was skilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if Knowledge could be ſet up againſt Mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole Child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her Education promiſes her Diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair Gifts fairer; for where an unclean Mind carries virtuous Qualities, there Commendations go with Pity, they are Virtues and Traytors too: In her they are the better for their Simpleneſs, ſhe derives her Honeſty, and atchieves her Goodneſs.

Laf. Your Commendations, Madam, get from her Tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt Brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her Praiſe in. The remembrance of her Father never approaches her Heart, but the Tyranny of her Sorrows takes all livelihood from her Cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, leſt it be rather thought you affect a Sorrow, than to have——

Hel. I do affect a Sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate Lamentations is the Right of the Dead, exceſſive Grief the Enemy to the Living.

Count. If the Living be Enemy to the Grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy Wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy Father
In Manners as in Shape: Thy Blood and Virtue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy Goodneſs
Share with thy Birth-right. Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: Be able for thine Enemy
Rather in Power than Uſe; and keep thy Friend
Under thy own Life's Key: Be check'd for Silence,
But never tax'd for Speech. What Heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my Prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy Head. Farewel, my Lord,

'Tis

'Tis an unſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his Love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him. Farewel, *Bertram.* [*Exit Count.*

Ber. [to *Hel.*] The beſt Wiſhes that can be forg'd in your Thoughts, be Servants to you: Be comfortable to my Mother, your Miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you muſt hold the Credit of your Father. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Laf.

Hel. Oh were that all——I think not on my Father,
And theſe great Tears grace his Remembrance more
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My Imagination
Carries no Favour in't, but *Bertram*'s.
I am undone, there is no Living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one
That I ſhould love a bright particular Star,
And think to wed it; he is ſo Above me:
In his bright Radiance and Collateral Light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his Sphere.
Th' Ambition in my Love thus plagues it ſelf;
The Hind, that would be mated by the Lion,
Muſt dye for Love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a Plague,
To ſee him ev'ry Hour, to ſit and draw
His arched Brows, his hawking Eye, his Curls
In our Heart's Table: Heart too capable
Of every Line and Trick of his ſweet Favour.
But now he is gone, and my idolatrous Fancy
Muſt ſanctifie his Relick. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way Fool, ſolely a Coward;
Yet theſe fix'd Evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtues ſteely Bones
Look bleak i'th' cold Wind; withal, full oft we ſee
Cold Wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous Folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on Virginity?

Hel. Ay: You have ſome ſtain of Soldier in you; let me ask you a Queſtion. Man is Enemy to Virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails, and our Virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: Unfold us ſome warlike Reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor Virginity from Underminers, and Blowers up. Is there no military Policy how Virgins might blow up Men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, Man will quicklier be blown up: Marry in blowing him down again, with the Breach your ſelves made, you loſe your City. It is not Politick, in the Commonwealth of Nature, to preſerve Virginity. Loſs of Virginity, is rational Encreaſe, and there was never Virgin got, 'till Virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is Metal to make Virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: By being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a Companion; away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the Rule of Nature. To ſpeak on the part of Virginity, is to accuſe your Mother; which is moſt infallible Diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf is a Virgin: Virginity murthers it ſelf, and ſhould be buried in High-ways out of all ſanctified Limit, as a deſperate Offendreſs againſt Nature. Virginity breeds Mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelf to the very Paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own Stomach. Beſides, Virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhabited Sin in the Canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but looſe by't. Out with't; within ten Years it will make it ſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the Principal it ſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a Commodity will loſe the Gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old Courtier, wears her Cap out of Faſhion, richly ſuted, but unſutable, juſt like the Brooch and the Toothpick, which we wear not now: Your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, than in your Cheek; and your Virginity, your old Virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd Pears; it looks ill, it eats drily, marry 'tis a wither'd Pear: It was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd Pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my Virginity yet.
There ſhall your Maſter have a thouſand Loves,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſs, and a Friend,
A Phœnix, Captain, and an Enemy,
A Guide, a Goddeſs, and a Sovereign,
A Counſeller, a Traitreſs, and a Dear;
His humbleſt Ambition, proud Humility,
His jarring Concord, and his diſcord Dulcet,
His Faith, his ſweet Diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious Chriſtendoms
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not what he ſhall—— God ſend him well——
The Court's a learning Place—— and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well——'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a Body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer born,
Whoſe baſer Stars do ſhut them up in Wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our Friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us Thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Helen* farewel, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable Star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The Waters have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was Predominant.

Hel. When he was Retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you Fight.

Par. That's for Advantage.

Hel. So is Running away,
When Fear propoſes Safety:
But the Compoſition that your Valour and Fear makes in you, is a Virtue of a good Wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of Buſineſs, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect Courtier, in the which my Inſtruction ſhall ſerve to Naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of the Courtiers Counſel, and underſtand what Advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine Unthankfulneſs, and thine Ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy Prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends; get thee a good Husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: So farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our Remedies oft in our ſelves do lye,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n: The fated Sky
Gives us free Scope, only doth backward pull
Our ſlow Deſigns, when we our ſelves are dull.
What Power is it, which mounts my Love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine Eye?
The mightieſt Space in Fortune, Nature brings
To join like Likes, and kiſs like native Things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange Attempts to thoſe
That weigh their Pains in Senſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her Merit, that did miſs her Love?
The King's Diſeaſe——My Project may deceive me,
But my Intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

Flouriſh

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with Letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' Ears,
Have fought with equal Fortune, and continue
A braving War.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A Certainty vouch'd from our Couſin *Auſtria*,
With Caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy Aid; wherein our deareſt Friend
Prejudicates the Buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make Denial.

1 *Lord.* His Love and Wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt Credence.

King. He hath arm'd our Anſwer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* Service, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A Nurſery to our Gentry, who are ſick
For Breathing and Exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count *Roſſillion*, my good Lord, young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy Father's Face,
Frank Nature rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Father's moral Parts
Maiſt thou inherit too. Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My Thanks and Duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal Soundneſs now,
As when thy Father and my ſelf in Friendſhip,
Firſt try'd our Soldierſhip: He did look far
Into the Service of the Time, and was
Diſciplined of the braveſt. He laſted long,
But on us both did haggiſh Age ſteal on,
And wore us out of Act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good Father; in his Youth

He had the Wit, which I can well obſerve
To Day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt
'Till their own Scorn return to them unnoted,
E'er they can hide their Levity in Honour:
So like a Courtier, no Contempt nor Bitterneſs
Were in his Pride, or Sharpneſs; if they were,
His Equal had awak'd them, and his Honour
Clock to it ſelf, knew the true Minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His Tongue obey'd his Hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as Creatures of another Place,
And bow'd his eminent Top to their low Ranks,
Making them proud of his Humility,
In their poor Praiſe he humbled: Such a Man
Might be a Copy to theſe younger Times;
Which follow'd well, would demonſtrate them now,
But Goers backward.

Ber. His good Remembrance, Sir,
Lyes richer in your Thoughts, than on his Tomb:
So in Approof lives not his Epitaph,
As in your Royal Speech.

King. Would I were with him; he would always ſay,
(Methinks I hear him now) his plauſive Words
He ſcatter'd not in Ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear; let me not live,
(This his good Melancholly oft began
On the Cataſtrophe and Heel of Paſtime
When it was out) Let me not live, quoth he,
After my Flame lacks Oil, to be the Snuff
Of younger Spirits, whoſe apprehenſive Senſes
All but new Things diſdain; whoſe Judgments are
Meer Fathers of their Garments; whoſe Conſtancies
Expire before their Faſhions: This he wiſh'd.
I after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I, nor Wax, nor Honey can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my Hive,
To give ſome Labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir,
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack your firſt.

King. I fill a Place I know't; how long is't, Count,

Since

Since the Phyſician at your Father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix Months ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an Arm; the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral Applications; Nature and Sickneſs
Debate it at their Leiſure. Welcome, Count,
My Son's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to your Majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear, what ſay you of this Gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the Care I have had to even your Content, I wiſh might be found in the Calender of my paſt Endeavours, for then we wound our Modeſty, and make foul the Clearneſs of our Deſervings, when of our ſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What do's this Knave here? Get you gone, Sirrah; the Complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my Slowneſs that I do not, for I know you lack not Folly to commit them, and have Ability enough to make ſuch Knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor Fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam,
'Tis not ſo well that I am poor, though many of the Rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladyſhip's good Will to go to the World, *Isbel* the Woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a Beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this Caſe.

Count. What Caſe?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s Caſe and mine own; Service is no Heritage, and I think I ſhall never have the Bleſſing of God, 'till I have Iſſue a my Body, for they ſay Barns are Bleſſings.

Count. Tell me the Reaſon why thou wilt marry?

Clo. My poor Body, Madam, requires it, I am driven on by the Fleſh, and he muſt needs go that the Devil drives.

Count.

Count. Is this all your Worſhip's Reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy Reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the World know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked Creature, as you and all Fleſh and Blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy Marriage ſooner than thy Wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of Friends, Madam, and I hope to have Friends for my Wife's Sake.

Count. Such Friends are thine Enemies, Knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam, in great Friends, for the Knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that ears my Land, ſpares my Team, and gives me leave to in the Crop; if I be his Cuckold, he's my Drudge; he that comforts my Wife, is the Cheriſher of my Fleſh and Blood; he that cheriſheth my Fleſh and Blood, loves my Fleſh and Blood; he that loves my Fleſh and Blood is my Friend: *Ergo*, he that kiſſes my Wife is my Friend. If Men could be content to be what they are, there were no fear in Marriage, for young *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, howſome'er their Hearts are ſever'd in Religion, their Heads are both one, they may joul Horns together like any Deer i'th' Herd.

Count. Thou wilt ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious Knave.

Clo. A Prophet, I Madam, and I ſpeak the Truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeat, which Men full true ſhall find, your Marriage comes by Deſtiny, your Cuckow ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my Gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Hellen* I mean.

Clo. Was this fair Face the Cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy?*
Fond done, done fond, was this King *Priam*'s Joy?
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*,
And gave this Sentence then; among nine bad if one be good, *among nine* bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Count.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the Song, Sirrah.

Clo. One good Woman in ten, Madam, which is the purifying a th' Song: Would God would ſerve the World ſo all the Year, we'd find no Fault with the Tithe Woman if I were the Parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! and we might have a good Woman born but o'er every blazing Star, or at an Earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottery well; a Man may pray his Heart out e'er a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir Knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That Man that ſhould be at a Woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' Honeſty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the Surplis of Humility over the black Gown of a big Heart: I am going, Forſooth, the Buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith I do; her Father bequeath'd her to me, and ſhe her ſelf, without other Advantages, may lawfully make Title to as much Love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to her ſelf, her own Words to her own Ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any Stranger Senſe. Her Matter was, ſhe lov'd your Son; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs, that had put ſuch Difference betwixt their two Eſtates; Love no God, that would not extend his Might, only where Qualities were level: Complain'd againſt the Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpris'd without Reſcue in the firſt Aſſault or Ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter Touch of Sorrow that e'er I heard Virgin exclaim in, which I held it my Duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence in the Loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this Honeſty, keep it to your ſelf; many Likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the Ballance, that I could never believe

nor miſdoubt: Pray you leave me, ſtall this in your Boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt Care; I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Even ſo it was with me when I was young;
If ever we are Nature's, theſe are ours; this Thorn
Doth to our Roſe of Youth rightly belong,
Our Blood to us, this to our Blood is born,
It is the Show and Seal of Nature's Truth,
Where Love's ſtrong Paſſion is impreſt in Youth;
By our Remembrances of Days forgone,
Such were our Faults, or then we thought them none;
Her Eye is ſick on't, I obſerve her now.

Hel. What is, your Pleaſure, Madam?

Count. You know, *Helen*, I am a Mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a Mother, why not a Mother? when I ſaid Mother,
Methought you ſaw a Serpent; what's in Mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your Mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with Nature, and Choice breeds
A native Slip to us from foreign Seeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a Mother's Groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a Mother's Care:
God's Mercy, Maiden, do's it curd thy Blood,
To ſay I am thy Mother? what's the Matter,
That this diſtemper'd Meſſenger of Wet,
The many colour'd *Iris* rounds thine Eye?
Why——that you are my Daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I ſay I am your Mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Roſſillion* cannot be my Brother;
I am from humble, he from honoured Name;
No Note upon my Parents, his all Noble.
My Maſter, my dear Lord he is, and I
His Servant live, and will his Vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my Brother.

Count. Nor I your Mother.

Hel.

Hel. You are my Mother, Madam, would you were,
So that my Lord your Son were not my Brother;
Indeed my Mother——or were you both our Mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for Heav'n,
So I were not his Sister; can't no other,
But I your Daughter, he muſt be my Brother.
Count. Yes, *Hellen*, you might be my Daughter-in-law,
God ſhield you mean it not, Daughter and Mother,
So ſtrive upon your Pulſe: what pale agen?
My Fear hath catch'd your Fondneſs! Now I ſee
The Miſt'ry of your Lovelineſs, and find
Your ſalt Tears Head; now to all Senſe 'tis groſs,
You love my Son; Invention is aſham'd
Againſt the Proclamation of thy Paſſion,
To ſay thou dust not; therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo. For look, thy Cheeks
Confeſs it one to th'other, and thine Eyes
See it ſo groſſly ſhown in thy Behaviour,
That in their Kind they ſpeak it: only Sin
And helliſh Obſtinacy tie thy Tongue,
That Truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly Clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er I charge thee,
As Heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my Son?
Hel. Your Pardon, noble Miſtreſs.
Count. Love you my Son?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about; my Love hath in't a Bond,
Whereof the World takes note: Come, come, diſcloſe
The State of your Affection, for your Paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confeſs
Here on my Knee, before high Heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heav'n, I love your Son;
My Friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my Love;
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any Token of preſumptuous Suit,

Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him,
Yet never know how that Deſert ſhould be:
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt Hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible Sive,
I ſtill pour in the Water of my Love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like,
Religious in mine Error, I adore
The Sun that looks upon the Worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your Hate incounter with my Love,
For loving where you do; but if your ſelf,
Whoſe aged Honour cites a virtuous Youth,
Did ever in ſo true a Flame of Loving,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelf and Love; O then give pity
To her whoſe State is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, which Search implies,
But Riddle like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an Intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris*?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell true, by Grace it ſelf I ſwear;
You know my Father left me ſome Preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd Effects, ſuch as his Reading
And manifeſt Experience had collected
For general Soveraignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'ſt Reſervation to beſtow them,
As Notes, whoſe Faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a Remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate Languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your Motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My Lord, your Son made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the Medicine, and the King,
Had from the Converſation of my Thoughts,
Happily been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Hellen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed Aid,

He

He would receive it? He and his Phyſicians
Are of one Mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned Virgin, when the Schools,
Embowell'd of their Doctrine, have left off
The Danger to it ſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething in't
More than my Father's Skill, which was the great'ſt
Of his Profeſſion, that his good Receipt
Shall for my Legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt Stars in Heav'n; and would your Honour
But give me leave, for the ſucceſs I'd venture
The well loſt Life of mine, on his Grace's Cure,
By ſuch a Day and Hour.

Count. Do'ſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Hellen*, thou ſhalt have my Leave and Love,
Means and Attendants, and my loving Greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's Bleſſing unto thy Attempt:
Be gone to Morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine *War.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

King. FArewel, young Lords: Theſe warlike Principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the Advice betwixt you. If both gain, all
The Gift doth ſtretch it ſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our Hope, Sir,
After well entered Soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in Health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my Heart
Will not confeſs he owes the Malady

That doth my Life beſiege; farewel, young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the Sons
Of worthy *French* Men; let higher *Italy*,
Thoſe bated that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy, ſee that you come
Not to woo Honour, but to wed it, when
The braveſt Queſtion ſhrinks; find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

1 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty.

King. Thoſe Girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They ſay our *French* lack Language to deny
If they demand: Beware of being Captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our Hearts receive your Warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me.

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us.

Par. 'Tis not his Fault, the Spark——

2 *Lord.* Oh 'tis brave Wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe Wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a Coil with,
Too young, and the next Year, and 'tis too early.

Par. And thy Mind ſtand to it, Boy;
Steal away bravely.

Ber. I ſtay here the Forehorſe to a Smock,
Creeking my Shooes on the plain Maſonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no Sword worn
But one to dance with: By Heav'n I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's Honour in the Theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd Body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles.*

Par. Noble Heroes, my Sword and yours are kin; good Sparks and luſtrous; a Word, good Metals. You ſhall find in the Regiment of *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War here on his ſiniſter Cheek; it was this very Sword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his Reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble Captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his Novices; what will ye do?

Ber.

Ber. Stay; the King.

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious Ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelf within the Liſt of too cold an Adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the Cap of the Time, there do muſter true Gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the Influence of the moſt receiv'd Star, and tho' the Devil lead the Meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: After them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy Fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy Sword-men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my Tidings.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up. (Pardon.

Laf. Then here's a Man ſtands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me Mercy,
And that at my Bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy Pate,
And ask'd thee Mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a Croſs, but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your Infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no Grapes, my Royal Fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble Grapes, and if
My Royal Fox could reach them: I have ſeen a Medicine
That's able to break Life into a Stone,
Quicken a Rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly Fire and Motion, whoſe ſimple Touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pippen*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a Pen in's Hand,
And write to her a Love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why Doctor She: My Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: Now, by my Faith and Honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my Thoughts
In this my light Deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her Sex, her Years, Profeſſion,
Wiſdom and Conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my Weakneſs: Will you ſee her?
For that is her Demand, and know her Buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the Admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our Wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondring how thou took'ſt it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all Day neither.
King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever Prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.
King. This haſte hath Wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your Mind to him;
A Traitor you do look like, but ſuch Traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I am *Creſſed*'s Uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, do's your Buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my Father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my Praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: On's Bed of Death
Many Receipts he gave me, namely one,
Which as the deareſt Iſſue of his Practice,
And of his old Experience, th' only Darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a Triple-Eye,
Safer than mine own two: More dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant Cauſe, wherein the Honour
Of my dear Father's Gift ſtands chief in Power,
I come to tender it, and my Appliance,
With all bound Humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, Maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of Cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ranſome Nature
From her unaidable Eſtate: I ſay, we muſt not
So ſtain our Judgment, or corrupt our Hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure Malady
To Empericks, or to diſſever ſo

Our

Our great ſelf and our Credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My Duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce my Office on you,
Humbly intreating from your Royal Thoughts,
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch Thanks I give,
As one near Death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part,
I knowing all my Peril, thou no Art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your Reſt 'gainſt Remedy;
He that of greateſt Works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt Miniſter:
So holy Writ, in Babes, hath Judgment ſhown,
When Judges have been Babes. Great Floods have flown
From ſimple Sources; and great Seas have dried,
When Miracles have by the great'ſt been denied.
Oft Expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: And oft it hits,
Where Hope is coldeſt, and Deſpair moſt ſhifts.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind Maid,
Thy pains not us'd, muſt by thy ſelf be paid,
Proffers not took, reap Thanks for their Reward.
Hel. Inſpired Merit ſo by Breath is bar'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our Gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is Preſumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n we count the act of Men.
Dear Sir, to my Endeavours give conſent,
Of Heav'n, not me, make an Experiment.
I am not an Impoſtor, that proclaim
My ſelf againſt the level of mine aim,
But know, I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt Power, nor you paſt Cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my Cure?
Hel. The Greateſt lending Grace,
E'er twice the Horſes of the Sun ſhall bring
Their fiery Torcher his diurnal Ring.

E'er twice in Murk and Occidental Damp,
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy Lamp;
Or four and twenty times the Pilot's Glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh Minutes how they paſs,
What is infirm, from your ſound Parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and Sickneſs freely die.
King. Upon thy Certainty and Confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of Impudence,
A Strumpet's boldneſs, a divulged Shame
Traduc'd by odious Ballads: My Maiden's Name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt Torture let my Life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed Spirit doth ſpeak
His powerful Sound, within an Organ weak;
And what Impoſſibility would ſlay
In common Senſe, Senſe ſaves another way.
Thy Life is dear, for all that Life can rate
Worth name of Life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, Beauty, Wiſdom, Courage, all
That Happineſs and Prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate;
Sweet Practiſer, thy Phyſick I will try,
That miniſters thine own Death if I die.
Hel. If I break Time, or flinch in Property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd: Not helping, Death's my Fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. Make thy Demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my Scepter, and my hopes of help.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Husband in thy Power I will command.
Exempted be from me the Arrogance
To chuſe from forth the Royal Blood of *France*,
My low and humble Name to propagate
With any Branch or Image of thy State:
But ſuch a one thy Vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand, the Premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy Will by my Performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely;
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here hoa! if thou proceed,
As high as word, my Deed ſhall match thy Deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. Come on, Sir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my Buſineſs is but to the Court!

Count. To the Court, why what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch Contempt; but to the Court?

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a Man any Manners, he may eaſily put it off at Court: He that cannot make a Leg, put off's Cap, kiſs his Hand, and ſay nothing, has neither Leg, Hands, Lip, nor Cap; and indeed ſuch a Fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court; but for me, I have an Anſwer will ſerve all Men.

Count. Marry that's a bountiful Anſwer that fits all Queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barber's Chair, that fits all Buttocks, the pin Buttock, the quatch Buttock, the brawn Buttock, or any Buttock.

Count. Will your Anſwer ſerve fit to all Queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten Groats is for the Hand of an Attorney, as your *French* Crown for your Taffaty Punk, as *Tib's* Ruſh for *Tom's* Fore-finger, as a Pancake for *Shrovetueſday*, a Morris for *May-day*, as the Nail to his hole, the Cuckold to his Horn, as a ſcolding Quean to a wrangling Knave, as the Nun's Lip to the Friar's Mouth, nay, as the Pudding to his Skin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an Anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all Queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any Queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all Demands.

Clo. But a Trifle neither in good faith, if the Learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a Courtier, it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a Fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir——there's a ſimple putting off: More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor Friend of your's, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely Meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——nay put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? Indeed, your O Lord Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: You would anſwer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my Life, in my, O Lord Sir; I ſee things may ſerve long, and not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble Huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a Fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—— why there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir, to your Buſineſs: Give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back,
Commend me to my Kinſmen, and my Son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much Commendation to them.

Count. Not much Imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my Legs.

Count. Haſte thou again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They ſay Miracles are paſt, and we have our Philoſophical Perſon, to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural

natural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make Trifles of Terrors, enſconſing our ſelves into ſeeming Knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an unknown Fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rareſt Argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the Artiſts.

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows.

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a Man aſſur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain Life, and ſure Death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: So would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a Novelty to the World.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in the ſhewing, you ſhall read it in what do you call there.

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly Effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luſtier: For me, I ſpeak in reſpect——

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious Spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of Heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile Miniſter, great Power, great Tranſcendence, which ſhould indeed give us a further uſe to be made, than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: Here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a Maid the better while I have a Tooth in my Head: Why he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mor du Vinaigre, is not this *Hellen?*

Laf. Fore God I think ſo.

King

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court.
Sit, my Preſerver, by thy Patient's ſide,
And with this healthful Hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd Gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair Maid, ſend forth thine Eye; this youthful parcel
Of Noble Batchellors, ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both Sovereign Power, and Father's Voice
I have to uſe; thy frank Election make,
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous Miſtreſs
Fall, when Love pleaſe: marry, to each, but one.

Laf. I'd give Bay Curtal, and his Furniture,
My Mouth no more were broken than theſe Boys,
And writ as little Beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble Father.

[*She addreſſes her ſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, Heav'n hath, through me, reſtor'd the King to Health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank Heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple Maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That I proteſt, I ſimply am a Maid——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The Bluſhes in my Cheeks thus whiſper me.
We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe but be refuſed;
Let the white Death ſit on thy Cheeks for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy Love, ſhuns all his Love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to impartial *Jove*, that God moſt high
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my Suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir, all the reſt is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this Choice, than throw
A Deaux-ace for my Life.

Hel. The Honour, Sir, that flames in your fair Eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:

Love

Love make your Fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble Love.

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great *Jove* grant, and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were Sons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would ſend them to th' *Turk* to make Eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your Vows, and in your Bed,
Find fairer Fortune, if you ever wed.

Laf. Theſe Boys are Boys of Ice, they'll none of her: Sure they are Baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your ſelf a Son out of my Blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one Grape yet, I am ſure my Father drunk Wine; but if thou be'ſt not an Aſs, I am a Youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I give
Me and my Service, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding Power: This is the Man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, ſhe's thy Wife.

Ber. My Wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a Buſineſs, give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own Eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*, what ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord, but never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly Bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing: I know her well?
She had her breeding at my Father's charge:
A poor Phyſician's Daughter my Wife? Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis only Title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which I can build up: Strange is it that our Bloods

Of

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction; yet ſtands off
In differences of mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor Phyſician's Daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of Virtue for the Name: But do not ſo.
From loweſt place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The Place is dignify'd by th' Doer's Deed.
Where great Addition ſwells, and Virtue none,
It is a dropſied Honour; Good alone,
Is good without a Name. Vileneſs is ſo:
The Property by what it is, ſhould go,
Not by the Title. She is young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe, to Nature ſhe's immediate Heir;
And theſe breed Honour: That is Honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges it ſelf as Honours born,
And is not like the Sire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our Acts we them derive
Than our Fore-goers: The meer word's a ſlave,
Deboſh'd on every Tomb, on every Grave;
A lying Trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where Duſt, and damn'd Oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd Bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this Creature as a Maid,
I can create the reſt: Virtue and ſhe
Is her own Dower; Honour and Wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.

King. My Honour's at the ſtake, which to defeat
I muſt produce my Power. Here, take her Hand,
Proud ſcornful Boy, unworthy this good Gift,
That doſt in vile Miſpriſion ſhackle up
My Love, and her Deſert; that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective Scale,
Shall weigh thee to the Beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine Honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy Contempt:
Obey our Will, which travels in thy good.

Believe

Believe not thy Diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own Fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy Duty owes, and our Power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my cares for ever,
Into the Staggers and the careleſs Lapſe
Of Youth and Ignorance; both my Revenge and Hate
Looſing upon thee in the Name of Juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My Fancy to your Eyes. When I conſider
What great Creation, and what dole of Honour
Flies where you bid: I find that ſhe which late
Was in my nobler Thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who ſo enobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand.
And tell her ſhe is thine: To whom I promiſe
A Counterpoize; if not in thy Eſtate,
A Ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good Fortune, and the Favour of the King
Smile upon the Contract; whoſe Ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born Brief,
And be perform'd to Night; the ſolemn Feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent Friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy Love's to me religious; elſe do's err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his Recantation.

Par. Recantation? my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a Language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My Maſter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Roſſilion?*

Par. To any Count? to all Counts; to what is Man.

Laf. To what is Count's Man; Count's Maſter is of another Stile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, Sirrah, I write Man; to which title Age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee for two Ordinaries to be a pretty wiſe Fellow. If thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy Travel, it might paſs; yet the Scarfs and the Banners about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a Veſſel of too great a Burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the Privilege of Antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thy ſelf too far in Anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which is, Lord have Mercy on thee for a Hen; ſo, my good Window of Lattice, fare thee well, thy Caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy Hand.

Par. My Lord, you give moſt egregious Indignity.

Laf. Ay, withal my Heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack a'th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy Scarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy Bondage. I have a deſire to hold my Acquaintance with thee, or rather my Knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a Man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable Vexation.

Laf. I would it were Hell Pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: For doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion Age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a Son ſhall take this Diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of Authority. I'll beat him, by my Life, if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his

his Age than I would have of——I'll beat him, and if I could but meet him again.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's News for you: You have a new Miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome Reſervation of your Wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ſerve above is my Maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The Devil it is, that's thy Maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy Arms a this faſhion? Doſt make Hoſe of thy Sleeves? Do other Servants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower Part where thy Noſe ſtands. By mine Honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: Methink'ſt thou art a general Offence, and every Man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for Men to breath themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a Kernel out of a Pomegranat; you are a Vagabond, and no true Traveller: You are more ſawcy with Lords and honourable Perſonages, than the commiſſion of your Birth and Virtue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you Knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What is the matter, ſweet Heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet Heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* Wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a Dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a Man's Foot: To th' Wars.

Ber. There's Letters from my Mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To th' Wars my Boy, to th' Wars.

He wears his Honour in a Box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy wickſy here at home,
Spending his manly Marrow in her Arms
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery Steed: To other Regions,
France is a Stable, we that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore to th' War.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my Houſe,
Acquaint my Mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled, Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent Gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* Fields
Where noble Fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark Houſe, and the deteſted Wife.

Par. Will this Capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my Chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow
I'll to the Wars, ſhe to her ſingle Sorrow.

Par. Why theſe Balls bound, there's noiſe in it. 'Tis hard
A young Man married, is a Man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but huſh, 'tis ſo. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena *and Clown.*

Hel. My Mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her Health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: But thanks be given ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' World; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe is not in Heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in Earth, from whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good Fortune.

Par.

Par. You had my Prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O my Knave, how does my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her Wrinkles and I her Mony, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer Man; for many a Man's Tongue ſhakes out his Maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your Title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a Knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a Knave, th'art a Knave, that's before me th'art a Knave: This had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty Fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your ſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much Fool may you find in you, even to the World's Pleaſure, and the encreaſe of Laughter.

Par. A good Knave i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to Night,
A very ſerious Buſineſs calls on him.
The great Prerogative and Rite of Love,
Which as your due Time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with Sweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And Pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit Par.*

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah. [*Exit*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhip thinks not him a Soldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warrantable Teſtimony.

Laf. Then my Dial goes not true, I took this Lark for a Bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in Knowledge, and accordingly Valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his Experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his Valour, and my State that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot find in my Heart to repent: Here he comes, I pray you make us Friends, I will purſue the Amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his Taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I, Sir, he Sir's a good Workman, a very good Taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my Letters, casketed my Treaſure,
Given order for our Horſe, and to Night,
When I ſhould take Poſſeſſion of the Bride——
And e'er I do begin ——

Laf. A good Traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a Dinner; but if on that he lyes three thirds, and uſes a known Truth to paſs a thouſand Nothings with, he ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten——God ſave you Captain.

Ber. Is there any Unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's Diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, Boots and Spurs and all, like him that leaps into the Cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer Queſtion for your Reſidence.

Ber.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo for ever, tho' I took him at's Prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no Kernel in this light Nut: The Soul of this Man is his Clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy Conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their Natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my Hands, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common Speech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my Clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procured his leave
For preſent parting, only he deſires
Some private Speech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my Courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does,
The Miniſtration, and required Office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a Buſineſs; and therefore am I found
So much unſetled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe than ask why I entreat you,
For my Reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my Appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews it ſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my Mother,
[*Giving a Letter.*
'Twill be two days e'er I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your Wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient Servant.

Ber. Come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely Stars have fail'd
To equal my great Fortune.

Ber. Let that go: my haſte is very great. Farewel: Hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon,

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the Wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine: And yet it is,
But, like a timorous Thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What Law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much —— Nothing indeed —— I would not tell you what I would, my Lord —— 'Faith yes —— Strangers and Foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſte to Horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other Men? Monſieur, farewel. [*Exit.*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my Sword, or hear the Drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Flouriſh. *Enter the Duke of* Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

Duke. SO that from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental Reaſons of this War,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much Blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the Quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the Oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our Couſin *France*,
Would, in ſo juſt a Buſineſs, ſhut his Boſom,
Againſt our borrowing Prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our State we cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward Man,
That the great Figure of a Council frames,
By ſelf-unable motion, therefore dare not

Say

Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
My ſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our Nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for Phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be be:
And all the Honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well,
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To morrow to the Field. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd as I would have had it, ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy Man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why he will look upon his Boot, and ſing; mend his Ruff, and ſing; ask Queſtions, and ſing; pick his Teeth, and ſing: I knew a Man that had this Trick of Melancholy, ſold a goodly Manor for a Song.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel* ſince I was at Court. Our old Ling, and our *Isbel*'s o'th' Country, are nothing like your old Ling, and your *Isbel*'s o'th' Court: The Brains of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old Man loves Mony, with no Stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. In that you have there. [*Exit.*

A Letter.

I have ſent you a Daughter-in-Law: She hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, Not bedded her, and ſworn to make the Not *eternal. You ſhall hear I am run away; know it before the Report come, if there be breadth enough in the World, I will hold a long diſtance. My Duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.

To

This is not well, raſh and unbridled Boy,
To fly the Favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his Indignation on thy Head,
By the miſpriſing of a Maid, too virtuous
For the Contempt of Empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy News within between two Soldiers and my young Lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the News, ſome comfort, your Son will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does, the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of Men, though it be the getting of Children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your Son was run away.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon Patience: 'Pray you, Gentlemen,
I have felt ſo many quirks of Joy and Grief,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart
Can Woman me unto't. Where is my Son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bind again.

Hel. Look on this Letter, Madam, here's my Paſport.

When thou canſt get the Ring upon my Finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a Child begotten of thy Body that I am Father to, then call me Husband: But in ſuch a [Then] *I write a* [Never.]

This is a dreadful Sentence.

Count. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, and, for the Contents ſake, are ſorry for our Pains.

Count.

Count. I prethee, Lady, have a better Cheer,
If thou engroſſeſt all the Griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a Moiety: He was my Son,
But I do waſh his Name out of my Blood,
And thou art all my Child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a Soldier!

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe, and believe't
The Duke will lay upon him all the Honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt Wing of Speed.

Hel. *'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand happily, which his Heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no Wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only ſhe, and ſhe deſerves a Lord,
That twenty ſuch rude Boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly Miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A Servant only, and a Gentleman which I have ſometimes known.

Count. *Parolles,* was it not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted Fellow, and full of Wickedneſs,
My Son corrupts a well derived Nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good Lady, the Fellow has a deal of that, too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen, I will entreat you, when you ſee my Son, to tell him that his Soul can never win the Honour that he loſes: More I'll entreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that, and all your worthieſt Affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our Courteſies,
Will you draw near? [*Exit Count. and* Gentlemen.

Hel

Hel. *'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France* until he has no Wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Roſſilion*, none in *France*,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender Limbs of thine, to the event
Of the none ſparing War? And is it I,
That drives thee from the ſportive Court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair Eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky Muſquets? O you leaden Meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of Fire,
Fly with falſe aim, move the ſtill piercing Air
That ſtings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward Breaſt,
I am the Caitiff that do hold him to it,
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His Death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the raving Lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of Hunger: Better 'twere,
That all the Miſeries which Nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Roſſilion*,
Whence Honour but of danger wins a Scar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay here to do't? No, no, although
The Air of Paradiſe did fan the Houſe,
And Angels offic'd all; I will be gone,
That pitiful Rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine Ear. Come Night and Day,
For with the Dark, poor Thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

Flouriſh. *Enter the Duke of* Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. The General of our Horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt Love and Credence
Upon thy promiſing Fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my Strength, but
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extream edge of hazard.

Duke.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And Fortune play upon thy proſperous Helm,
As thy auſpicious Miſtreſs.
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my ſelf into thy File,
Make me but like my Thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy Drum; hater of Love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the Letter of her?
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques *Pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious Love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold Ground upon,
With ſainted Vow my Faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of War,
My deareſt Maſter, your dear Son, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in Peace, whilſt I from far,
His Name with zealous Fervour ſanctifie.
His taken Labours bid him me forgive;
I his deſpightful Juno *ſent him forth*
From courtly Friends, with camping Foes to live,
Where Death and Danger dog the Heels of Worth.
He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom I my ſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharp Stings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, Madam,
If I had given you this over night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What Angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy Husband? He cannot thrive,
Unleſs her Prayers, whom Heav'n delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the Wrath

Of greateſt Juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy Husband of his Wife,
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: My greateſt Grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient Meſſenger;
When haply he does hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her Foot again,
Led hither by pure Love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no skill in Senſe
To make diſtinction; Provide this Meſſenger;
My Heart is heavy, and mine Age is weak,
Grief would have Tears, and Sorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City,
We ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the *French* Count has done
Moſt honourable Service.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has ta'en their greateſt Commander,
And that with his own Hand he ſlew
The Duke's Brother. We have loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrary way: Hark,
You may know by their Trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again,
And ſuffice our ſelves with the Report of it.
Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl,
The Honour of a Maid is in her Name,
And no Legacy is ſo rich
As Honeſty.

Wid. I have told my Neighbour
How you have been ſollicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Mar. I know that Knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in thoſe Suggeſtions for the young Earl; *beware of them*, *Diana*; their Promiſes, Enticements, Oaths,

Oaths, and Tokens, and all the Engines of Luſt, are not the things they go under; many a Maid hath been ſeduced by them, and the Miſery is Example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of Maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſuade Succeſſion, but that they are limed with the Twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to adviſe you further, but I hope your own Grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the Modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena *diſguiſed like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo; look here comes a Pilgrim; I know ſhe will lye at my Houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her; God ſave you Pilgrim, whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques le grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Frances* here beſide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A March afar off.*

Wid. Ay marry is't. Hark you, they come this way:
If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim,
But 'till the Troops come by,
I will Conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your Hoſteſs
As ample as my ſelf.

Hel. Is it your ſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, Pilgrim,

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France?*

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a Country-man of yours,
That has done worthy Service.

Hel. His Name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roſſilion:* Know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the Ear that hears moſt nobly of him.
His Face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France,*
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay ſurely, meer the Truth, I know his Lady.

Dia.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ſerves the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.
Hel. What's his Name?
Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*
Hel. Oh I believe with him,
In Argument of Praiſe, or to the Worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her Name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved Honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor Lady!
'Tis a hard Bondage to become the Wife
Of a deteſting Lord.
Wid. Ah! right good Creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her Heart weighs ſadly; this young Maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous Count ſollicites her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can, in ſuch a Suit,
Corrupt the tender Honour of a Maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her Guard
In honeſteſt Defence.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*
Mar. The Gods forbid elſe.
Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt Son,
That *Eſcalus.*
Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*
Dia. He,
That with the Plume, 'tis a moſt gallant Fellow,
I would he lov'd his Wife: If he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome Gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honeſt: Yond's that ſame Knave
That leads him to theſe Places; were I his Lady,
I would poiſon that vile Raſcal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That Jack-an-apes with Scarfs. Why is he melan-
holy? Hel.

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th' Battel,

Par. Loſe our Drum! Well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look he has 'ſpied us.

Wid. Marry hang you. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Par. *&c.*

Mar. And your Courteſie, for a Ring-carrier.

Wid. The Troop is paſt: Come Pilgrim, I will bring
You, where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd Penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my Houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this gentle Maid
To eat with us to Night, the Charge and Thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further.
I will beſtow ſome Precepts on this Virgin,
Worthy the Note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Ld.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: Let him have his way.

2 *Ld.* If your Lordſhip find him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your Reſpect.

1 *Ld.* On my Life, my Lord, a Bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far
Deceived in him?

1 *Ld.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct Knowledge, without any Malice, but to ſpeak of him as my Kinſman; he's a moſt notable Coward, an infinite and endleſs Liar, an hourly Promiſe-breaker, the Owner of no one good Quality worthy your Lordſhip's Entertainment.

2 *Ld.* It were fit you knew him, leſt repoſing too far in his Virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty Buſineſs, in a main Danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular Action to try him.

2 *Ld.* None better than to let him fetch off his Drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Ld.* I, with a Troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly Surprize him; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knows not from the Enemy: We will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that

that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the Leaguer of the Adverſaries, when we bring him to our own Tents; be but your Lordſhip preſent at his Examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his Life, and in the higheſt Compulſion of baſe Fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the Intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine Forfeit upon his Soul upon Oath, never truſt my Judgment in any thing.

2 *Ld.* O, for the love of Laughter, let him fetch his Drum; he ſays he has a Stratagem for't; when your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what Metal this Counterfeit Lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum*'s Entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Ld.* O, for the love of Laughter, hinder not the Honour of his Deſign, let him fetch off his Drum in any hand.

Ber. How now Monſieur? This Drum ſticks ſorely in your Diſpoſition.

2 *Ld.* A Pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a Drum.

Par. But a Drum! Is't but a Drum? A Drum ſo loſt! There was excellent Command! to charge him with our Horſe upon our own Wings, and to rend our own Soldiers.

2 *Ld.* That was not to be blamed in the Command of the Service; it was a Diſaſter of War, that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to Command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our Succeſs: Some Diſhonour we had in the loſs of that Drum, but it it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it not is now.

Par. It is to be recover'd, but that the Merit of Service is ſeldom attributed to the true exact Performer, I would have that Drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have Stomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your Myſtery in Stratagem can bring this Inſtrument of Honour again into his native Quarter, be magnanimous in the Enterprize and go on, I will grace the Attempt

tempt for a worthy Exploit: If you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his Greatneſs, even to the utmoſt Syllable of your Worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a Soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this Evening, and I will preſently pen down my Dilemmaes, encourage my ſelf in my certainty, put my ſelf into my mortal Preparation; and by Midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the Succeſs will be, my Lord; but the Attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art Valiant,
And to the poſſibility of thy Solderſhip,
Will ſubſcribe for thee, Farewel.

Par. I love not many Words. [*Exit.*

1 *Ld.* No more than a Fiſh loves Water. Is not this a ſtrange Fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this Buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; Damns himſelf to do't, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Ld.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a Man's Favour, and for a Week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries, but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Ld.* None in the World, but return with an Invention, and clap upon you two or three probable Lies; but we have almoſt imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his Fall to Night; for indeed he is not for your Lordſhip's Reſpect.

1 *Ld.* We'll make you ſome Sport with the Fox e'er we Caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafeu*; when his Diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a Sprat you ſhall find him, which you ſhall ſee this very Night.

2 *Ld.* I muſt go and look my Twigs,
He ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your Brother he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Ld.* As't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the Houſe, and ſhew you the Laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Cap.* But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame Coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and Letters, which ſhe did reſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair Creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Ld.* With all my Heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the Grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my Eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe Buſineſſes,
And would not put my Reputation now
In any ſtaining Act.

Hell. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt give me truſt, the Count he is my Husband,
And what to your ſworn Counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhould borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in Fortune.

Hel. Take this Purſe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count he wooes your Daughter,
Lays down his wanton Siege before her Beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her in fine conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now this importurate Blood will naught deny,
That ſhe'll demand: A Ring the Count does wear
That downward hath ſucceeded in his Houſe
From Son to Son, ſome four or five Deſcents,

Since

Since the firſt Father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich Choice: Yet in his idle Fire,
To buy his Will, it would not ſeem too dear,
How e'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the Bottom of your Purpoſe.

Hel. Now ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your Daughter, e'er ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an Encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the Time,
Her ſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: After this
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand Crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my Daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That Time and Place with this Deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every Night he comes
With Muſick of all ſorts, and Songs compos'd
To her Unworthineſs: It nothing ſtands us
To chide him from our Eeves, for he perſiſts,
As if his Life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to Night
Let us aſſay our Plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked Meaning in a lawful Deed;
And lawful Meaning in a lawful Act,
Where both not Sin, and yet a ſinful Fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in Ambuſh.*

Lord. HE can come no other way but by this Hedge-Corner; when you ſally upo n him, ſpeak what terrible Language you will, though you underſtand it not your ſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an Interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy Voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what Linſie-woolſie haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome Band of Strangers i'th' Adverſaries Entertainment. Now he hath a Smack of all neighbouring Languages; therefore we muſt every one be a Man of his own Fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our Purpoſe: Chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch hoa, here he comes, to beguile two Hours in a Sleep, and then to return and ſwear the Lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a Clock; within theſe three Hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive Invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and Diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my Door; I find my Tongue is too Fool-hardy, but my Heart hath the Fear of *Mars* before it, and of his Creatures, not daring the Reports of my Tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt that e'er thine own Tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the Devil ſhould move me to undertake the Recovery of this Drum, being not ignorant of the Impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch Purpoſe? I muſt give my ſelf ſome Hurts, and ſay I got them in Exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the Inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-woman's Mouth, and buy my ſelf another of *Bajazet*'s Mules, if you prattle me into theſe Perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my Garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* Sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo,

Par.

Par. Or the paring of my Beard, and to ſay it was in Stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my Cloaths, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve.

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the Window of the Cittadel.

Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty Fathom.

Lord. Three great Oaths would ſcarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any Drum of the Enemies, I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon.

Par. A Drum now of the Enemies. [*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O Ranſom, Ranſom;
Do not hide mine Eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Baſkos thromaldo beſkos.

Par. I know you are the *Muſkos* Regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my Life for want of Language.
If there be here *German* or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Baſkos vauvado, I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy Tongue *Kerelybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy Faith, for ſeventeen Poniards are at thy Boſom.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mancha revancha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos voliverco.

Int. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy Life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the Secrets of our Camp I'll ſhew;
Their Force, their Purpoſes: Nay, I'll ſpeak that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.
Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*
[*A ſhort Alarum within.*
Lord. Go, tell the Count *Roſſillion* and my Brother,
We have caught the Woodcock, and will keep him muſled
'Till we do hear from them.
Sol. Captain I will.
Lord. He will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform 'em that.
Sol. So I will, Sir.
Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your Name was *Fontibell.*
Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with Addition; but, fair Soul,
In your fine Frame hath Love no Quality?
If the quick Fire of Youth light not your Mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead you ſhall be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My Mother did but Duty, ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber. No more o'that!
I prethee do not ſtrive againſt my Vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By Love's own ſweet Conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all Rights of Service.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us
'Till we ſerve you: But when you have our Roſes,
You barely leave our Thorns to prick our ſelves,
And mock us with our Bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!

Dia.

Dia. 'Tis not the many Oaths that make the Truth,
But the plain ſingle Vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not Holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: Then pray you tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great Attribute,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my Oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your Oaths
Are Words and poor Conditions, but unſeal'd,
At leaſt in my Opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy Cruel. Love is holy,
And my Integrity ne'er knew the Crafts,
That you do charge Men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick Deſires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My Love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.

Dia. I ſee that Men make Hopes in ſuch Affairs,
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no Power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt Obloquy i'th' World
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a Ring,
My Chaſtity's the Jewel of our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt Obloquy i'th' World
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper Wiſdom
Brings in the Champion Honour on my Part,
Againſt your vain Aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my Ring,
My Houſe, my Honour, yea, my Life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When Midnight comes, knock at my Chamber Window;
I'll order take, my Mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the Band of Truth,

When

When you have conquer'd my yet Maiden-Bed,
Remain there but an Hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My Reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this Ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your Finger, in the Night, I'll put
Another Ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt Deeds.
Adieu 'till then, then fail not: You have won
A Wife of me, though there my Hope be done.

Ber. A Heav'n on Earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which, live long to thank both Heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.
My Mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's Heart, She ſays, all Men
Have the like Oaths: He had ſworn to marry me
When his Wife's dead: Therefore I'll lye with him
When I am buried. Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid;
Only in this Diſguiſe, I think't no Sin,
To couſin him that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Ld.* You have not given him his Mother's Letter?

2 *Ld.* I have deliver'd it an Hour ſince; there is ſomething in't that ſtings his Nature, for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another Man.

1 *Ld.* He has much worthy Blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a Wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

2 *Ld.* Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting Diſpleaſure of the King, who had ever tun'd his Bounty to ſing Happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Ld.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the Grave of it.

2 *Ld.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſt Renown, and this Night he fleſhes his Will in the Spoil of her Honour; he hath given her his monumental Ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſt Compoſition.

1 *Ld.* Now God delay our Rebellion; as we are our ſelves, what things are we!

2 Ld.

2 *Ld.* Meerly our own Traitors; and as in the common Courſe of all Treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd Ends; ſo he that in this Action contrives againſt his own Nobility in his proper Stream, o'er-flows himſelf.

1 *Ld.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the Trumpeters of our unlawful Intents? We ſhall not then have his Company to Night?

2 *Ld.* Not 'till after Midnight; for he is dieted to his Hour.

1 *Ld.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his Company anatomiz'd, that he might take a Meaſure of his own Judgments, wherein ſo ſeriouſly he had ſet his Counterfeit.

2 *Ld.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come;
For his Preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Ld.* In the mean time, what hear you of thoſe Wars?

2 *Ld.* I hear there is an Overture of Peace.

1 *Ld.* Nay, I aſſure you a Peace is concluded.

2 *Ld.* What will Count *Roſſillion* do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Ld.* I perceive by this Demand, you are not altogether of his Counſel.

2 *Ld.* Let it be forbid, Sir, ſo ſhould I be a great deal of this Act.

1 *Ld.* Sir, his Wife ſome two Months ſince fled from his Houſe, her Pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le grand*; which holy Undertaking, with moſt auſtere Sanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the Tenderneſs of her Nature became as a Prey to her Grief; in fine, made a Groan of her laſt Breath, and now ſhe ſings in Heav'n.

2 *Ld.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Ld.* The ſtronger Part of it by her own Letters, which makes her Story true, even to the Point of her Death; her Death it ſelf, which could not be her Office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the Place.

2 *Ld.* Hath the Count all this Intelligence?

1 *Ld.* Ay, and the particular Confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the Verity.

2 *Ld.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 Ld.

1 *Ld.* How mightily ſometimes we make us Comforts of our Loſſes.

2 *Ld.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our Gain in Tears, the great Dignity that this Valour hath here requir'd from him, ſhall at home be encountred with a Shame as ample.

1 *Ld.* The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, good and ill together: Our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt them not, and our Crimes would deſpair if they were not cheriſh'd by our Virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? Where's your Maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the Street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn Leave: His Lordſhip will next Morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him Letters of Commendations to the King.

2 *Ld.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Ld.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's Tartneſs: Here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after Midnight?

Ber. I have to Night diſpatch'd ſixteen Buſineſſes, a Months length a Piece, by an Abſtract of Succeſs: I have congied with the Duke, done my Adieu with his neareſt; buried a Wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my Lady Mother, I am returning; entertain'd my Convoy, and between theſe main Parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer Needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Ld.* If the Buſineſs be of any Difficulty, and this Morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean the Buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this Dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit Module; 'has deceiv'd me, like a double meaning Propheſier.

2 *Ld.* Bring him forth, h'as ſate in the Stocks all Night, poor gallant Knave.

Ber. No matter, his Heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his Spurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Ld.*

1 *Ld.* I have told your Lordſhip already: The Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a Wench that had ſhed her Milk, he hath confeſt himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his very Remembrance to this very inſtant Diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what think you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a?

2 *Ld.* His Confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his Face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the Patience to hear it,

Enter Parolles *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A Plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh.

1 *Ld.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the Tortures; what, will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know, without conſtraint; If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Boſko Chimurcho.

1 *Ld. Biblibindo Chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: Our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix Thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the Troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor Rogues, upon my Reputation and Credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your Anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: All's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving Slave is this?

1 *Ld.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant Militariſt, that was his own Phraſe, that had the whole Theory of War in the Knot of his Scarf, and the Practice in the Chap of his Dagger.

2 *Ld.* I will never truſt a Man again for keeping his Sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his Apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand Horſe I ſaid, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Ld.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the Nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor Rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir, a Truth's a Truth, the Rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what Strength they are a Foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my Troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent Hour I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii*, two hundred each; mine own Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each, ſo that the Muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my Life amounts not to fifteen thouſand Pole, half of the which dare not ſhake the Snow from off their Coſſacks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to Pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Ld.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my Conditions, and what Credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' Camp, a *Frenchman*; what his Reputation is with the Duke, what his Valour, Honeſty, and Expertneſs in War; or whether he thinks it were not poſſible with well weighing Sums of Gold to corrupt him to revolt. What ſay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him, he was a Botcher's Prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Sheriff's Fool with Child, dumb Innocent, that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your Hands, tho' I know his Brains are forfeit to the next Tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par.

Par. Upon my Knowledge he is, and lowſie.

1 *Ld.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of you Lord anon.

Int. What is his Reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poor Officer of mine, and writ to me the other Day to turn him out o'th' Band. I think I have his Letter in my Pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good Sadneſs I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a File with the Duke's other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a Paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

1 *Ld.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a Fool, and full of Gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's Letter, Sir; that is an Advertiſement to a proper Maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the Allurement of one Count *Roſſillion*, a fooliſh idle Boy, but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the Maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious Boy, who is a Whale to Virginity, and devours up all the Fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides Rogue.

Inter. *Reads the Letter.*

When he ſwears Oaths, bid him drop Gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the Score:
Half won is Match well made, match and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-Debts, take it before.
And ſay a Soldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, Boys are not to kiſs.
For count of this, the Count's a Fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine Ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the Army with this Rime in his Forehead.

2 *Ld.* This is your devoted Friend, Sir, the manifold Linguiſt, and the Army-potent Soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before, but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's Looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My Life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die, but that my Offences being many, I would repent out the Remainder of Nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore once more to this Captain *Dumain*: You have anſwer'd to his Reputation with the Duke, and to his Valour. What is his Honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an Egg out of a Cloiſter: For Rapes and Raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus*. He profeſſes not keeping of Oaths; breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think Truth were a Fool: Drunkenneſs is his beſt Virtue, for he will be Swine-drunk, and in his Sleep he does little harm, ſave to his Bed-cloaths about him; but they know his Conditions, and lay him in Straw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his Honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt Man ſhould not have; what an honeſt Man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Ld.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this Deſcription of thine Honeſty? A Pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What ſay you to his Expertneſs in War.

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the Drum before the *Engliſh* Tragedians: To belie him I will not, and more of his Soldierſhip I know not, except in that Country, he had the Honour to be the Officer at a Place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of Files. I would do the Man what Honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Ld.* He hath out-villan'd Villany ſo far, that the Rarity redeems him.

Ber. A Pox on him, he's a Cat ſtill.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor Price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt. *Par.*

Par. Sir, for a Cardecue he will ſell the Fee-ſimple of his Salvation, the Inheritance of it, and cut th' Intail from all Remainders, and perpetual Succeſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 *Ld.* Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a Crow o'th' ſame Neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in Goodneſs, but greater a great deal in Evil. He excells his Brother for a Coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any Lackey; marry in coming on he has the Cramp.

Int. If your Life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his Horſe, Count *Roſſillion*.

Int. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his Pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a Plague of all Drums, only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the Suppoſition of that laſcivious young Boy the Count, have I run into Danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an Ambuſh where I was taken?

Int. There is no Remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the Secrets of your Army, and made ſuch peſtiferous Reports of Men very nobly held, can ſerve the World for no honeſt Uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, Heads-man, off with his Head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my Death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your Friends: [*Unblinding him.*
So look about you; know you any here?

Count. Good Morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Ld.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles*.

1 *Ld.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Ld.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu*? I am for *France*.

1 *Ld.* Good Captain, will you give me a Copy of that ſame Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in Behalf of the Count *Roſſillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a Knave or a Fool?

Clo. A Fool, Sir, at a Woman's Service, and a Knave at a Man's.

Laf. Your Diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the Man of his Wife, and do his Service.

Laf. So you were a Knave at his Service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his Wife my Bauble, Sir, to do her Service.

La. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both Knave and Fool.

Clo. At your Service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

Clo. Faith, Sir, a has an *Engliſh* Name, but his Phiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than here.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my Purſe, I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland Fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great Fire, and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good Fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the World, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow Gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: Some that humble themſelves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry Way that leads to the broad Gate, and the great Fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my Horſes be well look'd to, without any Tricks.

Clo. If I put any Tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be Jades Tricks, which are their own Right by the Law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd Knave, and unhappy.

Count.

Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's Dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my Motive
And helper to a Husband. But, O ſtrange Men!
That can ſuch ſweet Uſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcy truſting of the cozen'd Thoughts
Defiles the pitchy Night, ſo Luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You *Diana*,
Under my poor Inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let Death and Honeſty
Go with your Impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your Will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the Word the Time will bring on Summer,
When Briars ſhall have Leaves as well as Thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: We muſt away,
Our Waggon is prepar'd, and Time revives us;
All's well that ends well, ſtill, that finds the Crown;
What e'er the Courſe, the End is the Renown. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your Son was miſs-led with a ſnipt taffata Fellow there, whoſe villanous Saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dow Youth of a Nation in his Colour. Your Daughter-in-law had been alive at this Hour, and your Son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd Humble-Bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would I had not known him, it was the Death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman; that ever Nature had Praiſe for Creating; if ſhe had partaken of my Fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt Groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted Love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may pick a thouſand Sallets e'er we light on ſuch another Herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet Marjoram of the Sallet, or rather the Herb of Grace.

Laf. They are not Sallet-Herbs, you Knave, they are Noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much Skill in Graſſe.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine Hats, and moſt courteous Feathers, which bow the Head, and nod at every Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. BUT this exceeding poſting Day and Night,
Muſt wear your Spirits low, we cannot help it,
But ſince you have made the Days and Nights as one,
To wear your gentle Limbs in my Affairs,
Be bold you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.

Enter a Gentleman.

This Man may help me to his Majeſty's Ear,
If he would ſpend his Power. God ſave you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the Court of *France.*

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the Report that goes upon your Goodneſs;
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharp Occaſions,
Which lay nice Manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own Virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your Will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor Petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of Power you have
To come into his Preſence.

Gent. The King's not here,

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd laſt Night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.

Wid. Lord, how we loſe our Pains.

Hel. All's well that Ends well yet,
Tho' Time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit;

I do

I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Roſſilion*, Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the Paper to his gracious Hand,
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your Pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find your ſelf to be well thank'd, what e'er falls more. We muſt to Horſe again. Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this Letter; I have e'er now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher Clothes; but I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's Mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong Diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's Diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no Fiſh of Fortune's butt'ring. Prethee, allow the Wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your Noſe, Sir; I ſpeak but a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your Metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my Noſe, or againſt any Man's Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this Paper.

Clo. Foh! prethee ſtand away; a Paper from Fortune's Cloſe-ſtool, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or of Fortune's Cat, but not a Muſcat; that hath fall'n into the unclean Fiſh-pond of her Diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the Carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally Knave. I do pity his Diſtreſs in my Smiles of Comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a Man whom Fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her Nails now. Wherein have you play'd the Knave with Fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelf is a good Lady, and would not have Knaves thrive long under her? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Juſtices make you and Fortune Friends; I am for other Buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your Honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle Penny more: Come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My Name, my good Lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox my Paſſion, give me your Hand: How does your Drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome Grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon the Knave, doſt thou put upon me at once, both the Office of God and Devil; one brings thee in Grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, enquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt Night; tho' you are a Fool and a Knave, you ſhall eat, go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We loſt a Jewel of her and our Eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your Son,
As mad in Folly, lack'd the Senſe to know
Her Eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural Rebellion, done i'th' blade of Youth,
When Oil and Fire, too ſtrong for Reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Tho' my Revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.
Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty Note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a Wife,
Whoſe Beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt Eyes; whoſe Words all Ears took captive;
Whoſe deep Perfection, Hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd Miſtreſs.
King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the Remembrance dear. Well——call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt View ſhall kill
All Repetition: Let him not ask our Pardon,
The nature of his great Offence is dead,
And deeper than Oblivion, we do bury
Th' incenſing Relicks of it. Let him approach
A Stranger, no Offender; and inform him
So 'tis our Will he ſhould.
Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.
King. What ſays he to your Daughter?
Have you ſpoke?
Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.
King. Then ſhall we have a Match. I have Letters ſent me, that ſet him high in Fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a Day of Seaſon,
For thou maiſt ſee a Sun-ſhine, and a Hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt Beams
Diſtracted Clouds give way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The Time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented Blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon me.
King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed Time,
Let's take the Inſtant by the forward Top;

For

For we are old, and on our quick'ſt Decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs Foot of Time
Steals, e'er we can effect them. You remember
The Daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my Choice upon her, e'er my Heart
Durſt make too bold a Herald of my Tongue:
Where the Impreſſion of mine Eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful Perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the Line of every other Favour,
Scorn'd a fair Colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n,
Extended or contracted all Proportions
To a moſt hideous Object. Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all Men prais'd, and whom my ſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd; was in mine Eye
The Duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome Sores away
From the great 'Compt; but Love that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful Pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender, turns a ſowre Offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raſh Faults
Make trivial Price of ſerious Things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their Grave.
Oft our Diſpleaſures to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our Friends, and after weep their Duſt:
Our own Love waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful Hate ſleeps out the Afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Hellen*'s Knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous Token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main Conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our Widower's ſecond Marriage Day:
Which better than the firſt, O dear Heav'n bleſs,
Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, ceaſe.

Laf. Come on my Son, in whom my Houſe's Name
Muſt be digeſted: Give a Favour from you
To ſparkle in the Spirits of my Daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old Beard,
And every Hair that's on't, *Hellen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet Creature: Such a Ring as this,

The

The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at Court,
I ſaw upon her Finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine Eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her, if her Fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſited to help, that by this Token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
How e'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The Ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my Life,
I have ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her Life's rate.
Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a Caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a Paper, which contain'd the Name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd, but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own Fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of Honour
As ſhe had made the Overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy Satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the Tinct and multiplying Medicine,
Hath not in Nature's Myſtery more Science,
Than I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Hellen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough Enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her Finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to your ſelf in Bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great Diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it,

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſly, as I love mine Honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural Fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman——'twill not prove ſo——
And yet I know not——thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her Eyes my ſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my Fears of little Vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this Matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie,
Prove that I husbanded her Bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in diſmal Thinking.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not,
Here's a Petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for four or five Removes come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair Grace and Speech
Of the poor Suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her Buſineſs looks in her
With an importing Viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verbal Brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with her ſelf.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many Proteſtations to marry me, when his Wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Roſſilion *Widower, his Vows are forfeited to me, and my Honours paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this Country for Juſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lyes, otherwiſe a Seducer flouriſhes, and a poor Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laſ.

Laf. I will buy me a Son-in-Law in a Fair, and Toll him for this. I'll none of him.

King. The Heav'ns have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*, To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek the Sutors: Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the Life of *Hellen* (Lady) Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now Juſtice on the Doers.

King. I wonder, Sir, Wives are ſo monſtrous to you, And that you fly them ſoon as you ſwear them Lordſhip; Yet you deſire to marry. What Woman's that!

Enter Widow, and Diana,

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*, Derived from the ancient *Capilet*; My Suit, as I do underſtand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her Mother, Sir, whoſe Age and Honour Both ſuffer under this Complaint we bring, And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count, do you know theſe Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your Wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry You give away this hand, and that is mine; You give away Heav'ns Vows, and thoſe are mine; You give away my ſelf, which is known mine; For I by Vow am ſo embodied yours, That ſhe which marries you, muſt marry me, Either both or none.

Laf. Your Reputation comes too ſhort for my Daughter, you are no Husband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſperate Creature, Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: Let your Highneſs Lay a more noble Thought upon mine Honour, Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my Thoughts, you have them ill to friend, 'Till your Deeds gain them fairer: Prove your Honour, Then in my Thought it lyes.

Di

Dian. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his Oath, if he does think
He had not my Virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's Impudent, my Lord,
And was a common Gameſter to the Camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common Price.
Do not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whoſe high Reſpect and rich Validity
Did lack a Parallel: Yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner o'th' Camp,
If I be one.
Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis hit:
Of ſix preceeding Anceſtors, that Jem
Confer'd by Teſtament to th' ſequent Iſſue
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his Wife,
That Ring's a thouſand Proofs.
King. Methought you ſaid
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an Inſtrument; his Name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I ſaw the Man to day, if Man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious Slave,
With all the Spots o'th' World, tax'd and deboiſh'd,
Which Nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I, or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that Ring of yours.
Ber. I think ſhe has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of Youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all Impediments in Fancy's courſe
Are Motives of more Fancy, and in fine,
Her Inſuit coming with her modern Grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate; ſhe got the Ring,
And I had that which any Inferior might
At Market Price have bought.

Dia.

Dia. I muſt be patient;
You that have turn'd off a firſt ſo noble Wife,
May juſtly Diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack Virtue, I will loſe a Husband,
Send for your Ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What Ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your Finger:

King. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The Story then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a Caſement.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs the Ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every Feather ſtarts you:
Is this the Man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the Diſpleaſure of your Maſter;
Which on your juſt Proceeding I'll keep off,
By him, and by this Woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my Maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; Did he love this Woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a Knave, and no Knave; what an equivocal Companion is this?

Par. I am a poor Man, and at your Majeſty's Command.

Laf. He's a good Drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me Marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: For, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that Credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to Bed, and of other Motions, as promiſing her Marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy Evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This Ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him.

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This Woman's an eaſie Glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This Ring was mine, I gave it his firſt Wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To Priſon with her: And away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this Ring,
Thou dieſt within this Hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in Bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common Cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew Man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no Maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear I am a Maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no Strumpet, by my Life;
I am either Maid, or elſe this old Man's Wife. [*Pointing to* Laf.

King.

King. She does abuſe our Ears, to Priſon with her.
Dia. Good Mother, fetch my Bail. Stay, Royal, Sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my Bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his Wife with Child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my Riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

King. Is there no Exorciſt
Beguiles the truer Office of mine Eyes?
Is't real that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but the ſhadow of a Wife you ſee,
The Name, and not the Thing.
Ber. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And look you, here's your Letter: This it ſays,
When from my Finger you can get this Ring,
And are by me with Child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly Divorce ſtep between me and you.
O, my dear Mother, do I ſee you living? [*To the Counteſs.*
Laf. Mine Eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum,* lend me a Handkerchief. [*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home, I'll make Sport with
thee: Let thy Courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this Story know,
To make the even Truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped Flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy Husband, and I'll pay thy Dower,
For I can gueſs, that by thy honeſt aid,
Thou keep'ſt a Wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a Maid.

Of that and all the Progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE King's a Beggar, now the Play is done:
All is well ended, if his Suit be won,
That you expreſs Content; which we will Pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your Patience then, and yours our Parts,
Your gentle Hands lend us, and take our Hearts.

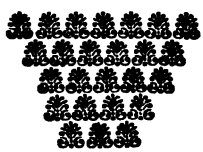
TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

What you will.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORſino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.

Antonio, *a Sea-Captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.

A Sea-Captain, Friend to Viola.

Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.

Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Confident to* Olivia.

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH.

TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

What you will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF Muſick be the Food of Love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that ſurfeiting
The Appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That Strain again, it had a dying Fall:
O, it came o'er my Ear, like the ſweet Wind
That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O Spirit of Love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That notwithſtanding thy Capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea; Nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſo e'er,
But falls into Abatement, and low Price,
Even in a Minute; ſo full of Shapes is Fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The Hart.

Duke. Why ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O when mine Eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the Air of Peſtilence;
That Inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my Deſires, like fell and cruel Hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what News from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her Hand-maid do return this Anſwer:
The Element it ſelf, 'till ſeven Years heat,
Shall not behold her Face at ample View;
But like a Cloyſtreſs ſhe will vailed walk,
And water once a Day her Chambers round
With Eye-offending Brine: All this to ſeaſon
A Brother's dead Love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad Remembrance.

Duke. O ſhe that hath a Heart of this fine Frame,
To pay this Debt of Love but to a Brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden Shaft
Hath kill'd the Flock of all Affections elſe
That live in her! When Liver, Brain, and Heart,
Theſe ſoveraign Thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd
Her ſweet Perfections with one ſelf-ſame King:
Away before me, to ſweet Beds of Flowers,
Love Thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with Bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. What Country, Friends, is this?

Cap. This is *Illyria*, Lady.

Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria*?
My Brother he is in *Elizium*.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, Sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelf were ſav'd.

Vio. O my poor Brother! And ſo perchance may he be.

Cap. True, Madam; and to comfort you with Chance,
Aſſure your ſelf, after our Ship did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poor Number ſaved with you,

Hung

Hung on your driving Boat: I ſaw your Brother,
Moſt provident in Peril, bind himſelf,
Courage and Hope both teaching him the Practice,
To a ſtrong Maſt that liv'd upon the Sea,
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphin's Back,
I ſaw him hold Acquaintance with the Waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine own Eſcape unfoldeth to my Hope,
Whereto thy Speech ſerves for Authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three Hours Travel from this very Place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in Nature, as in Name.

Vio. What is his Name?

Cap. Orſino.

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my Father Name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a Month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in Murmur, as you know
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of,
That he did ſeek the Love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous Maid, the Daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve Months ſince, then leaving her
In the Protection of his Son, her Brother,
Who ſhortly a'ſo dy'd; for whoſe dear Love,
They ſay, ſhe had abjur'd the Sight
And Company of Men.

Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the World,
'Till I had made mine own Occaſion mellow
What my Eſtate is.

Cap. That were hard to compaſs,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of Suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair Behavior in thee, Captain;
And tho' that Nature, with a beauteous Wall
Doth oft cloſe in Pollution; yet of thee.

I will believe thou haſt a Mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward Character.
I prethee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my Aid,
For ſuch Diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The Form of my Intent. I'll ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy Pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of Muſick,
That will allow me very worth his Service.
What elſe may hap, to Time I will commit,
Only ſhape thou thy Silence to my Wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'll be,
When my Tongue blabs, then let mine Eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a Plague means my Neece to take the Death of her Brother thus? I am ſure Care's an Enemy to Life.

Mar. By my Troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a Nights; your Couſin, my Lady, takes great Exceptions to your ill Hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt Limits of Order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my ſelf no finer than I am; theſe Clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe Boots too; and they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own Straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it Yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one Night here, to be her Wooer?

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a Man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' Purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand Ducats a Year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a Year in all theſe Ducats: He's a very Fool, and a Prodigal.

Sir

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo: He plays o'th' Viol-de-Gambo, and ſpeaks three or four Languages word for Word without Book, and hath all the good Gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a Fool, he's a great Quarreller; and but that he hath the Gift of a Coward to allay the Guſt he hath in Quarrelling, 'tis thought among the Prudent, he would quickly have the Gift of a Grave.

Sir To. By this Hand they are Scoundrels and Subſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your Company.

Sir To. With drinking Healths to my Neece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a Paſſage in my Throat, and Drink in *Illyria*. He's a Coward and a Coyſtril that will not drink to my Neece 'till his Brains turn o'th' Toe like a Pariſh Top. What Wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch*! How now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs Accoſt, I deſire better Acquaintance.

Mar. My Name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs *Mary* accoſt.

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: Accoſt is, front her, board her, woe her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my Troth, I would not undertake her in this Company. Is that the Meaning of Accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. And thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou migh'ſt never draw Sword again.

Sir And. And you part ſo, Miſtreſs, I would I might never draw Sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have Fools in Hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' Hand.

Sir And. Marry but you ſhall have, and here's my Hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, Thought is free: I pray you bring your Hand to th' Buttery Bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet Heart? What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an Aſs, but I can keep my Hand dry. But what's your Jeſt?

Mar. A dry Jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my Finger Ends: Marry, now I let go your Hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a Cup of Canary: When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your Life, I think, unleſs you ſee Canary put down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more Wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary Man has; but I am a great Eater of Beef, and I believe that do's harm to my Wit.

Sir To. No Queſtion.

Sir And. And I thought that I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home, to Morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pur-quoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pur-quoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the Tongues, that I have in Fencing, Daneing, and Bear-baiting: O had I but follow'd the Arts.

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent Head of Hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my Hair?

Sir To. Paſt Queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not cool my Nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like Flax on a Diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a Houſewife take thee between her Legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to Morrow, Sir *Toby*, your Neece will not be ſeen, or if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: The Duke himſelf here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her Degree, neither in Eſtate, Years, nor Wit; I have heard her ſwear. Tut, there's Life in't Man.

Sir And.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a Month longer. I am a Fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt Mind i'the World: I delight in Masks and Revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe Kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any Man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the Degree of my Betters, and yet I will not compare with an old Man.

Sir To. What is thy Excellence in a Galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a Caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the Back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any Man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore have theſe Gifts a Curtain before 'em? Are they like to take Duſt, like Miſtreſs *Malls* Picture? Why doſt thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very Walk ſhould be a Jig! I would not ſo much as make Water but in a Sink-a-pace: What doſt thou mean? Is it a World to hide Virtues in? I did not think, by the excellent Conſtitution of thy Leg, it was form'd under the Star of a Galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd-colour'd Stocken. Shall we ſit about ſome Revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe; were we not born under *Taurus?*

Sir And. Taurus? That's Sides and Heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is Legs and Thighs. Let me ſee thee Caper, Ha, higher: Ha, ha, excellent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in Man's Attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue theſe Favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three Days, and already you are no Stranger.

Vio. You either fear his Humour, or my Negligence, that you call in queſtion the Continuance of his Love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his Favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: Here comes the Duke.
Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario,* hoa?
Vio. On your Attendance, my Lord, here.
Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Ceſario,*
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the Book even of my ſecret Soul.
Therefore, good Youth, addreſs thy Gate unto her,
Be not deny'd Acceſs, ſtand at her Doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed Foot ſhall grow
'Till thou have Audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her Sorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil Bounds,
Rather than make unprofited Return.
Vio. Say I do ſpeak with her, my Lord, what then?
Duke. O then, unfold the Paſſion of my Love,
Surprize her with Diſcourſe of my dear Faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my Woes;
She will attend it better in thy Youth,
Than in a Nuncio's of more grave Aſpect.
Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.
Duke. Dear Lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy Years,
That ſay thou art a Man: *Diana's* Lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall Pipe
Is as the Maiden's Organ, ſhrill and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a Woman's Part.
I know thy Conſtellation is right apt
For this Affair: Some four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in Company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his Fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet a barful Strife,
Who-e'er I woo, my ſelf would be his Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my Lips ſo wide as a Briſtle may enter in way of thy Excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy Abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this World needs fear no Colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good Lenten Anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of I fear no Colours.

Clo. Where, good Miſtreſs *Mary*?

Mar. In the Wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your Foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them Wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are Fools, let them uſe their Talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away, is not this as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good Hanging prevents a bad Marriage; and for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two Points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your Gaskings fall.

Clo. Apt in good Faith, very apt: Well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave Drinking, thou wert as witty a Piece of *Eve*'s Fleſh, as any *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you Rogue, no more o'that: Here comes my Lady; make your Excuſe wiſely you were beſt.

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good Fooling; thoſe Wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove Fools; and I that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe Man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, Better a witty Fool than a fooliſh Wit. God bleſs thee, Lady.

Oli. Take the Fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, Fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry Fool; I'll no more of you; b ſides you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two Faults, *Madona*, that Drink and good Cou will amend; for give the dry Fool Drink, then is the F not dry. Bid the diſhoneſt Man mend himſelf; if he mend, h no longer diſhoneſt, if he cannot, let the Botcher mend hi Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: Virtue that tra greſſes is but patch'd with Sin, and Sin that amends is b patch'd with Virtue. If that, this ſimple Sillogiſm will ſerv ſo; if it will not, what Remedy? As there is no true Cuckol but Calamity, ſo Beauty's a Flower: The Lady bad take away the Fool, therefore I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt Degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that as much as to ſay, as I were not mot ley in my Brain: Good *Madona*, give me leave to prov you a Fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your Proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*, Good my Mouſe of Virtue anſwer.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other Idleneſs, I'll bide your Proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good Fool, for my Brother's Death.

Clo. I think his Soul is in Hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his Soul is in Heaven, Fool.

Clo. The more Fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your Brother's Soul being in Heaven: Take away the Fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this Fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the Pangs of Death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the Wiſe, doth ever make the better Fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy Infirmity, for the better increaſing your Folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he will not paſs his Word for two Pence that you are no Fool.

Oli.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel your Ladyſhip takes Delight in ſuch a barren Raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other Day with an ordinary Fool, that has no more Brains than a Stone. Look you now, he's out of his Guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter Occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt I take theſe wiſe Men that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of Fools, no better than the Fools *Zanies.*

Oli. O you are ſick of Self-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd Appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free Diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts that you deem Canon-Bullets: There is no Slander in an allow'd Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet Man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with learning, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of Fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the Gate a young Gentleman much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino* is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my People hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Kinſman.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but Madman: Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a Suit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home. What you will to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.

Now ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and People diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt Son ſhould be a Fool: whoſe Scull *Jove* cram with Brains, for here he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy Kin has a moſt weak *Pia mater.*

Oli. By mine Honour half drunk. What is he at the Gate, Couſin?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

Sir To.

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A Plague o'theſe pickle Herring: How now, Sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Oli. Couſin, Couſin, how have you come ſo early by this Lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I defie Letchery: There's one at the Gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil and he will, I care not: Give me Faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken Man like, Fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd Man, a Fool, and a Madman: One Draught above heat makes him a Fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the Coroner, and let him ſit o' my Coz; for he's in the third Degree of Drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the Fool ſhall look to the Madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep, he ſeems to have a Fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any Denial.

Oli. Tell him he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told ſo; and he ſays he'll ſtand at your Door like a Sheriff's Poſt, and be the Supporter to a Bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'Man is he?

Mal. Why, of Mankind.

Oli. What manner of Man?

Mal. Of very ill Manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what Perſonage and Years is he.

Mal. Not yet old enough for a Man, nor young enough for a Boy; as a Squaſh is before 'tis a Peaſcod, or a Codling when 'tis almoſt an Apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding Water, between Boy and Man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks

ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think his Mother's Milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my Vail: Come, throw it o'er my Face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s Embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the Houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: Your Will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable Beauty--I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the Houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loath to caſt away my Speech; for beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great Pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no Scorn; I am very Comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter Uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt Aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the Houſe, that I may proceed in Speech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound Heart; and yet, by the very Pangs of Malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the Houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve: But this is from my Commiſſion. I will on with my Speech in your Praiſe, and then ſhew you the Heart of my Meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the Praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great Pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis Poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my Gates, and allow'd your Approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have Reaſon, be brief; 'tis not the time of the Moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a Dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt Sail, Sir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good Swabber, I am to hull here a little lon
Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady: Tell
your Mind, I am a Meſſenger,

Oli. Sure you have ſome hideous Matter to deliver, wh
the Curteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your Office.

Vio. It alone concerns your Ear. I bring no Overtur
War, no Taxations of Homage; I hold the Olive in
Hand: My Words are as full of Peace as Matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The Rudeneſs that hath appear'd in me have I lear
from my Entertainment. What I am, and what I would,
as ſecret as a Maiden-head; to your Ears, Divinity; to a
others, Prophanation.

Oli. Give us the Place alone. [*Exit* Mari
We will hear this Divinity. Now, Sir, what is your Tex

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady.

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be ſaid
it. Where lyes the Text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s Boſom.

Oli. In his Boſom? In what Chapter of his Boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the Method, in the firſt of his Heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is Hereſy. Have you no mo
to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam let me ſee your Face.

Oli. Have you any Commiſſion from your Lord to neg
tiate with my Face? You are now out of your Text; b
we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the Picture. Lo
you, Sir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not w
done? [*Unveilin*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure Wind and We
ther.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Nature's own ſweet and cunning Hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt She alive,
If you will lead theſe Graces to the Grave,
And leave the World no Copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will gi
out divers Schedules of my Beauty. It ſhall be inventorie

an

and every Particle and Utenſil labell'd to my Will. As, *Item*, two Lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey Eyes, with Lids to them. *Item*, One Neck, one Chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Maſter loves you: O ſuch Love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With Adorations, fertile Tears,
With Groans that thunder Love, with Sighs of Fire.

Oli. Your Lord do's know my Mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him Virtuous, know him Noble,
Of great Eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs Youth;
In Voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in Dimenſion, and the Shape of Nature,
A gracious Perſon; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his Anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Maſter's Flame,
With ſuch a Suff'ring, ſuch a deadly Life:
In your Denial I would find no Senſe,
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a Willow Cabin at your Gate,
And call upon my Soul within the Houſe;
Write loyal Cantons of contemned Love,
And ſing them loud even in the Dead of Night:
Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,
And make the babling Goſſip of the Air
Cry out, *Olivia*: O you ſhould not reſt
Between the Elements of Air and Earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: Let him ſend no more,
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your Pains; ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no Fee'd-poſt, Lady; keep your Purſe:
My Maſter, not my ſelf, lacks Recompence.
Love make his Heart of Flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your Fervour like my Maſter's be,
Plac'd in Contempt: Farewel, fair Cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. What is your Parentage?
Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well:
I am a Gentleman——I'll be ſworn thou art,
Thy Tongue, thy Face, thy Limb, Actions, and Spirit,
Do give thee five-fold Blazon——not too faſt——ſoft, ſoft,
Unleſs the Maſter were the Man. How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the Plague?
Methinks I feel this Youth's Perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtil Stealth
To creep in at mine Eyes. Well, let it be——
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your Service.
Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh Meſſenger,
The Duke's Man; he left this Ring behind him;
Would I, or not: Tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with Hopes, I am not for him:
If that the Youth will come this way to Morrow,
I'll give him Reaſon for't by thee, *Malvolio.*
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do, I know not what, and fear to find
Mine Eye too great a Flatterer for my Mind:
Fate, ſhew thy Force, our ſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

Ant. WILL you ſtay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your Patience, no: My Stars ſhine darkly over me; the Malignancy of my Fate, might perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my Evils alone. It were a bad Recompence for your Love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth, Sir, my determinate Voyage is meer extravagancy: But I perceive in you ſo excellent a Touch of Modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in, therefore it charges me in Manners the rather to expreſs my ſelf: You muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my Name is *Sebaſtian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*, my Father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my ſelf, and a Siſter, both born in one Hour; if the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended: But you, Sir, alter'd that, for ſome Hours before you took me from the Breach of the Sea, was my Siſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the Day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable Wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a Mind that Envy could not but call fair: She is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt Water, tho' I ſeem to drown her Remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad Entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your Trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my Love, let me be your Servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that i
kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare y
well at once, my Boſom is full of Kindneſs, and I am y
ſo near the Manners of my Mother, that upon the leaſt occ
ſion more, mine Eyes will tell Tales of me: I am bound t
the Duke *Orſino*'s Court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the Gods go with thee.
I have made Enemies in *Orſino*'s Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That Danger ſhall ſeem Sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio *at ſeveral Doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Counteſs *Olivia?*

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace, I have ſince ar-
riv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you, Sir; you migh
have ſaved me my Pains, to have taken it away your ſelf
She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord in
deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thin
more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his A
fairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: R
ceive it ſo.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and h
will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: If it be worth ſtoopin
for, there it lyes in your Eye; if not, be it his that finc
it. [*Exi*

Vio. I left no Ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure methought her Eyes had loſt her Tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her Paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh Meſſenger.
None of my Lord's Ring? Why, he ſent her none.
I am the Man——If it be ſo as 'tis,
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a Dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a Wickedneſs,

Wherei

Wherein the pregnant Enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In Womens waxen Hearts to ſet their Forms!
Alas, our Frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are, we are made, if ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? My Maſter loves her dearly,
And I, poor Monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am a Man,
My State is deſperate for my Maſter's Love;
As I am a Woman, now alas the day,
What thriftleſs Sighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O Time, thou muſt untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a Knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: Not to be a-bed after Midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: But I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe Concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd Can; to be up after Midnight, and to go to Bed then, is early; ſo that to go to Bed after Midnight, is to go to Bed betimes. Does not our Lives conſiſt of the four Elements?

Sir And. 'Faith ſo they ſay, but I think it rather conſiſts of Eating and Drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a Scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Marian* I ſay, a Stoop of Wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now my Hearts; did you never ſee the Picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome Aſs, now let's have a Catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the Fool has an excellent Breaſt. I had rather than forty Shillings I had ſuch a Leg, and ſo ſweet a Breath to ſing, as the Fool has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt Night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of Queubus

Queubus; 'twas very good i'faith: I ſent thee ſix Pence for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s Noſe is no Whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white Hand, and the Mirmidons are no Bottle-Ale-houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a Song.

Sir To. Come on, there is ſix Pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a Teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-ſong, or a Song of good Life?

Sir To. A Love-ſong, a Love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good Life.

Clown ſings.

O Miſtreſs mine, where are you roming?
O ſtay and hear, your true Love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting,
Journeys end in Lovers meeting,
Every wiſe Man's Son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is Love, 'tis not hereafter,*
Preſent Mirth hath preſent Laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure.
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiſs me ſweet and twenty:
Youth's a Stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous Voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious Breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the Noſe, it is Dulcet in Contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouze the Night-Owl in a Catch, that will draw three Souls out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. And you love me, let's do't: I am a Dog at a Catch.

Clo.

Clo. Byr Lady, Sir, and ſome Dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me Knave. Begin, Fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good 'ifaith: Come, begin. [*They ſing a Catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a Catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of Doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are Politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry Men be we.* Am not I Conſanguinious? Am not I of her Blood! *Tilly Valley, Lady! There dwelt a Man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable Fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better Grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O Twelfth Day of December. [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Maſters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no Wit, Manners, nor Honeſty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of Night? Do ye make an Ale-houſe of my Lady's Houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of Voice? Is there no reſpect of Place, Perſons, nor Time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our Catches. Sneck up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her Kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your Diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your Miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: If not, and it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear Heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His Eyes do ſhew his Days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much Credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: Art thou any more than a Steward? Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and Ginger ſhall be hot i'th' Mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your Chain with Crums. A Stoop of Wine, *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's Favour at any thing more than Contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil Rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this Hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your Ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a Man's a hungry, to challenge him the Field, and then to break Promiſe with him, and make a Fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a Challenge: or I'll deliver thy Indignation to him by word of Mouth.

Mar. Sweet, Sir *Toby*, be patient for to Night; ſince the Youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common Recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my Bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a Dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite Reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite Reaſon for't, but I have Reaſon good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a Time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſs, that Cons State without Book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: So cram'd, as he thinks, with Excellencies, that it is his ground of Faith, that all that look

on

on him, love him; and on that Vice in him will my Revenge find notable Cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of Love, wherein, by the colour of his Beard, the ſhape of his Leg, the manner of his Gate, the expreſſure of his Eye, Forehead, and Complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a Device.

Sir And. I have't in my Noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that ſhe is in Love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a Horſe of that Colour.

Sir And. And your Horſe now would make him an Aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my Phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he ſhall find the Letter: Obſerve his Conſtruction of it: For this Night to Bed, and dream on the Event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good Night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good Wench.

Sir To. She's a Beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to Bed, Knight: Thou hadſt need ſend for more Mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for Mony, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome Sack, 'tis too late to go to Bed now: Come, Knight, come, Knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me ſome Muſick; now good morrow, Friends;
Now good, *Cæſario,* but that piece of Song,
That old and antick Song we heard laſt Night;
Methought it did relieve my Paſſion much,
More than light Airs, and recollected Terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-pac'd Times.
Come, but one Verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the Jeſter, my Lord, a Fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s Father took much delight in. He is about the Houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the Tune the while. [*Muſick.*
Come hither, Boy, if ever thou ſhalt Love,
In the ſweet Pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true Lovers are,
Unſtaid and skittiſh in all Motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant Image of the Creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this Tune?

Vio. It gives a very Eccho to the Seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My Life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine Eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome Favour that it loves:
Hath it not, Boy?

Vio. A little, by your Favour.

Duke. What kind of Woman is't?

Vio. Of your Complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What Years, i'faith?

Vio. About your Years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heav'n; Let ſtill the Woman take
An elder than her ſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her Husband's Heart.
For, Boy, however we do praiſe our ſelves,

Our

Our Fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than Womens are.
Vio. I think it well, my Lord.
Duke. Then let thy Love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy Affection cannot hold the bent:
For Women are as Roſes, whoſe fair Flower
Being once diſplaid, doth fall the very hour.
Vio. And ſo they are: Alas, that they are ſo.
To dye, even when they to Perfection grow.
Enter Curio *and Clown.*
Duke. O Fellow come, the Song we had laſt night.
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The Spinſters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free Maids that weave their Thread with Bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the Innocence of Love,
Like the old Age.
Clo. Are you ready, Sir?
Duke. I prethee ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in ſad Cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, Breath,
I am ſlain by a fair Cruel Maid.
My Shrowd of white, ſtuck all with Yew, O prepare it.
My part of Death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a Flower, not a Flower ſweet,
On my black Coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a Friend, not a Friend greet
My poor Corps, where my Bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand Sighs to ſave, lay me O where
Sad true Lover never find my Grave, to weep there.

Duke. There's for thy Pains.
Clo. No Pains, Sir, I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy Pleaſure then.
Clo. Truly, Sir, and Pleaſure will be paid one time, or other.

Duke.

Duke. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Taylor make thy Doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy Mind is a very Opal. I would have Men of ſuch Conſtancy put to Sea, that their Buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good Voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit*

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign Cruelty:
Tell her my Love, more noble than the World,
Prizes not quantity of dirty Lands,
The Parts that Fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
'Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that Miracle, and Queen of Jems
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my Soul,

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir.

Duke. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your Love as great a pang of Heart
As you have for *Olivia:* You cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no Woman's Sides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a Paſſion,
As Love doth give my Heart: No Woman's Heart
So big, to hold ſo much, they lack retention.
Alas, their Love may be call'd Appetite:
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That ſuffers Surfeit, Cloyment, and Revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that Love a Woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*

Vio. Ay but I know——

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love Women to Men do owe:
In faith they are as true of Heart, as we.
My Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her Hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her damask Cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow Melancholy,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this Love indeed?
We Men may ſay more, ſwear more, but indeed
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our Vows, but little in our Love.

Duke. But dy'd thy Siſter of her Love, my Boy?

Vio. I am all the Daughters of my Father's Houſe,
And all the Brothers too——and yet I know not——
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the Theam.
To her in haſte; give her this Jewel: Say,
My Love can give no place, bid no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this Sport, let me be boil'd to Death with Melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally Sheep-biter, come by ſome notable Shame?

Fab. I would exult, Man; you know he brought me out of Favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. And we do not 'tis pity of our Lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little Villain: How now, my Nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the Box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this Walk, he has been yonder i'th' Sun practiſing Behaviour to his own Shadow this half hour: Obſerve him for the love of Mockery; for I know this Letter will make a Contemplative Ideot of him. Cloſe, in the Name of Jeſting, lye thou there; for here comes the Trout that muſt be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is Fortune. *Maria* once t me ſhe did affect me, and I have heard her ſelf come t near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my C plexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted I ſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhou think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning Rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turk Cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd Plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the Rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio.*

Sir To. Ah Rogue.

Sir And. Piſtol him, Piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is Example for't: The Lady of the *Str* married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel.*

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how Imagina blows him.

Mal. Having been three Months married to her, ſit in my State.

Sir To. O for a Stone-bow to hit him in the Eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd vet Gown; having come from a Day-bed, where I have *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the Humour of State; and a demure Travel of Regard, telling them I know my pl as I would they ſhould do theirs——To ask for my k man *Toby*——

Sir To. Bolts and Shackles.

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seven of my People with an obedient Start a out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind my Watch, or play with ſome rich Jewel. *Toby* approac Courtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with Cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar Smile with an auſtere regard of Controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow on the Lips then?

Mal. Saying, Couſin *Toby*, my Fortunes having caſt me on your Neice, give me this Prerogative of Speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your Drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, Scab.

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the Sinews of our Plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the Treaſure of your Time, with a fooliſh Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What Employment have we here? [*Taking up a Letter.*

Fab. Now is the Woodcock near the Gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! Now the Spirit of Humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my Life this is my Lady's hand: Theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is in Contempt of queſtion her Hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good Wiſhes; Her very Phraſes: By your leave, Wax. Soft! and the Impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, Liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I Love, but who, Lips do not move, no Man muſt know.* No Man muſt know——What follows? The Numbers alter'd——No Man muſt know——

If this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but Silence, like a Lucreſs Knife,

With boldneſs ſtroke my Heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my Life.*

Fab. A Fuſtian Riddle.

Sir To. Excellent Wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my Life——Nay, but firſt let me ſee——let me ſee——

Fab. What a diſh of Poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what Wing the Stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore. Why ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formal Capacity. There is no obſtruction in this——and the end——what ſhould that Alphabetical poſition portend. If I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? Softly——*M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O. I. make up that, he is now at a cold Scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M.——*Malvolio*——*M.*——why that begins my Name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would work it out, the Cur is excellent at Faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the Sequel; that ſuffers under Probation: *A* ſhould follow, but O does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any Eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your Heels, than Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.——This Simulation is not as the former——And yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows Proſe——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of Greatneſs; ſome are born Great, ſome atchieve Greatneſs, and ſome have Greatneſs put upon them. Thy Fates open their Hands, let thy Blood and Spirit embrace them; and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble Slough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with Servants: Let thy Tongue tang Arguments of State; put thy ſelf into the Trick of Singularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay remember, go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: If not, let me ſee thee a*

Steward

Steward ſtill, the Fellow of Servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's Fingers. Farewel. She that would alter Services with thee. The fortunate and happy Day-light and Champian diſcovers not more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politick Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs Acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very Man. I do now fool my ſelf, to let Imagination jade me; for every Reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow Stockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my Leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelf to my Love, and with a kind of Conjunction drives me to theſe Habits of her liking. I thank my Stars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow Stockings and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my Stars be praiſed. Here is yet a Poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe to know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my Love, let it appear in thy ſmiling, thy Smiles become thee well. Therefore in my Preſence ſtill ſmile, Dear my Sweet, I prethee. Jove*, I thank thee, I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this Sport for a Penſion of Thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this Wench for this Device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other Dowry with her, but ſuch another Jeſt.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble Gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy Foot o'my Neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my Freedom at Tray-trip, and become thy Bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a Dream, that when the Image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua-vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the Fruits of the Sport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: He will come to her in yellow Stockings, and 'tis a Colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry Fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my Conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: If that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no Folly, ſhe will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her Fool, but her corrupter of Words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, he does walk about the Orb like the Sun, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the Fool ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtreſs: I think I ſaw your Wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's Expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next Commodity of Hair, ſend thee a Beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my Chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging, but a Beggar: *Creſſida* was a Beggar. My Lady is within, Sir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might ſay, Element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This Fellow is wiſe enough to play the Fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of Wit:
He muſt obſerve their Mood on whom he Jeſts,
The Quality of the Perſons, and the Time;
And like the Haggard, check at every Feather
That comes before his Eye. This is a practice
As full of Labour as a Wiſe-man's Art:

For Folly that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe Mens Folly fall'n, quite taint their Wit.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, Gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous guard Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſi, voſtre ſervitur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are, and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the Houſe, my Neice is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your Trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the Liſt of my Voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your Legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My Legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my Legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with Gate and Entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the Heav'ns rain Odours on you.

Sir And. That Youth's a rare Courtier! rain Odours! well.

Vio. My Matter hath no Voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed Ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchſafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the Garden Door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your Hand, Sir.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

Vio. My Duty, Madam, and moſt humble Service.

Oli. What is your Name?

Vio. Ceſario is your Servant's Name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My Servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry World,
Since lowly feigning was call'd Complement:
Y'are Servant to the Duke *Orſino*, Youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your Servant's Servant is your Servant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: For his Thoughts,
Would they were Blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle Thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another Suit,
I had rather hear you to ſoilicit that,
Than Muſick from the Spheres.
Vio. Dear Lady.
Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt Enchantment you did hear,
A Ring in Chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelf, my Servant, and I fear me, you;
Under your hard Conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine Honour at the Stake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzzled Thoughts
That tyrannous Heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn, a Cypreſs, not a Boſom,
Hides my poor Heart. So let me hear you ſpeak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to Love.
Vio. No not a grice: For 'tis a vulgar Proof
That very oft we pity Enemies.
Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to ſmile again;
O World, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much better
To fall before the Lion, than the Wolf;
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
The Clock upbraids me with the waſte of Time.
Be not afraid, good Youth, I will not have you;
And yet when Wit and Youth is come to harveſt,
Your Wife is like to reap a proper Man:
There lyes your way, due Weſt.
Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good Diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip.
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?
Oli. Stay; I prethee tell me what thou think'ſt of me?
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your Fool.
Oli. O what a deal of Scorn looks beautiful,
In the Contempt and Anger of his Lip!
A murderous Guilt ſhews not it ſelf more ſoon,
Than Love that would ſeem hid: Love's Night is Noon.
Ceſario, by the Roſes of the Spring.
By Maid-hood, Honour, Truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy Pride,
Nor Wit, nor Reaſon, can my Paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy Reaſons from this Clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no Cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought, is good; but given unſought, is better.
Vio. By Innocence I ſwear, and by my Youth,
I have one Heart, one Boſom, and one Truth,
And that no Woman has, nor never none
Shall Miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam, never more,
Will I my Maſter's Tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'ſt move
That Heart, which now abhors to like his Love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy Reaſon, dear Venom, give thy Reaſon.
Fab. You muſt needs yield your Reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*
Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your Neice do more Favours to the Duke's Serving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd upon me. I ſaw't i'th' Orchard.
Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old Boy, tell me that?
Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.
Fab. This was a great Argument of Love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight; will you make an Aſs o'me?
Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the Oaths of Judgment and Reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury-men, ſince before *Noah* was a Sailor.

Fab. She did ſhew Favour to the Youth in your Sight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe Valour, to put Fire in your Heart, and Brimſtone in your Liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent Jeſts, fire-new from the Mint, you ſhould have bang'd the Youth into Dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your Hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this Opportunity you let Time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the North of my Lady's Opinion, where you will hang like an Iſickle on a *Dutchman's* Beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome Attempt, either of Valour or Policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for Policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy Fortunes upon the Baſis of Valour. Challenge me the Duke's Youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven Places, my Neice ſhall take Note of it, and aſſure thy ſelf, there is no Love-broker in the World can more prevail in Mens Commendation with Women, than Report of Valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir An. Will either of you bear me a Challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial Hand, be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of Invention; taunt him with the Licenſe of Ink; if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many Lies as will lye in thy Sheet of Paper, although the Sheet were big enough for the Bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, and go about it. Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a Gooſe-Pen, no matter: About it.

Sir An. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear Manakin to you, Sir *Toby.*

Sir To. I have been dear to him, Lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the Youth to an Anſwer. I think Oxen and Wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much Blood in his Liver as will clog the Foot of a Flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' Anatomy.

Fab. And his Oppoſite the Youth bears in his Viſage no great Preſage of Cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the Spleen, and will laugh your ſelves into Stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible Paſſages of Groſſneſs. He's in yellow Stockings.

Sir To. And Croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a Pedant that keeps a School i'th' Church: I have dog'd him like his Murtherer. He does obey every Point of the Letter that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his Face into more Lines than is in the new Map, with the Augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and tak't for a great Favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my Will have troubled you,
But ſince you make your Pleaſure of your Pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my Deſire,
More ſharp than filed Steel, did ſpur me forth,
And not all Love to ſee you, tho' ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer Voyage,
But Jealouſie, what might befall your Travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe Parts; which to a Stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove

Rough

Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing Love,
The rather by theſe Arguments of Fear
Set forth in your Purſuit.
Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other Anſwer make, but Thanks:
But were my Worth, as is my Conſcience firm,
You ſhould find better Dealing: What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the Relicks of this Town?
Ant. To Morrow, Sir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to Night,
I pray you let us ſatisfie our Eyes
With the Memorials, and the Things of Fame
That do renown this City.
Ant. Would you'ld pardon me:
I do not without Danger walk theſe Streets.
Once in a Sea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his Gallies,
I did ſome Service, of ſuch Note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike you ſlew great Number of his People.
Ant. Th' Offence is not of ſuch a bloody Nature,
Albeit the Quality of Time, and Quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody Argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Traffick's ſake
Moſt of our City did. Only my ſelf ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: Hold, Sir, here's my Purſe.
In the South Suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our Diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your Knowlege
With viewing of the Town, there ſhall you have me.
Seb. Why I your Purſe?
Ant. Haply your Eye ſhall light upon ſome Toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your Store
I think is not for idle Markets, Sir.
Seb. I'll be your Purſe-bearer, and leave you
For an Hour.
Ant. To th' *Elephant*.
Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

SCEN'

SCENE IV. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have ſent after him; he ſays he'll come.
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For Youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud; where's *Malvolio*, he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a Servant with my Fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He's coming, Madam:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come, for ſure the Man is tainted in's Wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If ſad and merry Madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smile fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad Occaſion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad;
This does make ſome Obſtruction in the Blood;
This croſs-gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the Eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? How do'ſt thou Man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my Mind, though yellow in my Legs: It did come to his Hands, and Commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know the ſweet Roman Hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to Bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To Bed? ay, ſweet Heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee; why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy Hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your Requeſt!
Yes, Nightingales anſwer Daws.

Mar.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous Boldneſs before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them——

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow Stockings?

Mal. Wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd——

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a Servant ſtill.

Oli. Why this is very Midſummer Madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's Pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this Fellow be look'd to. Where's my Couſin *Toby*? let ſome of my People have a ſpecial Care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the Half of my Dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho, do you come near me now? No worſe Man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! This concurs directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble Slough, ſays ſhe; be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with Servants, let thy Tongue tang with Arguments of State, put thy ſelf into the Trick of Singularity, and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad Face, a reverend Carriage, a ſlow Tongue, in the Habit of ſome Sir of Note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow! Not *Malvolio*, nor after my Degree, but Fellow. Why ever

every thing adheres together, that no Dram of a Scruple, no Scruple of a Scruple; no Obſtacle; no incredulous or unſafe Circumſtance——What can be ſaid? Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full Proſpect of my Hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the Doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the Name of Sanctity? If all the Devils in Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? How is't with you, Man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: Go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the Fiend ſpeaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a Care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we muſt deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you do, *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What Man, defie the Devil; conſider he's an Enemy to Mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you! and you ſpeak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at Heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his Water to th' wiſe Woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to Morrow Morning if I live. My Lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, Miſtreſs?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Prethee hold thy Peace, that is not the way: Do you not ſee you move him?

Fab. No way but Gentleneſs, gently, gently; the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now, my Havock? How doſt thou, Chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay Biddy, come with me. What Man, 'tis not for Gravity to play at Cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him foul Collier.

Mar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his Prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My Prayers, Minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of Godlineſs.

Mal. Go, hang your ſelves all; you are idle ſhallow Things, I am not of your Element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a Stage now, I could condemn it as an unprofitable Fiction.

Sir To. His very Genius hath taken the Infection of the Device, Man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the Device take Air, and taint.

Fab. Why we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The Houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark Room and bound. My Neece is already in the Belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our Pleaſure and his Penance, 'till our very Paſtime tired out of Breath, prompt us to have Mercy on him; at which Time we will bring the Device to the Bar, and crown thee for a Finder of Madmen; but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More Matter for a *May* Morning.

Sir And. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's Vinegar and Pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: Do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy Fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire in thy Mind why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no Reaſon for't.

Fab. A very good Note, that keeps you from the Blow of the Law.

Sir To. Thou com'ſt to the Lady Olivia, *and in my Sight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy Throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good Senſe-leſs.

Sir To.

Chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a Rogue and a Villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy Side of the Law

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon o
he may have mercy upon mine, but my Hope is better
look to thy ſelf. Thy Friend as thou uſeſt him, and t
Enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs c
I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit Occaſion for't: He is
ſome Commerce with my Lady, and will by and by

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the
of the Orchard like a Bum-Baily; ſo ſoon as ever t
him, draw; and as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for
to paſs oft, that a terrible Oath, with a ſwaggering
ſharply twang'd off, gives Manhood more Approbati
ever Proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver this Letter; for
haviour of the young Gentleman gives him out to
good Capacity and Breeding; his Imployment betw
Lord and my Neece, confirms no leſs; therefore, th
ter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no Te
the Youth; he will find that it comes from a Clo
But, Sir, I will deliver his Challenge by Word of I
ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable Report of Valou
drive the Gentleman, as I know his Youth will ap
ceive it, into a moſt hideous Opinion of his Rage
Fury, and Impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them
that they will kill one another by the Look, like Cockat

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with' your Neece, give thei
'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horric
ſage for a Challenge. [E

Oli. I have ſaid too much unto a Heart of Stone,
And laid mine Honour too unchary on't.
There's ſomething in me that reproves my Fault;

But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent Fault it is,
That it but mocks Reproof.

Vio. With the ſame haviour that your Paſſion bears,
Goes on my Maſter's Grief.

Oli. Here, wear this Jewel for me, 'tis my Picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no Tongue to vex you:
And I beſeech you come again to Morrow.
What ſhall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, Honour ſav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true Love for my Maſter.

Oli. How with mine Honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to Morrow: Fare thee well,
A Fiend like thee might bear my Soul to Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That Defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what Nature the Wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy Intercepter full of Deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard End; diſmount thy Tuck, be yare in thy Preparation, for thy Aſſailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir, I am ſure no Man hath any Quarrel to me; my Remembrance is very free and clear from any Image of Offence done to any Man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore, if you hold your Life at any Price, betake you to your Guard, for your Oppoſite hath in him, what Youth, Strength, Skill, and Wrath can furniſh a Man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on Carpet Conſideration, but he is a Devil in private Brawl; Souls and Bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his Incenſement at this Moment is ſo implacable, that Satisfaction can be none but by Pangs of Death and Sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his Word; give't or tak't.

Vio. I will return again into the Houſe, and deſire ſome Conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of

ſome kind of Men, that put Quarrels purpoſely on oth
to taſte their Valour: Belike this is a Man of that Quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: His Indignation drives it ſelf out o
very competent Injury, therefore get you on, and give hi
his Deſire. Back you ſhall not to the Houſe, unleſs you und
take that with me, which with as much ſafety you mig
anſwer him; therefore on, or ſtrip your Sword ſtark nak
for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to w
Iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as ſtrange. I beſeech you do m
this courteous Office, as to know of the Knight what m
Offence to him is: It is ſomething of my Negligence, n
thing of my Purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Ge
tleman 'till my Return. [*Exit Sir* To

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even t
a mortal Arbitrement, but nothing of the Circumſtance mo

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of Man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful Promiſe to read him b
his Form, as you are like to find him in the Proof of h
Valour. He is indeed, Sir, the moſt skilful, bloody, and f
tal Oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any pa
of *Illyria*: Will you walk towards him? I will make you
Peace with him if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one tha
had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care no
who knows ſo much of my Mettle. [*Exeu*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why Man, he's a very Devil, I have not ſeen
ſuch a Virago: I had a Paſs with him, Rapier, Scabbard and
all; and he gives me the Stuck in with ſuch a mortal Mo
tion, that it is inevitable; and on the Anſwer, he pays you
as ſurely as your Feet hit the Ground they ſtep on. They
ſay, he has been Fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can ſcarce hold him.

Sir And. Plague on't, and I thought he had been vali
ant, and ſo cunning in Fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd e'er
I'd

d have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my Horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the Motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the Perdition of Souls; marry I'll ride your Horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his Horſe to take up the Quarrel, I have perſuaded him the Youth's a Devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a Bear were at his Heels.

Sir To. There's no Remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's Oath ſake: Marry he hath better bethought him of his Quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the Supportance of his Vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a Man.

Fab. Give Ground if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no Remedy; the Gentleman will for his Honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the Duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his Oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you 'tis againſt my Will.

Ant. Put up your Sword; if this young Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the Fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his Love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an Undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the Officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your Sword up if you pleaſe. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my Word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the Man, do thy Office.
2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the Suit of Duke *Orſino*.
Ant. You miſtake me, Sir.
1 *Off.* No, Sir, no Jot; I know your Favour well;
Tho' now you have no Sea-cap on your Head.
Take him away, he knows I know him well.
Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no Remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my Neceſſity
Makes me to ask you for my Purſe. It grieves me
Much more; for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals my ſelf: You ſtand amaz'd,
But be of Comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.
Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that Mony.
Vio. What Mony, Sir?
For the fair Kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent Trouble,
Out of my lean and low Ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my having is not much,
I'll make Diviſion of my Preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my Deſerts to you
Can lack Perſuaſion? Do not tempt my Miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a Man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe Kindneſſes
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by Voice, or any Feature.
I hate Ingratitude more in a Man,
Than Lying, Vainneſs, Babling Drunkenneſs,
Or any Taint of Vice, whoſe ſtrong Corruption
Inhabits our frail Blood.
Ant. Oh Heav'ns themſelves!
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This Youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatcht one Half out of the Jaws of Death,
Reliev'd him with ſuch Sanctity of Love,
And to his Image, which methought did promiſe
Moſt venerable Worth, did I Devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us, the Time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vild an Idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good Feature ſhame,
In Nature there's no Blemiſh but the Mind:
None can be call'd Deform'd but the Unkind.
Virtue is Beauty, but the beauteous Evil
Are empty Trunks, o'er-flouriſh'd by the Devil.

1 *Off.* The Man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit.*

Vio. Methinks his Words do from ſuch Paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf, ſo do not I:
Prove true Imagination, oh prove true,
That I, dear Brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a Couplet or two of moſt ſage Saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*; I my Brother know
Yet living in my Glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this Faſhion, Colour, Ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt Waves freſh in Love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry Boy, and more a Coward than a Hare; his Diſhoneſty appears in leaving his Friend here in Neceſſity, and denying him; and for his Coward-ſhip ask *Fabian.*

Fab. A Coward, a moſt devout Coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never thy Sword.

Sir And And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the Event.

Sir To. I dare lay any Mony 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and Clown.*

Clo. WILL you make me believe that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh Fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out i'faith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your Name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my Noſe neither; nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy Folly ſomewhere elſe, thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my Folly! He has heard that Word of ſome great Man, and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my Folly! I am afraid this great Lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy Strangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh *Greek* depart from me, there's Money for thee. If you tarry longer I ſhall give worſe Payment.

Clo. By my Troth thou haſt an open Hand; theſe wiſe Men that give Fools Money, get themſelves a good Report after fourteen Years Purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the People mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your Dagger o'er the Houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your Coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir And.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an Action of Battery againſt him, if there be any Law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, Yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy Hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come my young Soldier, put up your Iron; you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy Sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay then I muſt have an Ounce or two of this malapert Blood from you. [*They draw and fight.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy Life I charge thee hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious Wretch,
Fit for the Mountains and the barbarous Caves,
Where Manners ne'er were preach'd: Out of my Sight.
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*.
Rudesby be gone. I prethee, gentle Friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair Wiſdom, not thy Paſſion ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt Extent
Againſt thy Peace. Go with me to my Houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs Pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny, beſhrew his Soul for me,
He ſtarted one poor Heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What Reliſh is in this? How runs the Stream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a Dream.
Let Fancy ſtill my Senſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this Gown and this Beard make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the Function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student; but to be ſaid an honeſt Man, and a good Houſekeeper, goes as fairly as to ſay, a careful Man and a great Scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old Hermit of *Prague*, that never ſaw Pen and Ink, very wittily ſaid to a Neece of King *Gorbodack*, that that is, is; ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this Priſon.

Sir To. The Knave counterfeits well; a good Knave.

[Malvolio *within*.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the Lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas* go to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical Fiend, how vexeſt thou this Man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, Mr. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was Man thus wrong'd, good Sir *Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous Darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt Sathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt Terms, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones that will uſe the Devil himſelf with Curteſie: Say'ſt thou that Houſe is dark?

Mal. As Hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windows tranſparent as Baricadoes, and the clear Stones towards the South North, are as luſtrous as Ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of Obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I ſay to you this Houſe is dark.

Clo. Mad-man, thou erreſt; I ſay there is no Darkneſs but Ignorance, in which thou art more puzzel'd than the *Egyptians* in their Fogg.

Mal.

Mal. I ſay this Houſe is as dark as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as dark as Hell; and I ſay there was never Man thus abus'd, I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any conſtant Queſtion.

Clo. What is the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning Wild-foul?

Mal. That the Soul of our Grandam might happily inhabit a Bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his Opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the Soul, and no way approve his Opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in Darkneſs, thou ſhalt hold th'Opinion of *Pythagoras*, e'er I will allow of thy Wits, and fear to kill a Woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the Houſe of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all Waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy Beard and Gown, he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own Voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would we were all rid of this Knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo far in offence with my Neice, that I cannot purſue with any Safety this Sport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. [*Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how thy Lady does.* [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay.

Clo. She loves another—— Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and Pen, Ink, and Paper; as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five Wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never Man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my Wits, Fool, as thou art. Cot

Clo. But as well! then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your Wits than a Fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my Wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: The Miniſter is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy Wits the Heav'ns reſtore: Endeavour thy ſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintain no Words with him, good Fellow. Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God buy you, good Sir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, Fool, Fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good Fool, help me to ſome Light, and ſome Paper; I tell thee I am as well in my Wits, as any Man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this Hand I am: Good Fool, ſome Ink, Paper and Light; and convey what I will ſet down to my Lady: It ſhall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a Mad-man 'till I ſee his Brains. I will fetch you Light, and Paper, and Ink,

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [*Singing.*
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old Vice,
Your Need to ſuſtain.
Who with Dagger of Lath, in his Rage and his Wrath,
Cries ah, ah, to the Devil:
Like a mad Lad, pair thy Nails, Dad,
Adieu, good Man Devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. This is the Air, that is the glorious Sun,
This Pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,
Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,
That he did range the Town to ſeek me out.
His Counſel now might do me golden Service,
For tho' my Soul diſputes well with my Senſe,
That this may be ſome Error, but no Madneſs,
Yet doth this Accident and Flood of Fortune,
So far exceed all Inſtance, all Diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine Eyes,
And wrangle with my Reaſon that perſuades me
To any other Truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her Houſe, command her Followers,
Take, and give back Affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable-bearing
As I perceive ſhe does: There's ſomething in't
That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy Man
Into the Chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated Roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your Faith,
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful Soul
May live at Peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our Celebration keep
According to my Birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good Man, and go with you,
And having ſworn Truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good Father, and Heav'n ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this Act of mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this Letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another Requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence deſire my Dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, Friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her Trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good Fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my Foes, and the worſe for my Friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy Friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an Aſs of me; now my Foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſs: So that by my Foes, Sir, I profit in the Knowledge of my ſelf, and by my Friends I am abuſed: So that Concluſions to be as Kiſſes, if your four Negatives make your two Affirmatives, why then the worſe for my Friends, and the better for my Foes.

Duke. Why this is Excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my Friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's Gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill Counſel.

Clo. Put your Grace in your Pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your Fleſh and Blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a Sinner to be a double-dealer: There's another.

Clo. Primo, Secundo, Tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: The triplex, Sir, is a good tripping

tripping Meaſure, or the Bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more Mony out of me at this throw: If you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my Bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your Bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir, but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of Covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your Bounty take a Nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*

Enter Antonio *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the Man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That Face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoak of War:
A bawbling Veſſel was he Captain of,
For ſhallow Draught and Bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful Grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble Bottom of our Fleet,
That very Envy, and the Tongue of Loſs
Cry'd Fame and Honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offic. Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phœnix* and her Fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young Nephew *Titus* loſt his Leg:
Here in the Streets, deſperate of Shame and State,
In private Brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange Speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but Diſtraction.

Duke. Notable Pirate, thou ſalt Water Thief,
What fooliſh Boldneſs brought thee to their Mercies,
Whom thou in Terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear
Haſt made thine Enemies?

Ant. Orſino: Noble, Sir,
Be pleas'd, that I ſhake off theſe Names you give me:
Antonio never yet was Thief, or Pirate;
Though I confeſs, on baſe and groud enough,
Orſino's Enemy. A Witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful Boy, there by your Side,
From the rude Seas enrag'd and foamy Mouth

Did I redeem; a wrack paſt Hope he was:
His Life I gave him, and did thereto add
My Love without Retention, or Reſtraint;
All this in Dedication. For his Sake,
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure for his Love)
Into the Danger of this adverſe Town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe Cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in Danger)
Taught him to face me out of his Acquaintance,
And grew a twenty Years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own Purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe,
Not half an Hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this Town?

Ant. To Day, my Lord; and for three Months before,
No *Interim*, not a minute's Vacancy,
Both Day and Night did we keep Company.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Counteſs; now Heav'n walks on
Earth;
But for thee, Fellow; Fellow, thy Words are Madneſs,
Three Months this Youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep Promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam.

Duke. Gracious *Olivia.*

Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario*? Good my Lord——

Vio. My Lord would ſpeak, my Duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old Tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine Ear,
As howling after Muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, my Lord.

Duke. What to perverſeneſs? you uncivil Lady,
To whoſe ingrate, and unauſpicious Altars,
My Soul the faithfull'ſt Offerings have breath'd out
That e'er Devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?

Oli.

Oli. Even what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the Heart to do it,
Like to the *Egyptian* Thief, at point of Death
Kill what I love? a ſavage Jealouſie,
That ſometime ſavours nobly; but hear me this:
Since you to Non-Regardance caſt my Faith,
And that I partly know the Inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true Place in your Favour:
Live you the Marble-breaſted Tyrant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel Eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his Maſter's Spight.
Come Boy with me, my Thoughts are ripe in Miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the Lamb that I do love.
To ſpight a Raven's Heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocond, apt, and willingly,
To do you Reſt a thouſand Deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe Eyes, more than my Life,
More by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love Wife.
If I do feign, you Witneſſes above
Puniſh my Life, for tainting of my Love.
Oli. Ay me, deteſted, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Duke. Come, away.
Oli. Whither, my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, Husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her Husband, Sirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the Baſeneſs of thy Fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy Propriety:
Fear not *Ceſario*, take thy Fortunes up,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, Father.
Father, I charge thee by thy Reverence
Here to unfold, tho' lately we intended
To keep in Darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe; what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt between this Youth and me.

Prieſt. A Contract of eternal Bond of Love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your Hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of Lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this Compact
Seal'd in my Function, by my Teſtimony:
Since when, my Watch hath told me, toward my Grave
I have travell'd but two Hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling Cub; what wilt thou be
When Time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy Caſe?
Or will not elſe thy Craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own Trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy Feet,
Where thou and I, henceforth, may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt——

Oli. O do not ſwear,
How little Faith, tho' thou haſt too much Fear.

Enter Sir Andrew *with his Head broke.*

Sir And. For the Love of God a Surgeon, and one preſently to Sir *Toby.*

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my Head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcomb too: For the Love of God your help, I had rather than forty Pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The Count's Gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a Coward, but he's the very Devil incarnate.

Duke. My Gentleman *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: You broke my Head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby.*

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me, I never hurt you:
You drew your Sword upon me without Cauſe,
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody Coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you ſet nothing by a bloody Coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, Gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, h'as hurt me, and there's an end on't; Sot, didſt thou ſee *Dick* Surgeon, Sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour agone; his Eyes were ſet at eight i'th' Morning.

Sir To. Then he's a Rogue after a paſſy meaſures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.

Oli. Away with him? Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an Aſs-head, and a Coxcomb, and a Knave, a thin fac'd Knave, a Gull? [*Exe. Clo.* To. *&* And.

Oli. Get him to Bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your Kinſman:
But had it been the Brother of my Blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with Wit and Safety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the Vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One Face, one Voice, one Habit, and two Perſons,
A natural Perſpective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio?*

Ant. How have you made Diviſion of your ſelf,
An Apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two Creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian!*

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a Brother:
Nor can there be a Deity in my Nature

Of here and every where. I had a Siſter,
Whom the blind Waves and Surges have devour'd:
Of Charity, what kin are to you to me? [*To Vio.*
What Countryman? what Name? what Parentage?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my Brother too:
So went he ſuited to his watery Tomb.
If Spirits can aſſume both Form and Suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A Spirit I am indeed,
But am in that Dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the Womb I did participate.
Were you a Woman, as the reſt go even,
I ſhould my Tears let fall upon your Cheek,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.
Vio. My Father had a Moal upon his Brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her Birth
Had numbred thirteen Years.
Seb. O that Record is lively in my Soul,
He finiſhed indeed his mortal Act
That day that made my Siſter thirteen Years.
Vio. If nothing letts to make us happy both,
But this my Maſculine uſurp'd Attire;
Do not Embrace me, 'till each Circumſtance
Of Place, Time, Fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you a Captain in this Town
Where lye my Maiden Weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this Noble Duke.
All the Occurrence of my Fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.
Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook: [*To Oli.*
But Nature to her Bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein, by my Life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and Man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd, right Noble is his Blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the Glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy Wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To Viola.*

Thou

Thou never ſhould'ſt love Woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in Soul,
As doth that orbed Continent, the Fire,
That ſevers Day from Night.

Duke. Give me thy Hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy Woman's Weeds.

Vio. The Captain that did bring me firſt on Shore,
Hath my Maids Garments: He upon ſome Action
Is now in Durance, at *Malvolio*'s Suit,
A Gentleman and Follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: Fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moſt exacting Frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, Sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the Staves end as well as a Man in his Caſe may do: H'as here writ a Letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day Morning. But as a mad Man's Epiſtles are no Goſpels, ſo it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the Fool delivers the Mad-man—— *By the Lord, Madam.* [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read Madneſs: And your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Prethee read it i'thy right Wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right Wits, is to read thus: Therefore perpend, my Princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the World ſhall know it: Though you have put me into Darkneſs, and given your drunken Couſin Rule over me, yet have I benefit of my Senſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my ſelf much* Right, or you much

much Shame: Think of me as you pleaſe; I leave my Duty little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my Injury.

The madly us'd *Malvolio*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This ſavours not much of Diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a Siſter, as a Wife,
One day ſhall crown th'Alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you;
Here at my Houſe, and at my proper Coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your Maſter quits you; and for your Service done him,
So much againſt the Metal of your Sex, [*To* Viola
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me Maſter, for ſo long:
Here is my Hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your Maſter's Miſtreſs.

Oli. A Siſter, you are ſhe.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad Man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame: how now *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your Hand,
Write from it if you can, in Hand or Phraſe,
Or ſay 'tis not your Seal, nor your Invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of Honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of Favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow Stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter People?
And acting this in an obedient Hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark Houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious Geck or Gull
That e'er Invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my Writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the Character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s Hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch Forms, which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter: Prethee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the Grounds and Authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine own Cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak,
And let no Quarrel, nor no Brawl to come,
Taint the Condition of this preſent Hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs my ſelf and *Toby*
Set this Device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous Parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a ſportful Malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on Laughter than Revenge,
If that the Injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor Fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why ſome are born Great, ſome atchieve Greatneſs, and ſome have Greatneſs thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this Interlude, one Sir *Topas*, Sir, but that's all one: By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren Raſcal? And you ſmile not he's gagg'd: And thus the Whirl-gigg of Time brings in his Revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a Peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet;
When that is known, and golden Time convents,
A ſolemn Combination ſhall be made
Of our dear Souls. Mean time, ſweet Siſter,

We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come,
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a Man;)
But when in other Habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's Miſtreſs, and his Fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt*

Clown ſings.

When that I was and a little tine Boy,
With hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a Toy,
For the Rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to Man's Eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt Knaves and Thieves Men ſhut their Gate,
For the Rain, &c.

But when I came at laſt to Wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the Rain, &c.

But when I came unto my Beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With Toſpots ſtill had drunken Heads,
For the Rain, &c.

A great while ago the World begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day.

[*Exit.*

THE WINTER'S TALE. A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomines, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady attending on* Hermione.
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and Attendants.

SCENE *partly in* Sicilia, *and partly in* Bohemia.

THE

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

F you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my Services are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame us: We will be juſtified in our Loves; for indeed——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch Magnificence——in ſo rare——I know not what to ſay——We will give you ſleepy Drinks, that your Senſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my Underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine Honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their Childhoods; and there

roote

rooted betwixt them then ſuch an Affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royal Neceſſities, made ſeparation of their Society, their Encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of Gifts, Letters, loving Embaſſies, that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heav'ns continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*; it is a Gentleman of the greateſt promiſe that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant Child, one that, indeed, Phyſicks the Subject, makes old Hearts freſh: They that went on Crutches e'er he was born, deſire yet their Life to ſee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would deſire to live on Crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and* Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry Star hath been
The Shepherd's Note, ſince we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen, Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my Brother, with our Thanks,
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in Debt: And therefore, like a Cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one, we thank you, many thouſands more,
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am queſtion'd by my Fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home, to make us ſay,

This

This is put forth too truly: Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, Brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no Tongue that moves; none, none i'th' World
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your Requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My Affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your Love, a Whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a Charge and Trouble: To ſave both,
Farewel, our Brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn Oaths from him, not to ſtay: You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in *Bohemia*'s well: This Satisfaction
The by-gone-day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt Ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Son, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with Diſtaffs.
Yet of your Royal Preſence, I'll adventure [*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a Week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, I'll give him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Month, behind the Geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: Yet, good heed, *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th' Clock behind
What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber Vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: Verily
You ſhall not go; a Lady's verily is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a Priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt? So you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſave your Thanks. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madam:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſie to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my Lord's Tricks and yours, when you were Boys:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternal.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twin'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: What we chang'd,
Was Innocence for Innocence; we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſu'd that Life,
And our weak Spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger Blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd Heav'n
Boldly, Not Guilty; the Impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's; for
In thoſe unfledg'd days, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the Eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no Concluſion, leſt you ſay
Your Queen and I are Devils. Yet go on,
Th' Offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer,
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue Fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.
Leo. At my Requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better Purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? When was't before?
I prethee tell me; Cram's with Praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good Deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our Praiſes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft Kiſs a thouſand Furlongs, e'er
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goal:
My laſt good Deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? It has an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*,
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Months had ſowr'd themſelves to Death,
E'er I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thy ſelf, my Love; then didſt thou utter,
I am your's for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I have ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;
Th' other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot——— [*Aſide.*
To mingle Friendſhip far, is mingling Bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me———my Heart dances,
But not for Joy———not Joy———This Entertainment
May a free Face put on; derives a Liberty
From Heartineſs, from Bounty, fertile Boſom,

And we'll become the Agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be padling Palms, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſs——and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deer; oh, that is Entertainment
My Boſom likes not, nor my Brows——*Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I fecks!
Why that's my Bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We muſt be neat; not Neat, but cleanly, Captain,
And yet the Steer, the Heifer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling [*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his Palm——How now, you wanton Calf!
Art thou my Calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough Paſh, and the Shoots that I have
To be full, like me. Yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Eggs; Women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No born 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come, Sir Page,
Look on me with your welkin Eye, ſweet Villain.
Moſt dearеſt, my Collop——Can thy Dam? may't be——
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' Center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreams——how can this be?
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion, and I find it,
And that to the Infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia?*

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſetled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is it with you, my beſt Brother?

Her.

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much diſtraction.
Are you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray its Folly!
It's Tenderneſs! and make it ſelf a Paſtime
To harder Boſoms! Looking on the Lines
Of my Boy's Face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three Years, and ſaw my ſelf unbreech'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Leſt it ſhould bite its Maſter, and ſo prove,
As Ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this Kernel,
This Squaſh, this Gentleman. Mine honeſt Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Mony?
Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why happy Man be's dole. My Brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all Exerciſe, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my ſworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paraſite, my Soldier, States-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day, ſhort as *December*,
And with his varying Childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts, that ſhould thick my Blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our Brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy ſelf, and my young Rover, he's
Apparent to my Heart.
Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' Garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'd be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not how I give Line,
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the Neb! the Bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a Wife [Exeunt Po-
lix. Her. and Attendants. Manent Leo. Mam. and Cam

To her allowing Husband. Gone already!
Inch thick, Knee deep; o'er Head and Ears a fork'd one.
Go play, Boy, play——Thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe Iſſue
Will hiſs me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamour
Will be my Knell. Go play, Boy, play——There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, Cuckolds e'er now;
And many a Man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his Wife by th' Arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his Pond fiſh'd by his next Neighbour, by
Sir Smile his Neighbour: Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other Men have Gates, and thoſe Gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their Will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With Bag and Baggage: Many a thouſand of's
Have the Diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now, Boy?
Mam. I am like you, they ſay.
Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*, thou'rt an honeſt Man:
[*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home,
Leo. Didſt note it?
Cam. He would not ſtay at your Petitions, made
His buſineſs more material.
Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam.

Cam. At the good Queen's Entreaty.
Leo. At the Queen's be't: Good ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding Pate but thine?
For the Conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common Blocks, not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? By ſome Severals
Of Head-piece extraordinary? Lower Meſſes
Perchance are to this Buſineſs purblind? Say.
Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtreſs.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th' Entreaties of your Miſtreſs? Satisfie?
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the neareſt things to my Heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein, Prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſom: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.
Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord.
Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes Honeſty behind, reſtraining
From Courſe requir'd; or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Servant grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a Fool,
That ſeeſt a Game plaid home, the rich Stake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for Jeſt.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful,
In every one of theſe; no Man is free,
But that his Negligence, his Folly, Fear,
Amongſt the infinite Doing of the World,
Sometimes puts forth in your Affairs, my Lord.
If ever I were wilful negligent,

It was my Folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the Fool, it was my Negligence,
Not weighing well the End; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the Iſſue doubted,
Whereof the Execution did cry out
Againſt the Non-performance, 'twas a Fear
Which oft infects the Wiſeſt: Theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd Infirmities, that Honeſty
Is never free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Treſpaſs
By its own Viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo*?
(But that's paſt Doubt; you have, or your Eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a Cuckold's Horn) or heard?
(For to a Viſion ſo apparent, Rumour
Cannot be mute) or Thought? (for Cogitation
Reſides not in that Man, that do's not think)
My Wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt, confeſs,
Or elſe be impudently Negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy Horſe, deſerves a Name
As rank as any Flax-wench, that puts to
Before her Troth-plight: Say't and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a Stander-by, to hear
My Soveraign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent Vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my Heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this, which to reiterate, were Sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is Whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? Is meeting Noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide Lip? Stopping the Carreer
Of Laughter, with a Sigh? A Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſty: horſing Foot on Foot?
Skulking in Corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Hours Minutes? The Noon Midnight? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering Sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,

My

My Wife is nothing, nor nothing have theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay thou liеſt, *Camillo,* and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſs Lowt, a mindleſs Slave,
Or elſe a hovering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine Eyes at once ſee Good and Evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my Wife's Liver
Infected, as her Life, ſhe would not live
The running of one Glaſs.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medal, hanging
About his Neck, *Bohemia*; who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bear Eyes
To ſee alike mine Honour, as their Profits,
Their own particular Thrifts, they would do that,
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner Form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as Heav'n ſees Earth, and Earth ſees Heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a laſting Wink,
Which Draught to me were Cordial.
Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like a Poiſon; but I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſs,
So ſoveraignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.
Leo. Make that thy Queſtion, and go rot:
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſetled,
To appoint my ſelf in this Vexation?
Sully the Purity and Whiteneſs of my Sheets,
Which *to preſerve, is* Sleep; which being ſpotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Waſps;

Give Scandal to the Blood o'th' Prince, my Son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could Man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your Son's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The Injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own Courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no Blemiſh to her Honour, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a Countenance as clear
As Friendſhip wears at Feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholeſome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my Heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.
Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt adviſ'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miſerable Lady: But for me!
What Caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the Poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my Ground to do't,
Is the Obedience to a Maſter, one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To this Deed
Promotion follows. If I could find Example
Of Thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'ld not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſs, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: To do't, or no, is certain
To me a Break-neck. Happy Star, reign now.
Here comes *Bohemia*.

Enter

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange: Methinks
My Favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?
Good Day, *Camillo.*

Cam. Hail, moſt Royal Sir.

Pol. What is the News i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a Countenance,
As had he loſt ſome Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: Even now I met him
With cuſtomary Complement, when he
Wafting his Eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lip of much Contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is Breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelf, what do you know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd Complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A Party in this Alteration, finding
My ſelf thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a Sickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſilisk.
I have look'd on Thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my Regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo,*
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like expedienc'd, which no leſs Adorns
Our Gentry, than our Parents noble Names,
In whoſe Succeſs we are gentle: I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my Knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant Concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A Sickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the Parts of Man,
Which Honour do's acknowledge, whereof the leaſt
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What Incidency thou doſt gueſs of Harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my Counſel,
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both your ſelf and me,
Cry loſt, and ſo good Night.
Pol. On, good *Camillo*?
Cam. I am appointed to murder you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay with all Confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an Inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then, my beſt Blood turn
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the beſt:
Turn then my freſheſt Reputation to
A Savour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt Noſtril
Where I arrive; and my Approach be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too, worſe than the great'ſt Infection
That e'er was heard, or read.
Cam. Swear his Thought over
By each particular Star in Heav'n, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As or by Oath remove, or Counſel ſhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whoſe Foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his Body.
Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam

Cam. I know not; but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my Honeſty,
That lyes incloſed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to Night;
Your Followers I will whiſper to the Buſineſs,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral Poſterns,
Clear them o'th' City. For my ſelf, I'll put
My Fortunes to your Service, which are here
By this Diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the Honour of my Parents, I
Have utter'd Truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemned by the King's own Mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I ſaw his Heart in's Face. Give me thy Hand;
Be Pilot to me, and thy Places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My People did expect my hence departure
Two Days ago. This Jealouſie
Is for a precious Creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his Perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he do's conceive,
He is diſhonour'd by a Man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; Why his Revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good Expedition be my Friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theam; but nothing
Of his ill-tane Suſpicion. Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ſt my Life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine Authority to command
The Keys of all the Poſterns: Pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent Hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

Her. TAKE the Boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord,
Shall I be your Play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me, as if
I were a Baby ſtill. I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Brows are blacker; yet black Brows, they ſay,
Become ſome Women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much Hair there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a Half-Moon made with a Pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens Faces: Pray now,
What Colour be your Eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a Mock: I have ſeen a Lady's Noſe
That has been blue, but not her Eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your Mother, rounds apace: We ſhall
Preſent our Services to a fine new Prince
One of theſe Days, and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly Bulk, good Time encounter her.

Her. What Wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter.
I have one of Sprights and Goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come

Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt,
To fright me with your Sprights: You're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a Man.
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly;
Yond Crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine Ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the Tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I Men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt Cenſure? In my true Opinion?
Alack, for leſſer Knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup
A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no Venom; for his Knowledge
Is not infected; but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd Ingredient to his Eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his Sides
With violent Hefts. I have drunk, and ſeen the Spider.
Camillo was his Help in this, his Pander:
There is a Plot againſt my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted; that falſe Villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;
He hath diſcover'd my Deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: How came the Poſterns
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great Authority,
Which often have no leſs prevail'd, than ſo
On your Command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him,
Though he do's bear ſome Signs of me, yet you
Have too much Blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her.
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelf

With that ſhe's big with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'ld ſay he had not;
And I'll be ſworn you would believe my Saying,
How e'er you lean to th' Nayward.
Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The Juſtice of your Hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt: Honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door Form,
Which on my Faith deſerves high Speech, and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, theſe Petty-brands
That Calumny doth uſe: Oh I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf, theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between
E'er you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But be't known,
From him that has moſt Cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an Adultreſs.
Her. Should a Villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd Villain in the World,
He were as much more Villain: You, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.
Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a Creature of thy Place,
Leſt Barbariſm, making me the Precedent,
Should a like Language uſe to all Degrees,
And mannerly Diſtinguiſhment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar. I have ſaid
She's an Adultreſs, I have ſaid with whom:
More; She's a Traitor, and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her, and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelf,
But with her moſt vild Principal; that ſhe's
A Bed Swarver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgar give bold'ſt Titles; ay, and privy
To this their late Eſcape.
Her. No, by my Life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,

When

Then you ſhall come to clearer Knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle, my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly than to ſay
You did miſtake.
Leo. No, if I miſtake
In thoſe Foundations which I build upon,
The Center is not big enough to bear
A School-boy's Top. Away with her, to Priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeak of her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.
Her. There's ſome ill Planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the Heav'ns look
With an Aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our Sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain Dew
Perchance ſhall dry your Pities; but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than Tears drown: 'Beſeech you all, my Lords,
With Thoughts ſo qualified as your Charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's Will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beſeech your Highneſs
My Women may be with me, for you ſee
My Plight requires it. Do not weep, good Fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know your Miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd Priſon, then abound in Tears,
As I come out; this Action I now go on,
Is for my better Grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now
I truſt I ſhall. My Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your Juſtice
Prove Violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your Son.
Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my Life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' Eyes of Heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuſe her.

A

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my Stable where
I lodge my Wife, I'll go in Couples with her:
Then when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every Inch of Woman in the World,
I, every Dram of Woman's Fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your Peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves;
You are abuſed by ſome Putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the Villain,
I would Land-damn him: Be ſhe Honour-flaw'd,
I have three Daughters; the Eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine; and Sons five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honour
I'll geld 'em all: Fourteen they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe Generations: They are Co-heirs,
I had rather glib my ſelf, than they
Should not produce fair Iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this Buſineſs with a Senſe as cold
As is a dead Man's Noſe; but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The Inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no Grave to bury Honeſty,
There's not a Grain of it, the Face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy Earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this Ground; and more it would content me
To have her Honour true, than your Suſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this? But rather follow
Our forceful Inſtigation? Our Prerogative
Calls not your Counſels, but our natural Goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not

Reliſh a Truth, like us: Inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your Advice: The Matter,
The Loſs, the Gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent Judgment try'd it,
Without more Overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by Age;
Or thou wert born a Fool. *Camillo*'s Flight
Added to their Familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd Conjecture,
That lack'd Sight only, nought for Approbation,
But only ſeeing all other Circumſtances
Made up to th' Deed) doth puſh on this Proceeding;
Yet for a greater Confirmation,
For in an Act of this Importance, 'twere
Moſt pitious to be wild, I have diſpatch'd in Poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s Temple,
Cleomines and *Deon*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd Sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpiritual Counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done, my Lord.
Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know; yet ſhall the Oracle
Give reſt to th' Minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant Credulity will not
Come up to th' Truth. So we have thought it good
From our free Perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leſt that the Treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this Buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.
Ant. To Laughter, as I take it,
If the good Truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. The Keeper of the Priſon, call to him:
[*Exit Gen.*
Let him have the Knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in Priſon? Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, Madam,
To the contrary I have expreſs Commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do to lock up Honeſty and Honour from
Th' Acceſs of gentle Viſitors! Is't lawful pray you
To ſee the Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Goa. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put a-part theſe your Attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her:
Withdraw your ſelves.

Goa. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.

Pau. Well; be it ſo: Prethee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch a-do to make no Stain a Stain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her Frights and Griefs,
Which never tender Lady hath born greater,
She is, ſomething before her Time, deliver'd.

Pau. A Boy:

Emil. A Daughter, and a goodly Babe,
Luſty, and like to live: The Queen receives
Much Comfort in't. Says, my poor Priſoner,
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be ſworn:

T

These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them,
He must be told on't, and shall; the Office
Becomes a Woman best. I'll take it upon me,
If I prove Honey-mouth'd, let my Tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more. Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best Obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little Babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the Sight o'th' Child:
The Silence often of pure Innocence
Persuades, when Speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your Honour and your Goodness is so evident,
That your free Undertaking cannot miss
A thriving Issue: There is no Lady living
So meet for this great Errand; please your Ladyship
To visit the next Room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble Offer,
Who but to Day hammered of this Design,
But durst not tempt a Minister of Honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that Tongue I have; if Wit flow from't,
As boldness from my Bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it:
I'll to the Queen: Please you come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the Babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no Warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir,
The Child was Prisoner to the Womb, and is
By Law and Process of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a Party to
The Anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the Trespass of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine Honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and Danger. [Exeunt.

SCEN'

SCENE III.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor Night, nor Day, no reſt; it is but Weakneſs
To bear the Matter thus; mear Weakneſs, if
The Cauſe were not in Being; part o'th' Cauſe,
She, th' Adultreſs; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arm; out of the Blank
And Level of my Brain; Plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hock to me: Say that ſhe were gone,
Given to the Fire, a Moiety of my Reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the Boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to Night; 'tis hop'd
His Sickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſs!
Conceiving the Diſhonour of his Mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the Shame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no Thought of him,
The very Thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too Mighty;
Until a Time may ſerve, for preſent Vengeance
Take it on her. *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their Paſtime at my Sorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my Power.

Enter Paulina *with a Child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous Paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's Life? A gracious innocent Soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not ſlept to Night; commanded
None ſhould come near him.

P

Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir,
come to bring him Sleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like Shadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the Cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honeſt, as either, to purge him of that Humour,
That preſſes him from Sleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful Conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your Diſpleaſures peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Paul. From all Diſhoneſty he can; in this,
Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing Honour, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the Rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſſes
My ſelf your loyal Servant, your Phyſician,
Your moſt obedient Counſellor: Yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your Evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord, good Queen,
I ſay, good Queen;
And would, by Combate, make her good, were I
A Man, the worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but Trifles of his Eyes
Firſt hand me: On mine own accord I'll off,

But firſt, I'll do my Errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a Daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your Bleſſing.
[*Laying down the Child.*
Leo. Out!
A mankind Witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing Bawd.
Pau. Not ſo,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In ſo entit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this World goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the Baſtard. [*To Ant.*
Thou Dotard, thou art Woman-tyr'd; unroosted
By thy Dame *Partlet* here. Take up the Baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay, give't to the Croan.
Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy Hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced Baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Pau. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
You'ld call your Children yours.
Leo. A Neſt of Traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good Light.
Pau. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himſelf. For he,
The ſacred Honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful Sons, his Babes betrays to Slander,
Whoſe Sting is ſharper than the Swords; and will not
(For as the Caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten
As ever Oak, or Stone was found.
Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſs Tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now baits me. This Brat is none of mine.
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes.*
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the Fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old Proverb to your Charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father; Eye, Noſe, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his Forehead, nay, the Valley,
The pretty Dimples of his Chin, and Cheek, his Smiles,
The very Mold, and frame of his Hand, Nail, Finger.
And thou good Goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A groſs Hag!
And *Lozel*, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.
Ant. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot do that Feat, you'll leave your ſelf
Hardly one Subject.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not;
It is an Heretick that makes the Fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you Tyrant;
But this moſt cruel Uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more Accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd Fancy) ſometimes ſavours
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the World.
Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her Life? She durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your Babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What need theſe Hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o'er his Follies,
Will *never do him good*, not one of you.
So, ſo: Farewel, we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, Traitor, haſt ſet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't. Even thou, that haſt
A Heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with Fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good Teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy Life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-brains with theſe my proper Hands
Shall I daſh out: Go take it to the Fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy Wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my noble Fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can, my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither,

Leo. You're Liars all,

Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs give us better Credit.
We have always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: And on our Knees we beg,
(As Recompence of our dear Services
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul Iſſue. We all kneel———

Leo. I am a Father for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this Baſtard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither. You Sir, come you hither; [*To Ant.*
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Midwife there,
To ſave this Baſtard's Life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's grey: What will you adventure,
To ſave this Brat's Life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my Ability may undergo,
And Nobleneſs impoſe: At leaſt thus much;
I'll pawn the little Blood which I have left,
To ſave the Innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this Sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my Lord.
Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't, ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart Place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without much Mercy, to its own Protection,
And favour of the Climate; as by ſtrange Fortune
It came to us, I do in Juſtice charge thee,
On thy Soul's Peril, and thy Body's Torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I ſwear to do this; tho' a preſent Death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor Babe,
Some powerful Spirit inſtruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolves and Bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their Savageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of Pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this Deed does require; and Bleſſing,
Againſt this Cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing condemn'd to Loſs. [*Exit with the Child.*
Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's Iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.
Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond Account.
Leo. Twenty three days
They have been abſent: 'tis good ſpeed; foretels
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may Arraign

And play'd to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moiety of the Throne: A great King's Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief (which I would ſpare:) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own Conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your Grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of Honour, or in act, or will,
That way enclining, hardned be the Hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of Kin
Cry fie upon my Grave.
Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of thoſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſs Impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.
Her. That is true enough,
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than Miſtreſs of;
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both Diſobedience and Ingratitude
To you, and towards your Friends; whoſe Love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſts, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,

Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt Man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a Language that I underſtand not;
My Life ſtands in the level of your Dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams,
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all Shame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all Truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: For as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No Father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our Juſtice, in whoſe eaſieſt Paſſage
Look for no leſs than Death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats;
The Bug which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can Life be no Commodity,
The Crown and Comfort of my Life, your Favour,
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Joy,
And Firſt-fruits of my Body, from his Preſence
I am barr'd like one infectious. My third Comfort,
Star'd moſt unluckily, is from my Breaſt
(The innocent Milk in its moſt innocent Mouth)
Hal'd out to Murder; my ſelf on every Poſt
Proclaim'd a Strumpet; with immodeſt Hatred
The Child-bed Privilege deny'd which 'longs
To Women of all Faſhion: Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open Air, before
I have got ſtrength of Limbs. Now, my Liege,
Tell me what Bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no Life,
I prize it not a Straw, but for mine Honour,
Which I would free: If I ſhall be condemn'd

Upon

Upon Surmiſes, all Proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your Jealouſies awake, I tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your Requeſt

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s Name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Ruſſia* was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughter's Trial; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my Miſery; yet with Eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here ſhall ſwear upon the Sword of Juſtice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the Seals and read.

Officer. Hermione *is Chaſt*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall live without an Heir, if that which is loſt be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo.*

Her. Praiſed.

Leo. Haſt thou read the Truth?

Offic. Ay, my Lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leo. There is no Truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Seſſions ſhall proceed; this is meer Falſhood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King; the King.

Leo. What is the Buſineſs?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to Report it,
The Prince your Son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.

Leo. How, gone?

Ser.

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the Heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my Injuſtice. How now there? [Her. *faints.*

Pan. This News is mortal to the Queen: Look down
And ſee what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her Heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.
I have too much believ'd mine own Suſpicion;
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some Remedies for Life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle.
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaim a Man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being tranſported by my Jealouſies
To bloody Thoughts and to Revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the Miniſter, to poiſon
My Friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good Mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with Death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt Human,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my Practice, quit his Fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all Uncertainties, himſelf commended,
No richer than his Honour: How he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt! And how his Piety
Does my Deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pan. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leſt my Heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. What Fit is this, good Lady?

Pan. What ſtudied Torments, Tyrant, haſt for me?
What Wheels? Racks? Fires? What Flaying? Boiling?
Burning,
In Leads or Oils? What old or new Torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe very word deſerves
To taſt of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny,

(Tog

(Together working with thy Jealouſies,
Fancies too weak for Boys, too green and idle
For Girls of nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad; for all
Thy by-gone Fooleries were but Spices for it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but ſhew thee, of a Fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: Nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s Honour,
To have him kill a King: Poor Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: Wherefore I reckon
The caſting forth to Crows thy Baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a Devil
Would have ſhed Water out of Fire, e'er don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the Death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable Thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the Heart
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire,
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: This is not, no,
Laid to thy Anſwer; but the laſt: O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry Woe, the Queen, the Queen,
The ſweeteſt deareſt Creature's Dead; and Vengeance for't
Not drop'd down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid.

Paul. I ſay ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't. If Word, nor Oath
Prevail not, go and ſee: If you can bring
Tincture, or Luſtre in her Lip, her Eye,
Heat outwardly, or Breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant!
Doſt not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
Than all thy Woes can ſtir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but Deſpair. A thouſand Knees,
Ten thouſand Years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and ſtill Winter
In Storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much, I have deſerv'd
All Tongues to talk their bitterеſt.

Lord. Say no more,
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your Speech

Paul. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The Raſhneſs of a Woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble Heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt Grief. Do not receive Affliction
At my Petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh Woman.
The Love I bore your Queen (lo, Fool again)
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your Children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is loſt too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the Truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead Bodies of my Queen and Son,
One Grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The Cauſes of their Death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The Chappel where they lye, and Tears ſhed there
Shall be my Recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this Exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come and lead me
To theſe Sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A deſart Country; the Sea at a little diſtance.

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our Ship hath touch'd upon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia.*

Mar. Ay, my Lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time: The Skies look grimly,
And threaten preſent Bluſters. In my Conſcience,
The Heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And *frown upon's.*

An

Ant. Their ſacred Wills be done; get thee Aboard,
Look to thy Bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th Land; 'tis like to be loud Weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'th' Buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the Spirits o'th' Dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt Night; for ne'er was Dream
So like a waking. To me comes a Creature,
Sometimes her Head on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a Veſſel of like Sorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white Robes,
Like very Sanctity, ſhe did approach
My Cabbin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome Speech, her Eyes
Became two Spouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate, againſt thy better Diſpoſition,
Hath made thy Perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor Babe, according to thine Oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and for the Babe
Is counted loſt for ever ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't. For this ungentle buſineſs
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more. And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into Air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are Toys,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath ſuffer'd Death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the Iſſue

Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for Life or Death, upon the Earth
Of its right Father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well,
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lye, and there thy Character: There theſe,
Which may, if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, Pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The Storm begins, poor Wretch,
That for thy Mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my Heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by Oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.
The Day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The Heav'ns ſo dim by Day. A ſavage Clamour!
Well may I get aboard: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. [*Exit purſued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no Age between ten and three and twenty, or that Youth would ſleep out the reſt: For there is nothing, in the between, but getting Wenches with Child, wronging the Ancientry, ſtealing, fighting—— Hark you now——would any but theſe boil'd Brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, Hunt this Weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt Sheep, which I fear the Wolf will ſooner find than the Maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the Sea-ſide, brouzing of Ivy. Good luck, and't be the will, what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a Barn! a very pretty Barn! a Boy or a Child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, ſure ſome 'ſcape: Tho' I am not Bookiſh, yet I can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome Stair-work, ſome Trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my Son come: He hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, Man?

Clo.

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by Sea and by Land; but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the Sky, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a Bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, Boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the Shore; but that's not to the point; Oh the moſt piteous cry of the poor Souls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her Main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with Yeſt and Froth, as you'ld thruſt a Cork into a Hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſervice, to ſee how the Bear tore out his Shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his Name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman. But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor Souls roar'd, and the Sea mock'd them. And how the poor Gentleman roar'd, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the Sea, or Weather.

Shep. Name of Mercy, when was this, Boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights, the Men are not cold under Water, nor the Bear half dined on the Gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old Man.

Clo. I would you had been by the Ship-ſide, to have helped her, there your Charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy Matters, heavy Matters; but look thee here, Boy. Now bleſs thy ſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here is a ſight for thee; Look thee, a Bearing-cloath for a Squire's Child! Look thee here, take up, take up, Boy, open't, ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changling; open't, what is within, Boy?

Clo. You're a mad old Man; If the Sins of your Youth are forgiven you, you are well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Fairy Gold, Boy, and 'twill prove ſo. Up with't, keep it cloſe: Home, home, the next way. We are lucky, Boy, and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but Se-

creſy

preſie. Let my Sheep go: Come, good Boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, I'll go ſee if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: They are never Curſt, but when they are hungry: If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good Deed; if thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you ſhall help to put him i'th' Ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky Day, Boy, and we'll do good Deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Time, The Chorus.

Time. I That pleaſe ſome, try all, both Joy and Terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold Error:
Now take upon me, in the Name of Time,
To uſe my Wings. Impute it not a Crime
To me, or my ſwift Paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen Years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow Law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant, and o'er-whelm Cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, e'er ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
Th' gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeems to it: Your Patience this allowing,
I turn my Glaſs, and give my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' Effects of his fond Jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle Spectators, that I now may be

In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a Son o'th' King's, which *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not Propheſie: But let Time's News
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A Shepherd's Daughter
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th'Argument of Time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent Time worſe, e'er now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I praythee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate: 'tis a Sickneſs denying thee any thing, a Death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen Years ſince I ſaw my Country; though I have, for the moſt part, being aired Abroad, I deſire to lay my Bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my Maſter, hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling Sorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another Spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy Services, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own Goodneſs hath made: Better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me Buſineſs, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very Services thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy, and my profit therein, the heaping Friendſhips. Of that fatal Country *Sicilia*, prethee ſpeak no more, whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that Penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my Brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and Chil-

dren

dren, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my Son? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their Iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their Virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier Affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is leſs frequent to his Princely Exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have Eyes under my Service, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the Houſe of a moſt homely Shepherd; a Man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the Imagination of his Neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable Eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a Man, who hath a Daughter of moſt rare Note; the Report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a Cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence; but, I fear, the Angle that plucks our Son thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the Shepherd; from whoſe Simplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my Son's reſort thither. Prethee be my preſent Partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your Command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt Diſguiſe our ſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

When Daffadils begin to Peer,
With heigh the Doxy over the daie,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'th' Year:
For the red Blood reigns in the Winter's pale.

The white Sheet bleaching on the Hedge,
With hey the sweet Birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging Tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Lark with Tirra lyra chaunts,
With hey, with hey the Thrush and the Lay:
Are Summer Songs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the Hay.

I have served Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore th Pile, but now I am out of Service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my Dear,
The pale Moon shines by Night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If Tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the Sow-skin Budget,
Then my Account I well may give,
And in the Stocks avouch it.

My Traffick is Sheets; when the Kite builds, look to l ser Linen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who bei as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a Snapp up of unconsider'd Trifles: With Die and Drab, I pu chas'd Caparison, and my Revenue is the silly Ch Gallows, and Knock, are too powerful on the Hi way, Beating and Hanging are Terrors to me: For t Life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A Prize! Prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every eleven Weather Tods, every To yields Pound and odd Shillings: Fifteen hundred shor what comes the Wooll to?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cock's mine. [*Asi*

Clo. I cannot do it without Compters. Let me see, wh am I to buy for our Sheep-shearing-Feast? Three Pou of Sugar, five Pound of Currants, Rice——What will th Sister of mine do with Rice? But my Father hath ma

Her Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty Noſe-gays for the Shearers; three-Man-Song-men, all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them, Mean and Baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings Pſalms to Horn-Pipes. I muſt have Saffron to colour the Wardens Pies, Mace——Dates--none——that's out of my Note: Nutmegs, ſeven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may beg: Four Pound of Pruns, and as many of Raſins o'th' Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born. [*Groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me——

Aut. Oh help me, help me: Pluck but off theſe Rags, and then Death, Death——

Clo. Alack, poor Soul, thou haſt need of more Rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor Man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my Mony and Apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable Things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a Horſe-man, or a Foot-man?

Aut. A Foot-man, ſweet Sir, a Foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a Foot-man, by the Garments he has left with thee; if this be a Horſe-man's Coat, it hath ſeen very hot Service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor Soul.

Aut. Oh good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my Shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable Office.

Clo. Doſt lack any Mony? I have a little Mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir: No, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a Kinſman *not* paſt three quarters of a Mile hence, unto whom

whom I was going; I ſhall there have Mony, or any th
I want: Offer me no Mony, I pray you, that kills
Heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that rob
you?

Aut. A Fellow, Sir, that I have known to go ab
with Trol-my-dames: I knew him once a Serv
of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of
Virtues it was, but he was certainly Whip'd out of t
Court.

Clo. His Vices you would ſay; there's no Virtue whi
out of the Court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay the
and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this Man well, h
hath been ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſs-ſerver,
Bailiff; then he compaſt a Motion of the Prodigal Sc
and married a Tinker's Wife, within a Mile where
Land and Living lyes; and, having flown over many
viſh Profeſſions, he ſettled only in Rogue; ſome call hi
Autolicus.

Clo. Out upon him, Prig! for my Life Prig; he haun
Wakes, Fairs, and Bear-baiting.

Aut. Very true; Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the Rogue th
put me into this Apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; i
you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'ld hav
run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I a
falſe of Heart that way, and that he knew I warra
him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtan
and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſo
ly towards my Kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewel, I muſt go and buy Spices for o
Sheep-ſhearing. [*Ex*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir. Your Purſe is not h
enough to purchaſe your Spice. I'll be with you at yo

She

Sheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the Shearers prove Sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my Name put in the Book of Virtue.

SONG.

Jog on, Jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the Stile-a.
A merry Heart goes all the day.
Your ſad tires in a Mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual Weeds, to each part of you
Does give a Life: No Shepherdeſs but *Flora*,
Peering in *April*'s front. This your Sheep-ſhearing,
Is as a merry meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir; my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreams, it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: Your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' Land, you have obſcur'd
With a Swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly Maid,
Moſt Goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our Feaſts,
In every Meſs, have Folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt it with a Cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attir'd; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew my ſelf a Glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good Falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy Father's Ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe;
To me the difference forges dread, your Greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to Fear; even now I tremble
To think your Father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he look to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! What would he ſay! Or how

Should

Should I, in theſe my borrow'd Flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his Preſence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but Jollity: The Gods themſelves,
Humbling their Deities to Love, have taken
The Shapes of Beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A Ram, and bleated; and the Fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
As I ſeem now. Their Transformations,
Were never for a piece of Beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſt: Since my Deſires
Run not before mine Honour, nor my Luſts
Burn hotter than my Faith.
Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your Reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' Power of the King.
One of theſe two muſt be Neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my Life.
Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd Thoughts I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feaſt; or I'll be thine, my Fair,
Or not my Father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' Deſtiny ſay no. Be merry, gentle,
Strangle ſuch Thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your Gueſts are coming:
Lift up you Countenance, as it were the day
Of Celebration of that Nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.
Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*
Flo. See, your Gueſts approach;
Addreſs your ſelf to entertain them ſprightly
And let's be red with Mirth.
Shep. Fie! Daughter; when my old Wife liv'd, upon

This day ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her Song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' Table, now i'th middle;
On his Shoulder, and his; her Face o'fire
With Labour; and the things ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one; and not
The Hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe unknown Friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more known.
Come, quench your Bluſhes, and preſent your ſelf
That which you are, Miſtreſs o'th' Feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your Sheep-ſhearing,
As your good Flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Polix. *and* Cam;
It is my Father's Will, I ſhould take on me
The Hoſteſsſhip o'th' Day, you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe Flowers there, *Dorcas.* Reverend Sirs,
For you there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keep
Seeming and Savour all the Winter long:
Grace and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
A fair one are you, well you fit our Ages
With Flowers of Winter.
Per. Sir, the Year growing ancient,
Nor yet on Summer's Death, nor on the Birth
Of trembling Winter, the faireſt Flowers o'th' Seaſon
Are our Carnations, and ſtreak'd Gillyflowers,
Which ſome call Nature's Baſtards, of that kind
Our ruſtick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle Maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſs ſhares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be,
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,

But Nature makes that mean; ſo over that Art,
Which you ſay adds to Nature is an Art
That Nature makes; you ſee, ſweet Maid, we marry
A gentler Sien to the wildeſt Stock,
And make conceive a Bark of baſer kind
By Bud of Nobler Race. This is an Art
Which does mend Nature; Change it rather; but
The Art it ſelf is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gillyflowers,
And do not call them Baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The Dible in Earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than were I Painted, I would wiſh
This Youth ſhould ſay 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's Flowers for you;
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjoram,
The Mary-gold, that goes to Bed with th' Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To Men of middle Age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your Flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'ld be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest
Friends,
I would I had ſome Flowers o'th' Spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From *Diſſes* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The Winds of *March* with Beauty; Violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the Lids of *Juno*'s Eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s Breath; pale Prim-roſes,
That die unmarried, e'er they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his Strength, a Malady
Moſt incident to Maids; bold Oxlips, and

The Crown-Imperial; Lillies of all kinds,
The Flower-de-Lis being one. O theſe I lack
To make you Garlands of, and my ſweet Friend
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.
Flo. What? like a Coarſe?
Per. No, like a Bank, for Love to lye and play on:
Not like a Coarſe; or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine Arms. Come, take your Flowers,
Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſon Paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Does change my Diſpoſition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, Sweet,
I'll have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'll have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give Alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your Affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do Dance, I wiſh you
A Wave o'th' Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent Deeds,
That all your Acts are Queens.
Per. O *Doricles*,
Your Praiſes are too large; but that your Youth
And the true Blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd,
With Wiſdom, I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think you have
As little Skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our Dance I pray;
Your Hand, my *Perdita*; ſo Turtles pair
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born Laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than her ſelf,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her ſomething

The

That makes her Blood look on't: Good ſooth ſhe is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your Miſtreſs; marry Garlick to mend her kiſſing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand upon our Manners, Come ſtrike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this
Which Dances with your Daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own Report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays he loves my Daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the Water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my Daughter's Eyes: And, to be plain,
I think there is not half a Kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She Dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing, tho' I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O Maſter, if you did but hear the Pedler at the Door, you would never Dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: No, the Bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral Tunes faſter than you'll tell Mony; he utters them as he had eaten Ballads, and all Mens Ears grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in; I love a Ballad but even too well, if it be doleful Matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath Songs for Man or Woman of all Sizes; no Milliner can ſo fit his Cuſtomers with Gloves: He has the prettieſt Love-ſongs for Maids, ſo without Bawdry, (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dildos

and

and Fadings: Jump her and thump her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the Maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good Man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good Man.*

Pol. This is a brave Fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited Fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the Colours i'th' Rainbow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the groſs: Inkles, Caddiſſes, Cambricks, Lawns; why he ſings 'em over, as they were Gods or Goddeſſes; you would think a Smock were a She-Angel, he ſo chants to the Sleeve-hand, and the work about the Square on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrillous Words in's Tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe Pedlers, that have more in them, than you'ld think, Siſter.

Per. Ay, good Brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cypreſs black as e'er was Crow;
Gloves as ſweet as Damask Roſes,
Masks for Faces, and for Noſes;
Bugle-Bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Lady's Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
For my Lads to give their Dears:
Pins, and poaking Sticks of Steel,
What Maids lack from Head to Heel:
Come buy of me, come: Come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no Mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the Bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be Liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no Manners left among Maids? Will they wear their Plackets, where they ſhould bear their Faces? Is there not Milking-time? when you are going to bed? or kill-hole? to whiſtle of theſe Secrets; but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our Gueſts; 'tis well they are whiſpring: Clamour your Tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: Come, you promis'd me a tawdry Lace, and a pair of ſweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my Mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves Men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, Man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many Parcels of Charge.

Clo. What haſt here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome, I love a Ballad in Print, a Life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful Tune, how a Uſurer's Wife was brought to bed with twenty Mony Bags at a Burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eat Adder's Heads, and Toads Carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a Uſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwife's name to't; one Miſtreſs *Tale-Porter*, and five or ſix honeſt Wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry Lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another Ballad of a Fiſh, that appear'd upon the Coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thou-

ſand.

ſand Fadom above Water, and ſung this Ballad againſt the hard Hearts of Maids; it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold Fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange Fleſh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five Juſtices hands at it; and Witneſſes more than my Pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two Maids wooing a Man; there's ſcarce a Maid Weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'Tis in Requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the Tune on't a Month a-go.

Aut. I can bear my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy Oath full well,*
Thou to me thy Secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' Grange, or Mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my Love to be,*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? Say whither?

Clo. We'll have this Song out anon by our ſelves: My *Father and the* Gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trou

ble them: Come bring away thy Pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler let's have the firſt Choice; follow me Girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape,
My dainty Duck, my Deer-a?
Any Silk, any Thread, any Toys for your Head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt Ware-a:
Come to the Pedler, Mony's a medler,
That doth utter all Mens Ware-a.

[*Exit Clown*, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds that have made themſelves all Men of Hair, they call themſelves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a Gally-maufry of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: But they themſelves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but Bowling, it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: 'Pray let's ſee theſe four-threes of Herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good Men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's ſimple, and tells much. How now, fair Shepherd,
Your Heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your Mind from Feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed Love, as you do, I was wont

To

To load my She with Knacks: I would have Ranſack'd
The Pedler's ſilken Treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her Acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of Love, or Bounty, you were ſtraited
For a Reply at leaſt, if you make a Care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch Trifles as theſe are;
The Gifts ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my Heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breath my Life
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy Hand, this Hand,
As ſoft as Dove's Down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopians* Tooth, or the fan'd Snow,
That's bolted by th' Northern Blaſt, twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young Swain ſeems to waſh
The Hand, was fair before! I have put you out;
But to your Proteſtation: Let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my Neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and Men; the Earth, and Heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt Imperial Monarch
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt Youth
That ever made Eye ſwerve, had Force and Knowlege
More than was ever Man's, I would not prize them
Without her Love; for her imploy them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her Service,
Or to their own Perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound Affection.
Shep. But my Daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.

By the Pattern of my mine own Thoughts, I cut out
The Purity of his.
Shep. Take Hands, a Bargain;
And Friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my Daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' Virtue of your Daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your Wonder: But come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe Witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, Daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, Swain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a Father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a Father
Is at the Nuptial of his Son, a Gueſt
That beſt becomes the Table: 'Pray you once more,
Is not your Father grown incapable
Of reaſonable Affairs? Is he not Stupid
With Age, and altring Rheums? Can he ſpeak? Hear?
Know Man from Man? Diſpute his own Eſtate?
Lyes he not Bed-rid? And again, does nothing
But what he did, being Childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his Health, and ampler Strength indeed
Than moſt have of his Age.
Pol. By my white Beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon my Son
Shoud chuſe himſelf a Wife, but as good reaſon
The Father (all whoſe Joy is nothing elſe
But fair Poſterity) ſhould hold ſome Counſel
In ſuch a Buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other Reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this Buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Prethee let him.
Flo. No; he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my Son, he ſhall not need to grieve,
At knowing of thy Choice.
Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our Contract.
Pol. Mark your Divorce, young Sir, [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom Son I dare not call: Thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepter's Heir,
That thus affects a Sheep-hook? Thou old Traytor,
I am ſorry that by hanging thee, I can
But ſhorten thy Life one Week. And thou freſh Piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The Royal Fool thou coap'ſt with.
Shep. Oh my Heart!
Pol. I'll have thy Beauty ſcratch'd with Briars, and made
More homely than thy State. For thee, fond Boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this Knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from Succeſſion,
Not hold thee of our Blood, no not our Kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: Mark thou my Words;
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our Diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: And You, Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our Honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural Latches to his entrance open,
Or hope his Body more, with thy Embraces,
I will deviſe a Death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame Sun that ſhines upon his Court,
Hides not his Viſage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone? [*To Flo.*

I told you what would come of this. 'Beſeech you
Of your own State take care: This Dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.
Cam. Why how now, Father,
Speak e'er thou dyeſt.
Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To Flo.*
You have undone a Man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his Grave in quiet; yea,
To dye upon the Bed my Father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt Bones; but now
Some Hang-man muſt put on my Shroud, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhovels in Duſt. Oh curſed Wretch!
[*To Perdit.*
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt adventure
To mingle Faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this Hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My Leaſh unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Father's Temper: At this time
He will allow no Speech, which I do gueſs
You do not purpoſe to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo.*
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my Dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my Faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o' th' Earth together,
And mar the Seeds within. Lift up thy Looks,

Ere

From my Succeſſion wipe me, Father, I
Am Heir to my Affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my Fancy, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have Reaſon;
If not, my Senſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my Vow;
I needs muſt think it Honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the Pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all that the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe Earth wombs, or the profound Seas hide
In unknown Fadoms, will I break my Oath
To this my fair Belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my Father's Friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as in faith I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good Counſels
Upon his Paſſion; let my ſelf and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on Shore;
And moſt opportune to her need, I have
A Veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your Knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,
I would your Spirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Heark, *Perdita*.
I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him Love and Honour,
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious Buſineſs, that
I leave out Ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor Services, i'th' love
That I have born your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: It is my Father's Muſick
To ſpeak your Deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled Project
May ſuffer alteration: On mine Honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your Miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As Heav'ns forefend) your Ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt Endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented Father ſtrive to qualifie,
And bring to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a Miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than Man,
And after that truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on Accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Our ſelves to be the Slaves of Chances, and Flies
Of every Wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this Flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'ſore *Leontes*;

She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The Partner of your Bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcomes forth; asks thee, the Son, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' Father's Perſon; kiſſes the Hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than Thought or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him Comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your Father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down,
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting
What you muſt ſay, that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your Father's Boſom there,
And ſpeak his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome Sap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing,
Than a wild Dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; moſt certain,
To Miſeries enough: No hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their beſt Office, if they can but ſtay you,
Where you'll be loath to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very Bond of Love,
Whoſe freſh Complexion, and whoſe Heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think Affliction may ſubdue the Cheek,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your Father's Houſe, theſe ſeven Years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o'her Birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks Inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a **Miſtreſs**
To moſt that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this.
I'll bluſh you Thanks.
Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*——
But O, the Thorns we ſtand upon. *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my Father, now of me;
The Medicine of our Houſe; how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s Son,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*——
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my Fortunes
Do all lye there: It ſhall be ſo my care
To have you Royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn Brother, a very ſimple Gentleman! I have ſold all my Trumpery; not a Counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glaſs, Pomander, Browch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſtning: They throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a Benediction to the Buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe Purſe was beſt in Picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable Man) grew ſo in Love with the Wenches Song, that he would not ſtir his Pettitoes 'till he had both Tune and Words, which ſo drew the reſt of the Herd to me, that all their other Senſes ſtuck in Ears; you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was ſenſeleſs, 'twas nothing to geld a Codpiece of a Purſe; I would have filed Keys off that hung in Chains: No hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time

of

of Lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their Feſtival Purſes: And had not the old Man come in with a Whoo-bub againſt his Daughter, and the King's Son, and ſcar'd my Chowghes from the Chaff, I had not left a Purſe alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay; but my Letters by this means being there, So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes*——

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your Father.

Per. Happy be you:
All that you ſpeak, ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an Inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why Hanging.

Cam. How now, good Fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? Fear not, Man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill: here's no Body will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy Poverty, we muſt make an exchange: Therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think there's a Neceſſity in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Tho' the Penny-worth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prethee diſpatch; the Gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? I ſmell the Trick on't.

Flo. Diſpatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with Conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſs, (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire your ſelf
Into ſome Covert; take your Sweet-heart's Hat
And pluck it o'er your Brows, muffle your Face,
Diſmantle you, and, as you can, diſliken
The Truth of your own ſeeming, that you may

(For

(For I do fear Eyes over you) to Ship-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewel, my Friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be next to tell the King [*Aſide.*
Of this Eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after; in whoſe Company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight,
I have a Woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us.
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th'Sea ſide. [*Exit* Flo. & Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I underſtand the Buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open Ear, a quick Eye, and a nimble Hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th'other Senſes. I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt Man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange; ſure the Gods do this Year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of Iniquity, ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his Heels. If I thought it were a piece of Honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more Knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide, here's more matter for a hot Brain; Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging, yields a careful Man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a Man you are now? There is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changling, and none of your Fleſh and Blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your Fleſh and Blood, your Fleſh and Blood has not offended the King, and ſo your Fleſh and Blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the Law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every Word, yea, and his Sons pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt Man neither to his Father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's Brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed Brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him, and then your Blood had been the dearer by I know how much an Ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely, Puppies. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this Farthel will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what Impediment this Complaint may be to the Flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlers Excrement. How now, Ruſtiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, and it like your Worſhip.

Aut. Your Affairs there? What? with whom? the Condition of that Farthel? the Place of your Dwelling? your Names? your Ages? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover?

Clo. We are but plain Fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſmen, and they often give us, Soldiers, the Lie, but we pay them for it with ſtamped Coin, not ſtabbing Steel, therefore they do not give us the Lie.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your ſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the Air of the Court in theſe Enfoldings? Hath not my Gate in it the Meaſure of the Court? receives not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſs, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toaze from thee thy Buſineſs, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back, thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy Affair.

Shep. My Buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant; ſay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no Pheaſant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple Men!
Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more Noble in being fantaſtical; a great Man, I'll warrant; I know by the Picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there; what's i'th' Farthel?
Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch Secrets in this Farthel and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which he ſhall know within this Hour, if I may come to th' Speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy Labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard a new Ship to purge Melancholly, and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of Grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his Son that ſhould have married a Shepherd's Daughter.

Aut.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in Hand-faſt, let him fly; the Curſes he ſhall have, the Tortures he ſhall feel, will break the Back of Man, the Heart of Monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Germain to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the Hangman; which, tho' it be great Pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheep-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into Grace? Some ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that Death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? All Deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Has the old Man e'er a Son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a Son, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'noynted over with Honey, ſet on the Head of a Waſp's Neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three Quarters and a Dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot Infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt Day Prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-Wall, the Sun looking with a Southward Eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to Death. But what talk we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe Miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their Offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain Men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your Perſons to his Preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in Man, beſides the King, to effect your Suits, here is a Man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great Authority; cloſe with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a ſtubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Noſe with Gold; ſhew the inſide of your Purſe to the outſide of his Hand, and no more ado. Remember ſton'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the Buſineſs for us, here is the Gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young Man in Pawn 'till I bring it you.

Au

Ant. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moiety. Are you a parting in this Buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my Caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the Caſe of the Shepherd's Son; hang him, he'll be made an Example.

Clo. Comfort, good Comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange Sights; he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter nor my Siſter, we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old Man does, when the Buſineſs is perform'd, and remain, as he ſays, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the Sea-ſide, go on the right Hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this Man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a Mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops Booties in my Mouth. I am courted now with a double Occaſion: Gold, and a Means to do the Prince my Maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my Advancement? I will bring theſe two Moals, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to Shoar them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo far officious, for I am Proof againſt that Title, and what Shame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be Matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cleo. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No Fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd down
More Penitence, than done Treſpaſs. At the laſt
Do as the Heavens have done; forget your evil
With them, forgive your ſelf.
Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her Virtues, I cannot forget
My Blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The Wrong I did my ſelf; which was ſo much,
That Heir-leſs it hath made my Kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt Companion that e'er Man
Bred his Hopes out of, true.
Paul. Too true, my Lord,
If one by one you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.
Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom,
Cleo. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more Benefit, and grac'd
Your Kindneſs better.
Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.
Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moſt Soveraign Name; Conſider little,
What Dangers, by his Highneſs fail of Iſſue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour

Incerta

And thoſe but mean.

Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Ser. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of Earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun ſhone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you your ſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that Theam; ſhe had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd; thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you have ſeen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your Pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the Zeal
Of all Profeſſors elſe, make Proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not Women?

Ser. Women will love her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth than any Man: Men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your ſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd Friends)
Bring them to our Embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of Children) ſeen this Hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full Month
Between their Births.

Leo. Prethee no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: Sure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy Speeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royal Father off,

Con-

Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Father's Image is ſo hit in you,
His very Air, that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
And your fair Princeſs, Goddeſs, oh! alas!
I loſt a Couple, that 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting Wonder, as
You, gracious Couple do; and then I loſt,
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Tho' bearing Miſery) I deſire my Life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his Command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all Greetings, that a King, as Friend,
Can ſend his Brother; and but Infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd Ability, he had himſelf
The Lands and Waters 'twixt your Throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
He bad me ſay ſo, more than all the Scepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh my Brother!
Good Gentleman, the Wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy Offices
So rarely kind, are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand Slackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful Uſage,
(At leaſt ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a Man, not worth her Pains; much leſs,
Th' Adventure of her Perſon.

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Lybia*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt Royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe Daughter
His Tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence

(A proſperous South-Wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſs; my beſt Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores diſmiſs'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not only my Succeſs in *Lybia*, Sir,
But my Arrival, and my Wife's, in Safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Air, whilſt you
Do Climate here; you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, againſt whoſe Perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done Sin;
For which the Heav'ns, taking angry Note,
Have left me Iſſue-leſs, and your Father's bleſs'd,
As he from Heav'n merits it, with you,
Worthy his Goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report will bear no Credit,
Were not the Proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his Son, who has
His Dignity and Duty both caſt off,
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherd's Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your City; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My Marvel, and my Meſſage: To your Court
Whilſt he was haſtning, in the Chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair Couple, meets he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whoſe Honour, and whoſe Honeſty 'till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his Charge;
He's with the King your Father.
Leo. Who? *Camillo?*
Lord. Camillo? Sir, I ſpake with him, who now
Has theſe poor Men in Queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the Earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his Ears, and threatens them
With divers Deaths, in Death.
Per. Oh my poor Father,
The Heav'n ſets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The Stars, I ſee, will kiſs the Valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.
Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good Father's Speed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in Duty; and as ſorry,
Your Choice is not ſo rich in Worth as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my Father; Power no Jot
Hath ſhe to change our Loves. Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now; with Thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate; at your Requeſt,
My Father will grant precious Things, as Trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious Miſtreſs
Which he counts but a Trifle.
Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your Eye hath too much Youth in't; not a Month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch Gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe Looks I made. But your Petition
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your Father;
Your Honour not o'erthrown by your Deſires,
I am Friend to them, and you; upon which Errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this Relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the Manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little Amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the Chamber; only this, me-thought, I heard the Shepherd ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the Iſſue of it.

1 *Gen.* I make a broken Delivery of the Buſineſs; but the Changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of Admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the Caſes of their Eyes. There was Speech in their Dumbneſs, Language in their very Geſture; they look'd as if they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable Paſſion of Wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt Beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th' Importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the Extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more:
The News, *Rogero.*

2 *Gen.* Nothing but Bonfires: The Oracle is fulfill'd; the King's Daughter is found; ſuch a deal of Wonder is broken out within this Hour, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? This News which is call'd true, is ſo like an old Tale, that the Verity of it is in ſtrong Suſpicion; has the King found his Heir?

3 *Gen.* Moſt true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch Unity in the Proofs. The Mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her Jewel about the Neck of it; the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character; the Majeſty of the Creature, in Reſemblance of the Mother; the Affection of Nobleneſs, which Nature ſhews above her Breeding, and many other Evidences proclaim her with all Certainty to be the King's Daughter. Did you ſee the Meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a Sight which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their Joy waded in Tears. There was caſting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch Diſtraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for Joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loſs, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother! then asks *Bohemia* Forgiveneſs; then embraces his Son-in-law; then again worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd, who ſtands by, like a Weather-beaten Conduit of many King's Reins. I never heard of ſuch another Encounter, which lames Report to follow it, and undoes Deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the Child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old Tale ſtill, which will have Matters to rehearſe, tho' Credit be aſleep, and not an Ear open; he was torn to pieces with a Bear; this avouches the Shepherd's Son, who has not only his Innocence, which ſeems

much, to juſtifie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his; that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the ſame Inſtant of their Maſter's Death, and in the View of the Shepherd; ſo that all the Inſtruments which aided to expoſe the Child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the Loſs of her Husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her Heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt Touches of all, and that which angled for mine Eyes, caught the Water, though not the Fiſh, was, when at the Relation of the Queen's Death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how Attentiveneſs wounded his Daughter, 'till, from one Sign of Dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *Alas*, I would fain ſay, bleed Tears; for I am ſure, my Heart wept Blood. Who was moſt marble there, changed Colour; ſome ſwounded, all ſorrowed; if all the World could have ſeen't, the Woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her Mother's Statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a Piece many Years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* Maſter, *Julio Romano*, who, had himſelf Eternity, and could but breath into his Work, would beguile Nature of her Cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her Ape. He ſo near to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of Anſwer. Thither, with all greedineſs of Affection, are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2. *Gent.* I thought ſhe had ſome great Matter there in Hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a Day, ever

ſince

ſince the Death of *Hermione*. viſited that removed Houſe. Shall we thither, and with our Company piece the Rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? Every wink of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be born: Our abſence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Ant. Now, had I not the daſh of my former Life in me, would Preferment drop on my Head. I brought the old Man and his Son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the Shepherd's Daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this Secret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other Diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my Will, and already appearing in the Bloſſoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paſt more Children; but thy Sons and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman born: See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no Gentleman born: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lie; do, and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Ant. I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, Boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the King's Son took me by the hand, and call'd me Brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father, Brother; and then the Prince my Brother, and the Princeſs my Siſter called my Father, Father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt Gentleman-like Tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, Son, to ſhed many more.

Clo.

From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirit,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave.
And do not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneel, and then emplore her Bleſſing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that Hand of yours to kiſs.
Paul. O, Patience;
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry, ſcarce any Joy,
Did ever ſo long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it ſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear, my Brother,
Let him that was the Cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much Grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the Sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you, for the Stone is mine,
I'd not have ſhew'd you it.
Leo. Do not draw the Curtain.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, but that methinks already——
What was he that did make it? See, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? And that thoſe Veins
Did verily bear Blood?
Pol. Maſterly done.
The very Life ſeems warm upon her Lip.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. I'll draw the Curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty Years together:

No ſettled Senſes of the World can match
The Pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this Affliction has a Taſte as ſweet
As any cordial Comfort. Still methinks
There is an Air comes from her. What fine Chizzel
Could ever yet cut Breath? Let no Man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her Lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily Painting; ſhall I draw the Curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty Years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a Looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the Chappel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the Hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your Faith, then all ſtand ſtill.
On; thoſe that think it is unlawful Buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No Foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike, [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be Stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with Marvel. Come,
I'll fill your Grave up: ſtir, nay come away:
Bequeath to death your Numbneſs; for from him
Dear Life redeems you, you perceive ſhe ſtirs,
[Hermione comes down.
Start

Start not, her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawful, do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your Hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in Age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh ſhe's warm, [*Embracing her.*
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawful as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his Neck,
If ſhe pertain to Life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to enterpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your Mother's Bleſſing; turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found. [*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.
Her. You Gods look down,
And from your ſacred Vials pour your Graces
Upon my Daughter's Head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Father's Court? For thou ſhalt hear that I,
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
My ſelf, to ſee the Iſſue.
Paul. There is time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your Joys with like Relation. Go together
You precious Winners all, your Exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old Turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd Bow, and there
My Mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.
Leo. O Peace *Paulina:*
Thou ſhould'ſt a Husband take by my Conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And

And made between's by Vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A Prayer upon her Grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable Husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the Hand; whoſe Worth and Honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? Look upon my Brother: Both your Pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy Looks
My ill Suſpicion: This your Son-in-Law,
And Son unto the King, whom, Heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your Daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Second Volume.

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